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A list of authors and their contributions for

JANUARY, 1934

F. Scott Fitzgerald—Tender Is the Night—A Romance. I 1

Edward Tuck—Honest Inflation 9

Bernice Kenyon—House-Wren—A Poem 14

V. F. Calverton—Thomas Paine 15

Madefrey Odhner—I Hear a Work Song—A Poem 22

Mark Schorer—Obituary—A Story 23

Carleton Beals—A New Code for Latin America 27

Horace Gregory—Chorus for Survival—A Poem 34

André Maurois—Reflections on Marriage 35

Leila Jones—Locket for the Heart—A Poem 36

Mary M. Colum—One Foot on Shore—A Story 37

Charles de Kay—Winter—A Poem 42

Lincoln Steffens—Satan's Version of the Fall of Man 43

Straws in the Wind:

William Trufant Foster—Easy Payments 47

Eleanor Crosby Kemp—What Can a Parent Do? 50

Life in the United States:

Samuel Lubell and Walter B. Everett—Around the Map with AAA 53

William Lyon Phelps—As I Like It 56

Hugh Robert Orr—Half-Wisdom—A Poem 80

Books for Your Library *Book Reviews* 2

Behind the Scenes *Biographical Notes* 10

COVER DESIGN AND DECORATIONS BY EDWARD SHENTON

For the

February Scribner's

or later

Tender Is the Night

Second Part of the New Novel by

F. Scott Fitzgerald

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by A. A. Berle, Jr.

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A new story
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by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

Ford, the Last of the Individualists
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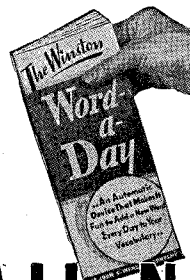

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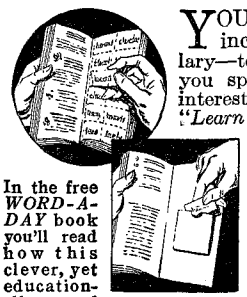

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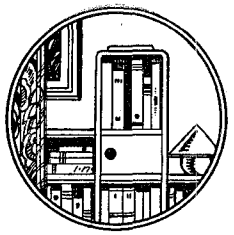

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JACK CONROY

KAY BOYLE

LACK OF MAN

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately. By Kay Boyle. Smith & Haas. $2.50.

With this, her third novel, those who have followed Miss Boyle with the growing conviction that her work was of the first importance may well part company with her, for she has, in this instance at least, chosen to follow to their logical conclusion the weaknesses inherent in her method. Certain of her short stories—and they are among her comparatively early work—will be remembered, but in her second novel she indicated the road she might go, and in her third she has gone it.

An inability to handle masculine psychology is here perhaps unconsciously capitalized, by treating the male homosexual mind almost to the exclusion of any other; a hankering after imagery that approaches the grotesque in exaggeration here slips definitely over into the grotesque; a tendency toward attenuation of incident, mood and emotion here is spun out to the finest fabric of an exasperating, pseudo-mystic approach.

Munday, a sensitive musician who almost became a priest, befriends Ayton, an Irish sailor sought for desertion and theft. The jacket-blurb states the situation more concisely than the author: "To his horror Munday finds himself involved in a homosexual attachment." They flee the town, take refuge in a squatter's hut, their only occasional companions three inverts from a local brothel, and finally Ayton seduces the

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THE LONG PARADE

The Disinherited. By Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede. $2.

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Insofar as Conroy obviously knows the world of which he writes inside looking out, and has written of it frankly, incisively and without undue sentimentality, his novel is indigenous and authentic. To say that it is proletarian is meaningless; it could not very well be anything else. What makes Conroy's book significant, beyond its considerable literary excellence, is the fact that the essential unity of the novel obtains from the growing class-consciousness of its hero. This unity, however, or enunciation of development of theme, is not stressed as much as it should be, with

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SUAVITY AND MISERY

Roosevelt and His America. By Bernard Faÿ. Little, Brown. $2.75.

There is one thing I don't like about Mr. Faÿ's book: its constant, inappropriate drawing-room attitude toward its subject. Mr. Faÿ uses the last four years of America mostly as a subject on which to exercise his undoubted and conspicuous intelligence and charm. And this would perhaps be all right if the title of his book were "Sidelights on Recent American Society, Culture and Politics"; but it seems to be something much bigger.

Mr. Faÿ is a graceful and keen-minded Frenchman who is all for Franklin Roosevelt; and he likewise approves of America a good deal; though in semi-Parisian style he calls life here "brutal." On the next to the last page of his book, Mr. Faÿ calls our President "the greatest living politician"; and maybe he's right. And Mr. Faÿ is interesting, piquant and probing on many other sociological and economic subjects. Better fun has been made hardly anywhere than that which our America-taken Frenchman makes about bankers, the infelicitous Mr. Hoover, congressmen and their jobs and auld-lang-syne Treasurer Mellon. But the writer is too charmingly aloof. His account of the Bonus March to Washington in 1932 reads as if he were describing a grave Social Error: thousands of persons whom Mr. Faÿ calls "wretches" had simultaneously decided, it seems, to use a fork at the wrong time. And on the subject of Sinclair Lewis, Mr.

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Faÿ, Frenchman or no Frenchman, debonair or not debonair, seems to me to be something like irrevocably stupid. He misses the fun in Lewis by a great lake. And on his main matter, America and depression, Mr. Faÿ seems to me to be too glib. He settles things too quickly. Like most writers in the upper reaches of words, he has no great desire to find out just how a tortured farmer, or a city fellow, with the back of his neck itching and uncomfortably hairy and his shirt inescapably dirty—really *feels;* and these persons feel just as surely as do characters in Proust (by the way, perhaps for the first time on this novel earth, Mr. Faÿ has occasion to compare invalid Proust with invalid Roosevelt, page 220).

Mr. Faÿ, in other words, needs just a touch of fanaticism. It would be nice if he ranted a little or tore his hair a few minutes. You don't have to be a Red to get excited. However clever, apposite, engaging and even correct Mr. Faÿ's statements and theories may be about the Union, Anglo-Saxonism, senators, the Gold Standard, N R A, unemployment, mortgages, starvation, mass-anger, Roosevelt, I must say I don't like his style for this grand and distressing occasion.

ELI SIEGEL.

FORTH FROM EGYPT

The Dawn of Conscience. By James Breasted. Scribners. $3.

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terly alien to their thoughts and emotions—is no proof that conscience was the fruit of canonical religion. The same rationalized defenses of social maladjustment are to be found in Babylon, where no such substitution of abstract theology for concrete magic took place. It is to be found as smugly ethical in Ashantee and Benin as in Babylon and Memphis.

Professor Breasted's unrivalled knowledge of Egyptian documents enables him to present a wealth of fascinating material on the development of ethical literature in ancient Egypt. But the interpretation of the religious aspects of that literature is admittedly a highly controversial subject, and even his high authority is not sufficient to shield his conclusions and interpretations from the criticism to which they are open. The ancient Egyptian priestly scribes erected the unquestioning acceptance of the authority of the written word into one of the primary moral virtues. The modern conscience has, at least, advanced beyond that ancient ethical standpoint. And that advance alone may save the modern mind from the paralysis which fastened upon that of Egypt almost from the moment the priests of Heliopolis imposed their political and intellectual domination, and which lasted till the age of pedantry of Alexandrine academicism.

The latest contribution of the great Egyptologist cannot but be read with pleasure and interest. It may also be read with cautious critical attention.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

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(Continued on page 14, Rear Advertising Section)

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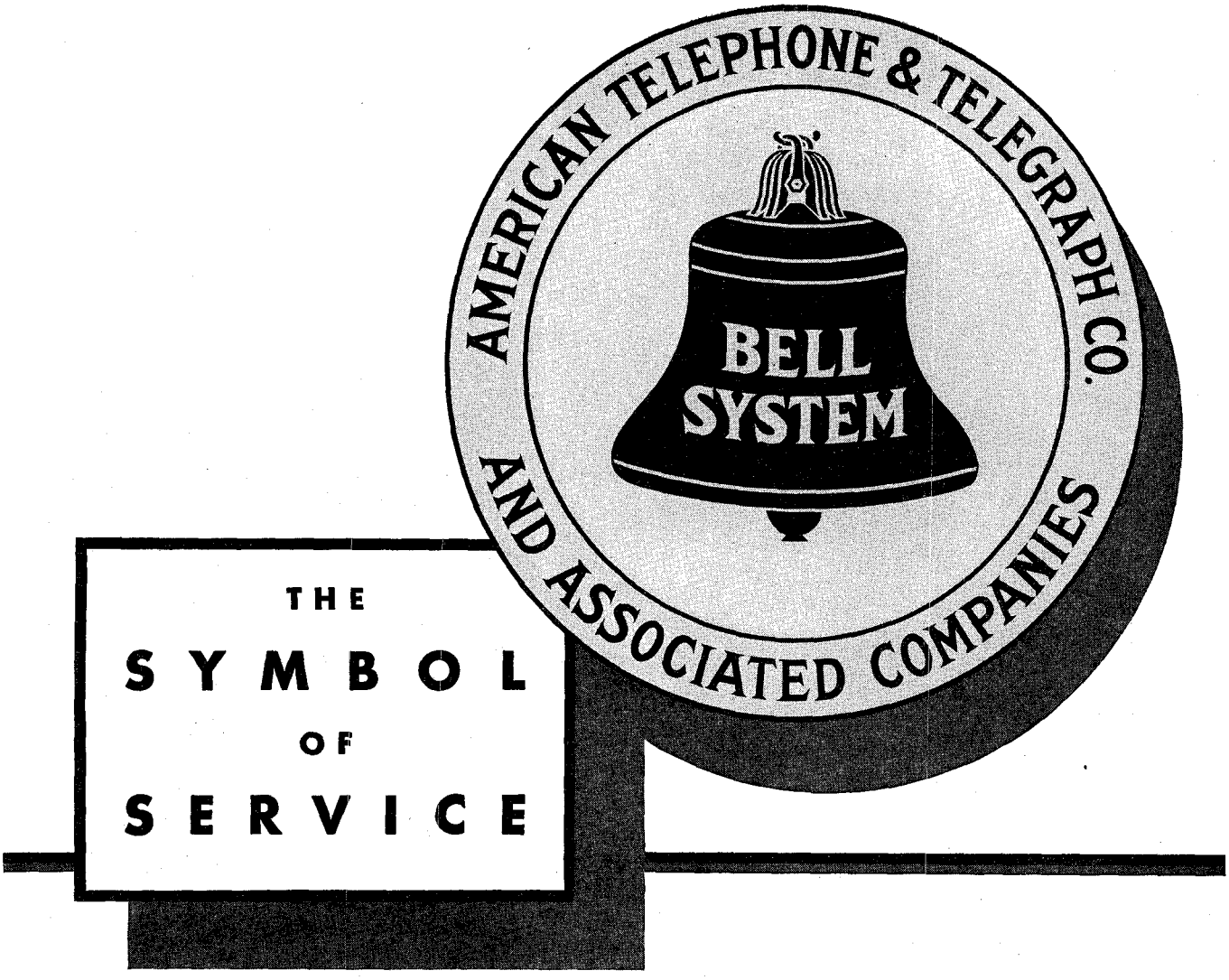

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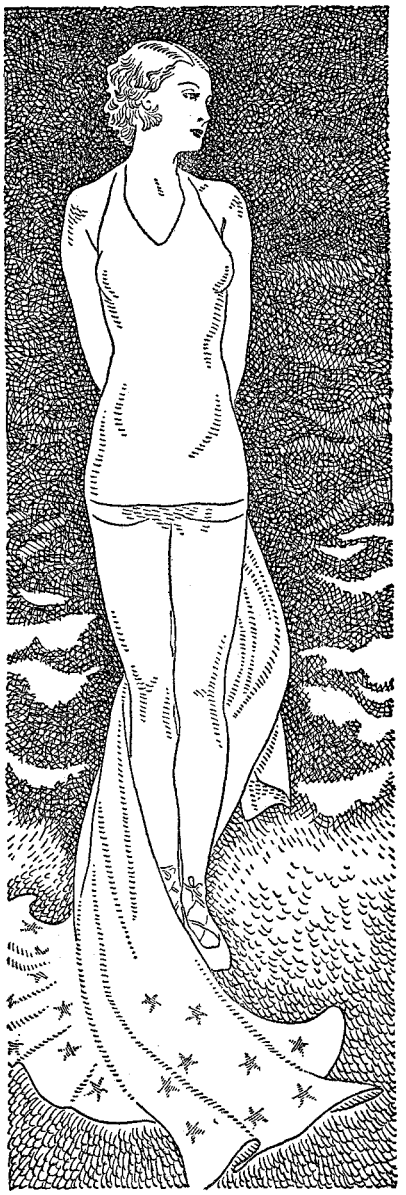

Here begins the new novel by the author of *The Great Gatsby* and *This Side of Paradise.* It will be completed in four numbers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XCV - JANUARY 1934 - No. 1

Tender Is the Night

A ROMANCE

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

On the pleasant shore of the French Riviera, about half way between Marseilles and the Italian border, stands a large, proud, rose-colored hotel. The style is Second Empire, with a beam of the crescent; deferential palms cool its flushed façade, and before it stretches a short dazzling beach. Lately it has become a summer resort of notable and fashionable people; a decade ago it was almost deserted after its middle-class English clientele went north in April. Now, there are many bungalows clustered near it, but when this story begins only the cupolas of a dozen old villas rotted like water lilies among the massed pines between *Gausse's Hôtel des Etrangers* and Cannes, five miles away.

The hotel and its bright tan prayer rug of a beach were one. In the early morning the distant image of Cannes, the pink and cream of old fortifications, the purple Alp that bounded Italy, were cast across the water and lay wavering with the ripples and rings sent up by sea-plants through the clear shallows. Before eight a man came down to the beach in a blue bathrobe and with much preliminary application to his person of the chilly water, and much grunting and loud breathing, floundered a minute in the sea. When he had gone, beach and bay were quiet for an hour. Merchantmen crawled westward on the horizon; bus boys shouted in the hotel court; the dew dried upon the pines. In another hour the horns of motors began to sound on the winding road up on the low range of the Maures, which separates the littoral from true Provençal France.

A mile from the sea, where the pines give way to dusty poplars, is an isolated railroad stop, whence one June morning in 1925 a victoria brought a woman and her daughter down to Gausse's Hotel. The mother's face was of a faded prettiness patted with broken veins; her

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expression was both tranquil and aware in a pleasant way. However, one's eyes moved on quickly to her daughter, who had magic in her pink palms and her cheeks lit to a lovely flame, like the thrilling flush of children after their cold baths in the evening. Her fine high forehead sloped gently up to where her hair, bordering it like an armorial shield, burst into lovelocks and waves and curlicues of ash blonde and gold. Her body hovered delicately on the last edge of childhood —she was almost eighteen, nearly complete, but the dew was still on her.

As the sea and sky appeared below them in a thin, hot line the mother said:

"Something tells me we're not going to like this place."

"I want to go home anyhow," the girl answered.

They both spoke cheerfully but they were obviously without direction and bored by the fact—moreover, just any direction would not do. They wanted high excitement, not from the necessity of stimulating jaded nerves but with the avidity of prize-winning schoolchildren who deserved their vacations.

"We'll stay three days and then go home. I'll wire right away for steamer tickets."

At the hotel the girl made the reservation in idiomatic but rather flat French, like something remembered. When they were installed on the ground floor she walked into the glare of the French windows and out a few steps onto the stone veranda that ran the length of the hotel. There the hot light clipped close her shadow and she retreated—it was too bright to see. Fifty yards away the Mediterranean yielded up its pigments, moment by moment, to the brutal sunshine; below the balustrade a faded Buick cooked on the hotel drive.

Indeed, of all the region only the beach stirred with any activity. Three British nannies sat knitting the slow pattern of Victorian England, the pattern of the forties, the sixties, and the eighties, into sweaters and socks, to the tune of gossip as formalized as incantation; closer to the sea a dozen people kept house under striped umbrellas, while their dozen children pursued unintimidated fish through the shallows or lay naked and glistening with cocoanut oil out in the sun.

As Rosemary came onto the beach a boy of twelve ran past her and dashed into the sea with exultant cries. Feeling the impactive scrutiny of strange faces, she took off her peignoir and followed. She floated face downward for a few yards and finding it shallow staggered to her feet and plodded forward, dragging her slim legs like weights against the resistance of the water. When it was breast high, she stopped and glanced back toward shore. A bald man in a monocle and a pair of tights, his tufted chest thrown out, his brash navel sucked in, was regarding her attentively. As Rosemary evenly returned the gaze the man dislodged the monocle, which went into hiding amid the facetious whiskers of his chest, and poured himself a glass of something from a bottle in his hand.

Rosemary laid her face on the water and swam a choppy little four-beat crawl out to the raft. The water reached up for her, pulled her down tenderly out of the heat, seeped in her hair and ran into the corners of her body. She turned round and round in it, embracing it and wallowing in it. Reaching the raft she was out of breath, but a tanned pretty woman looked down at her, and suddenly conscious of the raw whiteness of her own body Rosemary turned on her back and drifted toward shore. The hairy man, still holding the bottle, spoke to her as she came out.

"I say—they have sharks out behind the raft." He was of indeterminate nationality, but he spoke English with a slow Oxford drawl. "Yesterday they devoured two British sailors from the flotte at Golfe Juan."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Rosemary.

"They come for the refuse from the flotte."

Glazing his eyes to indicate that he had only spoken to her in order to warn her, he minced two steps off and poured himself another drink.

Not unpleasantly self-conscious, since there had been a slight sway of attention toward her during this brief conversation, Rosemary looked for a place to sit. Obviously each family possessed the strip of sand immediately in front of its umbrella, and besides there was much visiting and talking back and forth—the atmosphere of a community upon which it would be presumptuous to intrude. Farther up, where the beach was strewn with pebbles and dead sea-weed, sat a group with flesh as white as her own. They lay under small hand-parasols instead of beach umbrellas and were obviously less indigenous to the place. Between the dark people and the light, Rosemary found room and spread out her bathrobe on the sand.

Lying so, she first heard their voices and felt their feet skirt her body and their shapes pass between the sun and herself. The breath of an inquisitive dog blew warm and nervous on her neck; she could feel her skin broiling a little in the heat and hear the small exhausted wa-*waa* of the expiring waves. Presently her ear distinguished individual voices and she became aware that some one referred to scornfully as "that North guy" had kidnapped a waiter from a café in Cannes last night in order to saw him in two. The sponsor of the story was a white-haired woman in full evening dress, obviously a relic of the previous evening, for a tiara still clung to her head and a discouraged orchid expired from her shoulder. She was one of the white-skinned group, and Rosemary, forming a vague antipathy to them, turned away.

Nearest her on the other side a young woman lay

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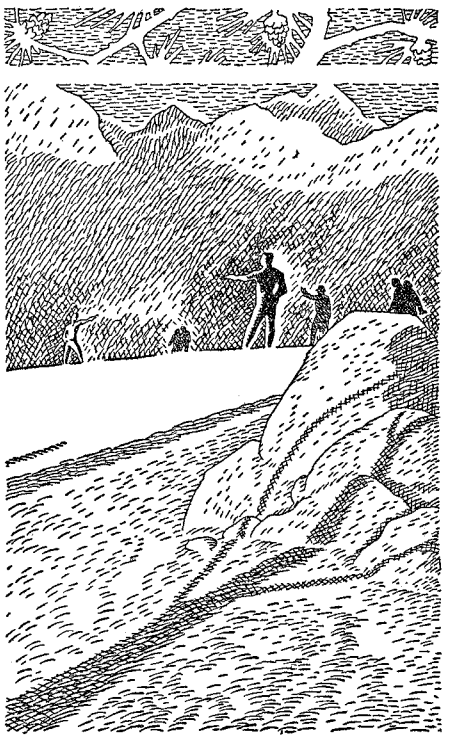
under a roof of umbrellas making out a list of things from a book open on the sand. Her bathing suit was pulled off her shoulders and her back, a ruddy, orange brown, set off by a string of creamy pearls, shone in the sun. Her face was hard and lovely and pitiful. Her eyes met Rosemary's but did not see her. Beyond her was a fine man in a jockey cap and red-striped tights; then the woman Rosemary had seen on the raft, and who looked back at her, seeing her; then a man with a long face and a golden, leonine head, with blue tights and no hat, talking very seriously to an unmistakably latin young man in black tights, both of them picking at little pieces of seaweed in the sand. She thought they were mostly Americans, but something made them unlike the Americans she had known of late.



After a while she realized that the man in the jockey cap was giving a quiet little performance for this group; he moved gravely about with a rake, ostensibly removing gravel and meanwhile developing some esoteric burlesque held in suspension by his grave face. Its faintest ramification had become hilarious, until whatever he said released a burst of laughter. Even those who, like herself, were too far away to hear, sent out antennæ of attention until the only person on the beach not caught up in it was the young woman with the string of pearls. From modesty of possession she responded to each salvo of amusement by bending closer over her list.

The man of the monocle and bottle spoke suddenly out of the sky above Rosemary.

"You are a ripping swimmer."

She demurred.

"Jolly good. My name is Campion. Here is a lady who says she saw you in Sorrento last week and knows who you are and would so like to meet you."

Glancing around with concealed annoyance Rosemary saw the untanned people looking at her, waiting. Reluctantly she got up and went over to them.

"Mrs. Abrams—Mrs. McKisco—Mr. McKisco—Mr. Dumphry——"

"We know who you are," spoke up the woman in evening dress. "You're Rosemary Hoyt and I recognized you in Sorrento and asked the hotel clerk and we all think you're perfectly marvellous and we want to know why you're not back in America making another marvellous moving picture."

They made a superfluous gesture of moving over for her. The woman who had recognized her was not a Jewess, despite her name. She was one of those elderly "good sports" preserved by an imperviousness to experience and a good digestion into another generation.

"We wanted to warn you about getting burned the first day," she continued cheerily, "because *your* skin is important, but there seems to be so darn much formality on this beach that we didn't know whether you'd mind."

"We thought maybe you were in the plot," said Mrs. McKisco. She was a shabby-eyed, pretty young woman with a disheartening intensity. "We don't know who's in the plot and who isn't. One man my husband had been particularly nice to turned out to be a chief character—practically the assistant hero."

"The plot?" inquired Rosemary, half understanding. "Is there a plot?"

"My dear, we don't *know,*" said Mrs. Abrams, with a convulsive, stout woman's chuckle. "We're not in it. We're the gallery."

Mr. Dumphry, tow-headed, effeminate young man, remarked: "Mama Abrams is a plot in herself," and Campion shook his monocle at him, saying: "Now, Royal, don't be too ghastly for words." Rosemary looked at them all uncomfortably, wishing her mother had come down here with her. She did not like these people, especially in her immediate comparison of them with those who had interested her at the other end of the beach. Her mother's modest but very compact social gift got them out of unwelcome situations swiftly and firmly. But Rosemary had been a celebrity for only six months, and sometimes the French manners of her early adolescence and the democratic manners of America, newly superimposed, made a certain confusion and let her in for just such things.

Mr. McKisco, a scrawny, freckle-and-red man of thirty, did not find the topic of the "plot" amusing. He had been staring at the sea—now after a swift glance at his wife he turned to Rosemary and demanded aggressively:

"Been here long?"

"Only a day."

"Oh."

Evidently feeling that the subject had been thoroughly changed, he looked in turn at the others.

"Going to stay all summer?" asked Mrs. McKisco, innocently. "If you do you can watch the plot unfold."

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"For God's sake, Violet, drop the subject!" exploded her husband. "Get a new joke, for God's sake!"

Mrs. McKisco swayed toward Mrs. Abrams and breathed audibly:

"He's nervous."

"I'm not nervous," disagreed McKisco. "It just happens I'm not nervous at all."

He was burning visibly—a grayish flush had spread over his face, dissolving all his expressions into a vast ineffectuality. Suddenly realizing his condition he got up to go in the water, followed by his wife, and seizing the opportunity Rosemary followed.

Mr. McKisco drew a long breath, flung himself into the shallows and began a stiff-armed batting of the Mediterranean, obviously intended to suggest a crawl—his breath exhausted he arose and looked around with a faint expression of surprise that he was still in sight of shore.

"I haven't learned to breathe yet. I never quite understood how they breathed." He looked at Rosemary inquiringly.

"I think you breathe out under water," she explained. "And every fourth beat you roll your head over for air."

"The breathing's the hardest part for me. Shall we go to the raft?"

The man with the leonine head lay stretched out upon the raft, which tipped back and forth with the motion of the water. As Mrs. McKisco reached for it a sudden tilt struck her arm up roughly, whereupon the man started up and pulled her on board.

"I was afraid it hit you." His voice was slow and shy; he had one of the saddest faces Rosemary had ever seen, the high cheek-bones of an Indian, a long upper lip, and enormous deep-set dark golden eyes. He had spoken out of the side of his mouth, as if he hoped his words would reach Mrs. McKisco by a circuitous and unobtrusive route; in a minute he had shoved off into the water and his long body floated motionless toward shore.

Rosemary and Mrs. McKisco watched him. When he had exhausted his momentum he abruptly bent double, his thin thighs rose above the surface, and he disappeared totally, leaving scarcely a fleck of foam behind.

"He's a good swimmer," Rosemary said.

Mrs. McKisco's answer came with surprising violence.

"Well, he's a rotten musician." She turned to her husband, who after two unsuccessful attempts had managed to climb on the raft, and having attained his balance was trying to make some kind of compensatory flourish, achieving only an extra stagger. "I was just saying that Abe North may be a good swimmer but he's a rotten musician."

"Yes," agreed McKisco, grudgingly. Obviously he had created his wife's world, and allowed her few liberties in it.

"Antheil's my name." Mrs. McKisco turned challengingly to Rosemary, "Anthiel and Joyce. I don't suppose you ever hear much about those sort of people in Hollywood, but my husband wrote the first criticism of *Ulysses* that ever appeared in America."

"I wish I had a cigarette," said McKisco calmly. "That's more important to me just now."

"He's got insides—don't you think so, Albert?"

Her voice faded off suddenly. The woman of the pearls had joined her two children in the water, and now Abe North came up under one of them like a volcanic island, raising him on his shoulders. The child yelled with fear and delight and the woman watched with a lovely peace, without a smile.

"Is that his wife?" Rosemary asked.

"No, that's Mrs. Diver. They're not at the hotel." Her eyes, photographic, did not move from the woman's face. After a moment she turned vehemently to Rosemary.

"Have you been abroad before?"

"Yes—I went to school in Paris."

"Oh! Well then you probably know that if you want to enjoy yourself here the thing is to get to know some real French families. What do these people get out of it?" She pointed her left shoulder toward shore. "They just stick around with each other in little cliques. Of course, we had letters of introduction and met all the best French artists and writers in Paris. That made it very nice."

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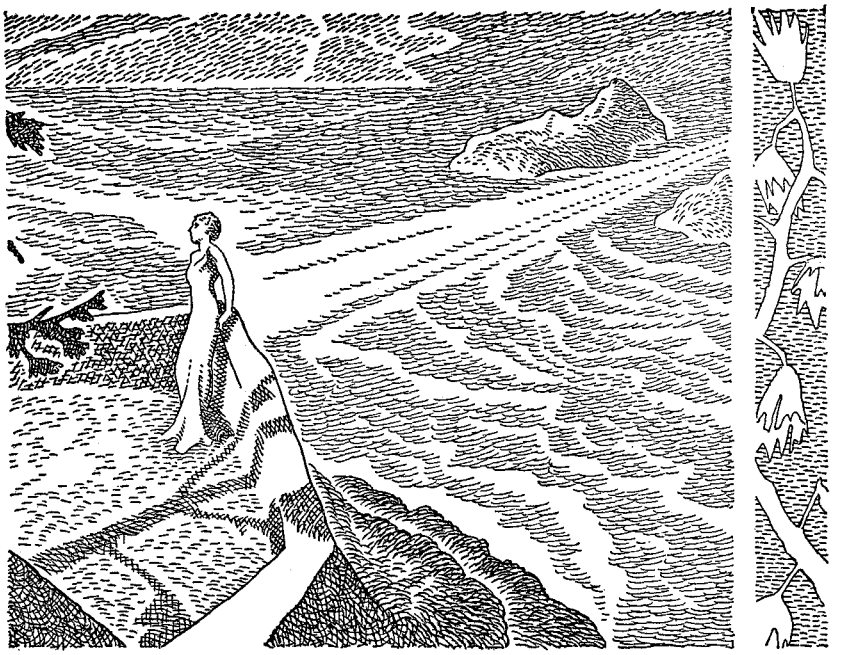

"I should think so."

"My husband is finishing his first novel, you see."

Rosemary said: "Oh, he is?" She was not thinking anything special, except wondering whether her mother had got to sleep in this heat.

"It's on the idea of *Ulysses,*" continued Mrs. McKisco. "Only instead of taking twenty-four hours my husband takes a hundred years. He takes a decayed old French aristocrat and puts him in contrast with the mechanical age——"

"Oh, for God's sake, Violet, don't go telling everybody the idea," protested McKisco. "I don't want it to get all around before the book's published."

Rosemary swam back to the shore, where she threw her peignoir over her already sore shoulders and lay down again in the sun. The man with the jockey cap was now going from umbrella to umbrella carrying a bottle and little glasses in his hands; presently he and his friends grew livelier and closer together and now they were all under a single assemblage of umbrellas —she gathered that some one was leaving and that this was a last drink on the beach. Even the children knew that excitement was generating under that umbrella and turned toward it—and it seemed to Rosemary that it all came from the man in the jockey cap.

Noon now dominated sea and sky, but in barren victory—even the white line of Cannes, five miles off, had faded to a mirage of what was fresh and cool; Rosemary watched a robin-breasted sailing boat, pulling in behind it a strand from the outer, darker sea. It seemed that there was no life anywhere in all this expanse of coast except under the filtered sunlight of those umbrellas, where something went on amid the color and the murmur.

Campion walked near her, stood a few feet away and Rosemary closed her eyes, pretending to be asleep; then she half-opened them and watched two dim, blurred pillars that were legs. The man tried to edge his way into a sand-colored cloud, but the cloud floated off into the vast hot sky. Rosemary fell asleep.

She awoke drenched with sweat to find the beach deserted save for the man in the jockey cap, who was folding a last umbrella. As Rosemary lay, still blinking, he walked nearer and said:

"I was going to wake you before I left. It's not good to get too burned right away."

"Thank you." Rosemary looked down at her crimson legs. "Heavens!"

She laughed cheerfully, inviting him to talk, but Dick Diver was already carrying a tent and a beach umbrella up to a waiting car, so she went into the water to wash off the sweat. He came back and gathering up a rake, a shovel, and a sieve, stowed them in a crevice of a rock. He glanced up and down the beach to see if he had left anything.

"Do you know what time it is?" Rosemary asked.

"It's about half-past one."

They both faced the seascape momentarily.

"It's not a bad time," said Dick Diver. "It's not one of the worst times of the day."

He looked at her and his bright blue eyes seemed to her like glittering worlds—for a moment she lived in them, eagerly and confidently. Then he shouldered his last piece of junk and went up to his car, and Rosemary came out of the water, shook out her peignoir, and walked up to the hotel.

It was almost two when they went into the dining-room. Back and forth over the deserted tables a heavy pattern of beams and shadows swayed with the motion of the pines outside. Two waiters, piling plates and talking loud Italian, fell silent when they came in and brought them a tired version of the table d'hôte luncheon.

"I fell in love on the beach," said Rosemary.

"Who with?"

"First with a whole lot of people who looked nice. Then with one man."

"Did you talk to him?"

"Just a little. Very handsome. With reddish hair." She was eating, ravenously. "He's married though—it's usually the way."

Her mother was her best friend and had put every last possibility into the guiding of her, not so rare a thing in the theatrical profession, but rather special in

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that Mrs. Elsie Speers was not recompensing herself for a defeat of her own. She had no personal bitterness or resentments about things—she had twice been satisfactorily married and twice widowed, and her cheerful stoicism had each time deepened. One of her husbands had been a cavalry officer and one an army doctor, and she got something from them both that she tried to present intact to Rosemary. By not sparing Rosemary she had made her hard—by not sparing her own labor and devotion she had cultivated an idealism in Rosemary, which at present was directed toward herself and which saw the world through her eyes. So that while Rosemary was a "simple" child she was protected by a double sheath of her mother's armor and her own—she had a mature distrust of the trivial, the facile, the vulgar, and the merely common. However, with Rosemary's sudden success in pictures Mrs. Speers felt that it was time she were spiritually weaned; it would please rather than pain her if this somewhat bouncing, breathless and exigent idealism would focus on something except herself.

"Then you like it here?" she asked.

"It might be fun if we knew those people. There were some other people, but they weren't nice. They recognized me—no matter where we go everybody has seen 'Daddy's Girl.'"

Mrs. Speers waited for the glow of egotism to subside; then she said in a matter-of-fact way: "That reminds me, when are you going to see Earl Brady?"

"I thought we might go this afternoon—if you're rested."

"You go—I'm not going."

"We'll wait till tomorrow then."

"No, I want you to go alone. It's only a short way and it isn't as if you didn't speak French."

"But I'm not going," Rosemary reiterated. "Mother—aren't there some things I don't have to do?"

"Well—" Mrs. Speers considered. "Well, then later."

"All right, Mother."

After lunch they were both overwhelmed by the sudden flatness that comes over American travellers in quiet foreign places. No stimuli worked upon them, no voices called them from without, no fragments of their own thoughts came suddenly from the minds of others, and missing the clamor of Empire they felt that life was not continuing here.

"Let's only stay three days, Mother," Rosemary said when they were back in their rooms. Outside a light wind blew the heat around, straining it through the trees and sending little hot gusts through the shutters.

"How about the man you fell in love with on the beach?"

"I don't love anybody but you, Mother, darling."

Rosemary stopped in the lobby and spoke to Monsieur Gausse père about trains. The concierge, lounging in light-brown khaki by the desk, stared at her rigidly, then suddenly remembered the manners of his métier. Rosemary's eyes were bright, big, clear, wet, and shining, the color of her cheeks was real, breaking close to the surface from the strong young pump of her heart. When she had got her information she walked from the lobby carrying herself like a ballet dancer, not slumped down upon her hips, but held up in the small of her back.

She took the bus and rode with a pair of obsequious waiters to the station, embarrassed by their deferential silence, wanting to urge them: "Go on and talk. Enjoy yourselves. It doesn't bother me."

The first-class compartment was stifling; the vivid advertising cards of the railroad companies—The Pont du Garde at Arles, the Amphitheatre at Orange, winter sports at Chamonix—were fresher than the long motionless sea outside. Unlike American trains that were absorbed during their journey in an intense destiny of their own, and scornful of people on another world less swift and breathless, this train was part of the country through which it passed. Its breath stirred the dust from the palm leaves, and the cinders mingled with the dry dung in the gardens. Rosemary was sure she could lean from the window and pull flowers with her hand.

A dozen cabbies were asleep in their hacks outside the Cannes station. Over on the promenade she found that the Casino, the smart shops, and the great hotels turned blank iron masks to the summer sea. It was unbelievable that there could ever have been a "season," and Rosemary, half in the grip of fashion, became even a little self-conscious, as though she were displaying an unhealthy taste for the moribund; as though people were wondering why she was here in the lull between the gaiety of last winter and next winter, while up north the true world thundered by.

As she came out of a drug store with a bottle of cocoanut oil, a woman, whom she recognized as Mrs. Diver, walked past with her arms full of sofa cushions, and went to a car parked down the street. A long, low black dog barked at her and a dozing chauffeur woke with a start. She sat in the car, her lovely face set, controlled, her eyes brave and watchful, looking straight ahead toward nothing. Her dress was bright red and her brown legs were bare. She had thick, dark, gold hair like a chow's.

With half an hour to wait for her train Rosemary sat down in the Café des Alliés on the Croisette, where the trees made a green twilight over the tables and an orchestra wooed an imaginary public of cosmopolites with the Nice Carnival Song and last year's American tunes. She had bought *Le Temps* and *The Saturday Evening Post* for her mother, and as she drank her citronade she opened the latter at the memoirs of a Russian princess, finding the dim con-

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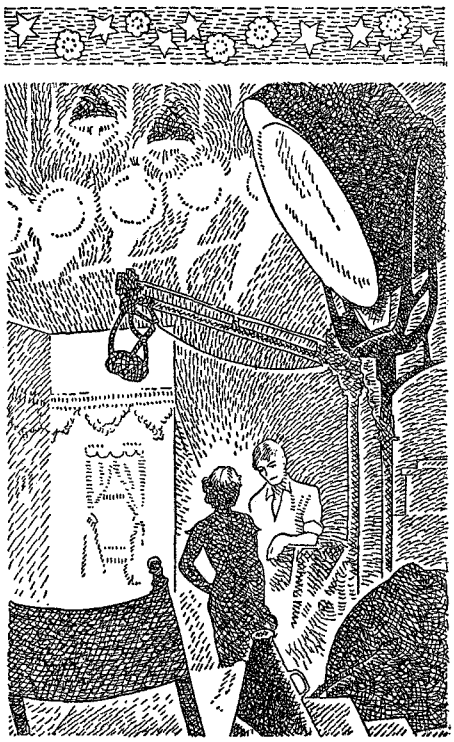
ventions of the nineties realer and nearer than the headlines of the French paper. Lately accustomed to seeing the starkest grotesqueries of a continent heavily underlined as comedy or tragedy, and untrained to the task of separating out the essential for herself, she now began to feel that French life was after all empty and stale. This feeling was surcharged by watching an American tourist take what would inevitably turn out as small black photographs of scenery, and by listening to the sad tunes reminiscent of the melancholy music played for acrobats in vaudeville. She was glad to go back to Gausse's hotel. Her shoulders were too burned to swim with next day, so she and her mother hired a car—after much haggling, for Rosemary had formed her notions about money in France—and drove along the Riviera. The chauffeur, a Russian Czar of the period of Ivan the Terrible, was a self-appointed guide, and the resplendent names—Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo—began to glow through their torpid camouflage, whispering of old kings come here to dine or die, of rajahs tossing Buddha's eyes to English ballerinas, of Russian princes turning the weeks into long Baltic twilights in the lost caviare days. Most of all, there was the scent of the Russians along the coast—their closed book shops and grocery stores. Ten years ago, when the season ended in April, the doors of the Orthodox Church were locked, and the sweet champagnes they favored were put away until their return. "We'll be back next season," they said, but this was premature, for they were never coming back any more.



It was pleasant to drive back to the hotel in the late afternoon, above a sea as mysteriously colored as the agates and cornelians of childhood, green as green milk, blue as laundry water, wine dark. It was pleasant to pass people eating outside their doors, and to hear the fierce mechanical pianos behind the vines of country estaminets. When they turned off the Corniche d'Or and down to Gausse's Hotel through the darkening banks of trees, set one behind another in many greens, the moon already hovered over the ruins of the aqueducts, and on the terrace of Gausse's Hotel French girls were chattering with naval aviation officers from St. Raphael; later the white uniforms grew dimmer with each veil of darkness until, like the heavy roses and the nightingales, they became an essential part of the beauty of this proud gay land. . . .

Somewhere in the hills behind the hotel there was a dance, and Rosemary listened to the music through the ghostly moonshine of her mosquito net, realizing that there was gaiety too somewhere about, and she thought of the nice people on the beach. She thought she might meet them in the morning, but they obviously formed a self-sufficient little group, and once their umbrellas, bamboo rugs, dogs, and children were set out in place that part of the plage was literally fenced in. She resolved in any case not to spend her last two mornings with the McKiscos and Mrs. Abrams.

The matter was solved for her. The McKiscos were not yet there and she had scarcely spread her peignoir when two men—the man with the jockey cap and the tall blonde one, given to sawing waiters in two—left the group and came toward her.

"Good morning," said Dick Diver. He broke down. "Look—sunburn or no sunburn, why did you stay away yesterday? We worried about you."

She sat up and her happy little laugh welcomed their intrusion.

"We wondered," Dick Diver said, "if you wouldn't come over this morning. We go in, we take food and drink, so it's a substantial invitation."

He seemed kind and charming—his voice promised that he would take care of her, and that a little later he would open up whole new worlds for her, unroll an endless succession of magnificent possibilities, one after another. He managed the introduction so that her name wasn't mentioned and then let her know easily that every one knew who she was but were respecting the completeness of her private life—a courtesy that Rosemary had not met with save from professional people since her success.

Nicole Diver, her brown back hanging from her pearls, was looking through a recipe book, for chicken Maryland, she said, and Rosemary spread the peignoir beside her. She was about twenty-four, Rosemary guessed—her face could have been described in terms of conventional prettiness, but the effect was that it had been made first on the heroic scale with strong structure and marking, as if the features and vividness of brow and coloring, everything we associate with temperament and character had been molded with a Rodinesque intention, and then chiselled away in the direction of prettiness to a point where a single slip would have irreparably diminished its force and quality. With the mouth the sculptor had taken desperate chances—

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it was the cupid's bow of a magazine cover yet it shared the distinction of the rest.

"Are you here for a long time?" Nicole asked. Her voice was low and almost harsh.

Suddenly Rosemary let the possibility enter her mind that they might stay another week.

"Not very long," she answered vaguely. "We've been abroad a long time—we landed in Sicily in March and we've been slowly working our way north. I got pneumonia making a picture last January and I've been recuperating."

"Mercy! How did that happen?"

"Well, it was from swimming," Rosemary was rather reluctant at embarking upon personal revelations. "One day I happened to have the grippe and they were taking a scene where I dove into a canal in Venice. It was a very expensive set so I had to dive and dive and dive all morning. Mother had a doctor right there, but it was no use—I got pneumonia." She changed the subject determinedly before they could speak. "Do you like it here—this place?"

"They have to like it," said Abe North slowly. "They invented it." He turned his noble head slowly so that his eyes rested with tenderness and affection on the two Divers.

"Oh, did you?"

"This is only the second season that the hotel's been open in summer," explained Nicole. "We persuaded Gausse to keep on a cook and a garçon and a chasseur —it paid its way and this year it's doing even better."

"But you're not in the hotel."

"No, we built a house, up at Tarmes."

"Our theory is," said Dick, arranging an umbrella to clip a square of sunlight off Rosemary's shoulder, "that all the northern places, like Deauville, were picked out by Russians and English who don't mind the cold, while half of us Americans come from tropical climates —that's why we're beginning to come here."

The young man of latin aspect had been turning the pages of *The New York Herald*.

"Well, what nationality are these people?" he demanded suddenly, and read with a very slight French intonation, " 'Registered at the Hotel Palace at Vevey are Mr. Pandely Vlasco, Mme. Bonneasse'—I don't exaggerate—'Corinna Medonca, Otto Dunkels, Mme. Pasche, Seraphim Tullio, Maria Amalia Roto Mais, Moises Teubel, Mme. Paragoris, Apostle Alexandre, Yolanda Yosfuglu and Geneveva de Momus!' She attracts me most—Geneveva de Momus. Almost worth running up to Vevey to take a look at Geneveva de Momus."

He stood up with sudden restlessness and stretched himself with one sharp movement. He was a few years younger than Diver or North. He was tall and his body was hard but overspare save for the bunched force gathered in his shoulders and upper arms. At first glance he seemed conventionally handsome in a dark way—but there was a faint disgust always in his face which marred the full fierce lustre of his brown eyes. Yet one remembered them afterward when one had forgotten the anti-social inability of the mouth to endure boredom and the young forehead with furrows of fretful pain.

"We found some fine ones in the news of Americans last week," said Nicole. "Mrs. Evelyn Oyster and—what were the others?"

"There was Mr. S. Flesh," said Diver, getting up also. He took his rake and began to work very seriously at getting small stones out of the sand.

"Oh, yes—Mr. S. Flesh—doesn't he give you the creeps?"

It was quiet alone with Nicole—Rosemary found it even quieter than with her mother. Abe North and Costello, the Frenchman, were talking about Morocco, and Nicole having copied her recipe picked up some sewing. Rosemary examined their appurtenances—four large parasols that made a canopy of shade, a portable bath house for dressing, a rubber horse, new things that Rosemary had never seen, from the first burst of luxury manufacturing after the War, and probably in the hands of the first of purchasers. She had gathered that they were fashionable people, but though her mother had brought her up rather to beware society people as drones, she did not feel that way here. Even in their absolute immobility, as complete as that of the morning, she felt some purpose, a working over something, a direction, an act of creation different from any she had known. Her immature mind made no speculations upon the nature of their relation to each other—she was only concerned with their attitude toward herself—but she perceived the web of some pleasant inter-relation that she expressed with the thought that they had a very good time together.

She looked in turn at the three men, temporarily expropriating them. They were all three very personable in different ways, they were of a special gentleness that she felt was part of their lives, past and future, not circumstanced by events, not at all like the company manners of actors, and she detected also a far-reaching delicacy that was different from the rough and ready good fellowship of directors, who represented the intellectuals in her life. Actors and directors—those were the only men she had ever known, those and the heterogeneous and indistinguishable mass of college boys, interested only in love at first sight, whom she had met at the Yale prom last fall.

These three men were different. Costello was less civilized, more skeptical and scoffing, his manners were formal, even perfunctory. Abe North had under his shy-

Continued on page 60

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Honest Inflation

By Edward Tuck

The founder of the Tuck School of Business Administration at Dartmouth College, a venerable figure in American finance, after more than sixty years of observation of international monetary currents, declares the need for the restoration of silver and shows how the controversy of 1896 obscured the real facts.

THE firm and judicious resistance which President Roosevelt has offered to inflation has a sound basis. He recognizes that merely to add to the already swollen volume of promises to pay can avail nothing against the day of reckoning when paper money comes to its ultimate redemption. The basis for the demand for inflation rests upon the growing world conviction that the real cause of present economic conditions is monetary. To this "monetary morbus," as Cernuschi called it, is due the present collapse in prices, stagnation in business, and increase in poverty, in all countries.

A correct idea of the nature and functions of money in general is a necessary preliminary to the proper appreciation of the merits of the conflict between bimetallism and monometallism which is now more and more agitating the commercial world.

Money is an instrument of valuation, established by law, to measure, compare and exchange values, and to serve as a legal tender for debts. The material of money is in principle unimportant, except so far as it is liable to affect the aggregate amount in existence—the total monetary mass. The value (purchasing power) of money is increased or decreased, *ceteris paribus,* in inverse proportion to its volume. Indefinite issues of paper money create redundancy and depreciation. Comparative fixity or limitation of supply is therefore requisite to give reasonable stability to the value of money. Paper money can be increased in amount indefinitely, at the will of the sovereign or of the legislators, while metallic money is susceptible of only a limited and measurable annual increase, which distributes itself among the nations. Added to the total accumulated monetary mass existing throughout the world, this increase forms but a very small percentage, and serves barely to supply the needs of constantly increasing population, production, and commerce. For these reasons it is agreed that metallic money alone constitutes a safe standard of value. From very early days, gold and silver have been selected by nations whose civilizations are built upon trade as the world's money metals. Hence they have received the name of "the precious metals."

It is the legal function of money that gives to the metal its great value. It is the legislator who bestows upon the metal this function. The legislator can withdraw the money function and thereby destroy the metal's great value. Hence the term, "intrinsic value," applied to money, is misleading. Its value is almost entirely extrinsic. Aristotle says:

"Money itself is only a frivolity, a futility: it has value only by the law and not by nature inasmuch as a change of agreement among those who use it can depreciate it completely."

If an example be needed to prove conclusively the accuracy of the great philosopher's conception of money, we have it in the monetary history of the last sixty years as regards silver.

Bimetallism is the privilege of unlimited coinage of both gold and silver as full legal tender money, at a ratio of weight fixed by law. This does not mean, as some suppose, redemption, or convertibility, of one metal by or into the other. Both metals stand on a perfect equality before the law. In the United States the silver dollars and silver certificates at present outstanding—four hundred and sixty-five millions in all—always stood at a parity with gold by reason of their equal legal tender quality for all debts. There is no good reason to doubt that the whole amount of silver belonging to our government, including the silver bullion, could be paid out—were specie payments resumed—in dollars or in certificates, and retained in circulation at par with gold, as was the case, prior to our going off the gold standard, with the silver dollars and certificates then outstanding.

Turgot, the great economist, and Minister of Finance to Louis XVI, said:

"Gold and silver are constituted money, and universal money, by the nature of things, independently of all convention and all law."

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Daniel Webster said in the United States Senate, in 1836:

"Gold and silver *is* the money of the Constitution. The constitutional standard of value is established, and cannot be overturned. To overturn it would shake the whole system. Gold and silver at rates fixed by Congress constitutes the legal standard of value in this country, and neither Congress nor any State has authority to establish any other standard or dispose of this."

Michel Chevalier, in the preface of his French translation of Humboldt's *Gold and Silver,* said:

"By reason of the part which gold and silver play in all the transactions of mankind, in the contracts between States and individuals . . . every important change in the value of gold and silver is a serious event, a sort of revolution."

The correctness and wisdom of these views appear never to have been questioned until after the great discoveries of gold in California and Australia, at which time this same Michel Chevalier began to advocate silver monometallism. In 1859 he published his once famous work on *The Probable Fall in the Value of Gold,* in which he argued in favor of the demonetization of gold by reason of its enormously increased production. Significantly enough, it was Richard Cobden who wrote the preface to the English translation of this work (published by Appleton in 1859), and in it reiterated Chevalier's statement that the production of gold had amounted in ten years to about as much as the entire production of the world during the three hundred and fifty-six years which intervened between the date of the discovery of America by Columbus and the year 1848. The gold monometallists of later days have never had half so specious an argument against the fitness of silver to serve as money as that argument against the fitness of gold. However, gold was not demonetized, and the historian Alison, writing at the same time and describing the previous distress and the subsequent prosperity, said:

"The era of a contracted currency and consequent low prices and general misery, interrupted by passing gleams of prosperity, was at an end."

Many writers on economics today cite statistics of deposits, and prices compared with those of previous periods, seeking to prove thereby that the actual volume of gold suffices for the present needs of commerce and money circulation. If this is the case, how does it happen that not a single important nation can pay its obligations, either of maturing bonds or of its demand notes, in gold coin? Even in France, nominally still on the gold standard, napoleons are unobtainable except by purchase in the market at a premium equivalent to the price of gold in London.

It was Cernuschi, the great master of monetary science in the past century, who developed fully the argument based on the dislocation of foreign exchanges, and pointed out the disastrous consequences thereof to the industries of the gold-standard nations. He established the complete scientific theory of bimetallism, and gave to it, in all modern languages, its appropriate name.

The people begin to realize that the annual increase in the production of gold is not keeping pace with the expansion of the world's production of staple commodities and especially with the prodigious increase in existing debts. Chief among these debts are those of the governments of all countries in seeking to supply the deficiency of metallic money by vast issues of paper promises to pay money "on demand," which are universally dishonored, but to which the paper inflationists insist the United States shall add still further.

This world-wide paper-money inflation exists today to an unlimited excess and with augmenting depreciation in coin value. Under these circumstances what the world must now have to enable it to carry its burdens, to save it from general repudiation of debt and universal impoverishment, to raise prices and to stimulate commerce and enterprise, is a virtual doubling of the annual supply of additional real money, furnished, not by the unlimited capacity of the printing-press, but by the combined mines of the precious metals, both gold and silver. Until 1873 the coinage of both metals, at a fixed parity, as legal tender money, was free and unlimited in the United States and in France. Every successive large increase in the production of either or both metals brought increased prosperity and wealth; as, for instance, the gold discoveries in the Klondike and the Rand in the late 1890's, and, earlier, the Comstock Lode in silver.

This increase in the coinage of both metals with its vivifying power was never considered money inflation. It was, in fact, the supply of a needed expansion of basic metallic money for increasing population and commerce. It is manifest today that gold alone does not suffice to satisfy this constantly growing need and thereby the world is now threatened with financial ruin.

To the demonetization of silver, first by England in a fit of extreme insularity after the triumph of Waterloo, and subsequently by the United States, Germany and (in consequence) France, may unquestionably be traced the present universal collapse. The eminent American economist, Professor Francis A. Walker, author of a standard work, *Money,* published in 1877 and 1891, declared with emphasis:

"The history of the century would be searched in vain for a political blunder of equal enormity."

Fully sixty years ago the most acute and erudite students of monetary science warned the world of the inevitable consequences of this extrusion of silver as a joint monetary standard with gold. In the month of

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April, 1870, Wolowski, a distinguished French economist, before a French Currency Commission pointed out with remarkable accuracy the inevitable fall in price of all commodities, as well as the great decline in the value of agricultural land and the increased burden of mortgages, which the demonetization of silver would entail. He said:

"What the proposed change means is a veritable monetary revolution, and the worst of revolutions—one that leads to the unknown. Violent attacks are being made in our day on property. There is little to fear from open attacks upon the laws of human society that have grown up with man, emanating from his very nature. But I do not feel that there is the same security when it is a question of attacks which are the more perilous because those who make them are often not aware of their serious nature. Such would be the proposed measure regarding the demonetization of silver."

In 1871, two years before our own country demonetized silver, Ernest Seyd, well-known English author of *Bullion and Foreign Exchanges,* made this remarkably accurate forecast:

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the adoption of the gold valuation by other states besides England will be beneficial. It will only lead to the destruction of the monetary equilibrium hitherto existing, and cause a fall in the value of silver from which England's trade and the Indian silver valuation will suffer more than any other interests, grievous as the general decline of prosperity all over the world will be. The strong doctrinism existing in England as regards the gold valuation is so blind that, when the time of depression sets in, there will be this special feature: the economical authorities of the country will refuse to listen to the cause here foreshadowed; every possible attempt will be made to prove that the decline of commerce is due to all sorts of causes and irreconcilable matters. The workman and his strikes will be the first convenient target; then speculation and over-trading will have their turn. Later on, when foreign nations, unable to pay in silver, have recourse to protection, when a number of other secondary causes develop themselves, then many would-be wise men will have the opportunity of pointing to specific reasons which in their eyes account for the falling off in every branch of trade. Many other allegations will be made, totally irrelevant to the real issue, but satisfactory to the moralizing tendency of financial writers."

At the foundation of our government all Europe used what was then called the "double standard," the coinage of gold and silver at a fixed ratio of weight. Our own original standard money unit, as declared in 1792, was the Spanish silver dollar of 412½ grains. Gold coinage was authorized, rated to it in the proportion of 1 ounce of gold to 15 ounces of silver. We changed this ratio in 1832 to sixteen to one. France had always been bimetallic, and from 1785 the two metals were coined there in the ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold. This difference of ratio in the two countries gave to silver a money advantage at the French Mint of three per cent as compared with our ratio of 16 to 1. The effect of this difference was that, in accordance with the Gresham Law, all our silver, the dearer money (and our silver bullion), was immediately exported to France for coinage at the Paris Mint to secure the three per cent profit; the cheaper metal, gold, remaining the sole metallic money in circulation in the United States. Under these circumstances the coinage of silver dollars at our Mint appeared to be a useless expense.

Early in 1872 a bill for the codifying of the United States Mint Laws, which had been before the two preceding Congresses, was reintroduced. From it the clause providing for the coinage of silver dollars was omitted, seemingly only for the reason that the silver once coined was immediately shipped to France to secure the three per cent profit above described. This accomplished the demonetization of silver in the United States, although it was not so intended, as plainly shown by debates published in *The Congressional Record.* The Mint Law was revised, the standard silver dollar being dropped from the list of coins. The question came up for debate in Congress in 1878, when Senator Thurman said:

"When the bill was pending in the Senate we thought it was simply a bill to reform the Mint, etc. . . . and there was not a single man in the Senate I think, unless a member of the committee from which the bill came, who had the slightest idea that it was even a squint towards demonetization."

This statement was confirmed by several other members of both houses.

Even better proof of these facts is furnished by a letter written by John Sherman, our distinguished Secretary of the Treasury, to W. S. Groesbeck, one of the American delegates appointed by Congress to the International Monetary Conference held in Paris in August, 1878, in which, referring to the leading part he had taken in the demonetization of silver in 1873, he said:

"At that time the wisest among us did not anticipate the sudden fall of silver or the rise of gold that has occurred. This uncertainty of the relation between the two metals is one of the chief arguments in favor of a monometallic system, but other arguments, showing the dangerous effect upon industry by dropping one of the precious metals from the standard of value, outweigh in my mind all theoretical objections to the bimetallic system."

Thus was the demonetization of silver unwittingly accomplished in the United States, not because it was cheaper than gold, but, on the contrary, because it was the more valuable of the two metals. The effect, how-

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ever, of thus closing our Mint to silver was not immediately apparent, specie payments having been suspended since 1862 and not resumed until 1879.

In studying the question of bimetallism one should keep clearly in mind: First, that money is not the value *for which,* but the *valuer by which,* commodities are exchanged and debts are paid. Money is only a counter, a marker, a measure of value, and is not by nature value itself. Second, that the precious metals, gold and silver, acquire their great worth because they are used as money—*not* that money *as money* derives its value from the material of which it is made. As Paulus, a great Roman jurist, said: "Money circulates with a power which it derives, not from its substance, but from its *quantity.*" Third, that the material of which money is made is not in itself the standard, but the register in which the standard is recorded. The material of money bears a similar relation to value that the dial of a clock does to time. Hence the term "double standard" is an erroneous one in a strict verbal sense. It is not the standard that is double, but the metals in which the standard is registered. The two metals conjointly, possessing equally the debt-paying function at a fixed ratio of weight, form one standard, one money. Daniel Webster understood this, as his careful language, above quoted, unmistakably indicates. His words are: "Gold and silver . . . *constitutes* the legal standard of value." It was to correct the misconception caused by the use of this misnomer "double standard" that Cernuschi originated, in 1869, the name "bimetallism," which covers the real principle at issue as perfectly as any single word can do.

The present generation of Americans look upon bimetallism as Bryanism, and do not take the trouble to study the history or the science of money, as well understood long prior to the Bryan campaign. As late as in May, 1894, a cable message was sent to the Lord Mayor of London by leading United States Senators of both parties, as follows:

"We desire to express our cordial sympathy with the movement to promote the restoration of silver by international agreement, in aid of which we understand a meeting is to be held today under your Lordship's presidency. We believe that the free coinage of both gold and silver by international agreement at a fixed ratio would secure to mankind the blessing of a sufficient volume of metallic money, and, what is hardly less important, secure to the world of trade immunity from violent exchange fluctuations."

Among the signers were*: John Sherman, Nelson W. Aldrich, Shelby M. Cullom, W. B. Allison, Henry Cabot Lodge, W. E. Chandler, D. W. Voorhees, Calvin S. Brice, George F. Hoar, O. H. Platt, A. P. Gorman, and David B. Hill.

Between that year, 1894, and 1900, Bryanism, aided by the Republican campaign, completely perverted public opinion regarding silver, and it still so continues.

In March, 1871, the Franco-German war was ended, France paying in gold a war indemnity of 1000 million dollars. In the following July, the German Empire, which had previously been on a silver basis, established, after the example of England, a national gold standard, limiting the existing aggregate issues of silver coins and requiring that the silver in excess of that amount should be withdrawn from circulation and sold. The French Mint, which under the Bimetallic Law of 1803 was obliged to exchange the two metals one for the other on demand without limit, became alarmed lest it should be overwhelmed with the German silver, and at once slackened the coinage of silver, ultimately entirely abolishing it. Then, and then only, the decline in the price of the metal silver from the legal parity began, as shown by the statistics of all mints, reaching in 1932 the lowest figure on record. This continuous fall in the price of the metal was caused, not by its over-production from the mines, but largely by the sale in the open market of demonetized money from different nations, including France. The yearly product of the mines since 1900 up to 1930 has been estimated in fine ounces as from 8 to 13 times to one of gold. In fact, the production of silver compared to that of gold has not been as high as 16 to 1 for nearly forty years past, and of this production eighty per cent is estimated as being the by-product of other metals.

* *Editor's Note:* These senators were primarily representatives of Eastern States and conservative interests, as may be seen from following identification:

John Sherman, Republican, Ohio. Secretary of the Treasury under Hayes, Secretary of State under McKinley. The Sherman Act (1890) was a compromise bill providing for the purchase of four and one-half million ounces of silver per month, treasury notes to be issued in payment. In 1893, the Voorhees Bill repealed the silver-purchase clause but affirmed bi-metallism as national policy.

Nelson W. Aldrich, Republican, Rhode Island (1881–1911). Author of the Aldrich Plan from which the Federal Reserve Act was evolved. Senate leader for many years.

Shelby M. Cullom, Republican, Ohio (1883–1913). Committee of which he was chairman created Interstate Commerce Commission.

W. B. Allison, Republican, Iowa (1872–1908). Member of Finance Committee of Senate for thirty years, identified with Bland Silver Act, involved in all currency discussions of period.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Republican, Massachusetts (1893–1924). Senate leader for many years, headed fight on League of Nations, chairman of Foreign Relations Committee of Senate.

W. E. Chandler, Republican, New Hampshire (1887–1901). A "war" Republican, Secretary of Navy under Arthur, credited with tactics which brought about election of Hayes over Tilden.

D. W. Voorhees, Democrat, Indiana (1877–1897). It was his bill which affirmed bimetallism as national policy.

Calvin S. Brice, Democrat, Ohio (1891–1897). A conservative. Had large railroad and banking interests.

George F. Hoar, Republican, Massachusetts (1877–1904). Famous Senate leader, had large part in framing bankruptcy and anti-trust legislation.

O. H. Platt, Republican, Connecticut (1879–1905).

A. P. Gorman, Democrat, Maryland (1880–1898 and 1903–1906). Directed Cleveland's campaigns. Outstanding Democratic leader. Swung Democratic votes for free silver in return for Silver Republican votes again Force Bill.

David B. Hill, Democrat, New York (1892–1897). Succeeded Cleveland as Governor of New York. Author of the phrase, after Bryan was nominated, "I am a Democrat still—very still."

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Money has never been defined as a value in itself, but only as a measure of value. It has been called "a vehicle to facilitate the exchange and distribution of the world's products." The smaller the number of those "vehicles," the larger naturally must be the load put upon each. This in monetary language means lower prices for all values. That is the situation of Europe and America today. The vehicles are overloaded, and the number of them must be greatly increased.

To carry on commerce between the nations of the world there needs to be an international unit of value, and that unit must be a metallic one. During our Civil War, European currencies being on a gold basis, while the United States had a depreciated paper money, our foreign commerce was regulated through the "Gold Room" in New York, where gold was bought and sold to supply the needs of foreign commerce and dealings in securities. Following the Civil War and prior to our resumption of specie payments in 1879, the exporter of cotton sold it at a gold price in Liverpool or Havre, and bought it in New Orleans at the greenback price. Hence he was a seller of gold, while the importer of merchandise was, for the same reason (reversed) a buyer. At the present time, no nation on either side of the Atlantic having a currency redeemable in gold, all foreign commerce and exchange dealings are in the greatest confusion. No man knows from day to day what may be the market value of his merchandise or of his investments. At the recent economic conference in London, President Roosevelt was severely criticized for refusing an attempt to stabilize the monies of the United States and England, but he was right. To try to do it would be like an attempt to stabilize two balloons. Metallic monies can be stabilized by their proportionate weight, but not so the unlimited products of the printing presses. It is only from the mines of gold and silver that there can be furnished automatically a needed yearly additional supply of metallic real money, which is estimated at from one to two per cent of the existing monetary stock.

In the great debates on bimetallism which took place in the United States and in Europe during the latter half of the past century, both Democrats and Republicans were members of the different monetary conferences held in London and in Paris, with a view to the restoration of bimetallism by international agreement. The United States was then a large debtor to Europe. For this reason, it was believed by the majority of our delegates that silver could be restored, and a stable parity of exchange maintained, only by an agreement between the United States, England, and France. Today, the United States, having become a creditor nation with immense increase in wealth and power, is abundantly able to solve the problem alone. I venture to predict that if bimetallism were adopted by us, the course of events would force the acceptance throughout Europe of silver money on an equality with gold at the American ratio in protection of those nations' own commerce, especially in connection with the Far East and South America. The world-wide price of silver would advance to whatever legal parity, whether 20 to 1 or 16 to 1, was established by the United States. The debt-paying power of silver becoming equal to that of gold at the legal ratio, nobody would part with it at a lower valuation. An advance of price in all commodities would at once ensue, as the result of the increasing supply of real money. We see already the beginning of this in the higher prices which have accompanied the late rise in the price of silver. The world is now ready for the remonetization of the metal, which would be followed immediately, gold and silver standing on the same plane as monetary units, with buoyant markets everywhere. On the other hand, increased issues of paper money in the United States can have no effect on world markets, creating only redundancy at home and increased depreciation by comparison with the nominal gold equivalent. The United States cannot be willing that its money issues should follow in the steps of the French assignats. The wealth of all France was supposedly "assigned" as security for a currency the ultimate complete repudiation of which became a necessity.

We are deceiving ourselves in saying that the American dollar has now greatly depreciated in value. We have, legally speaking, only one dollar in the United States, which is the gold dollar of 23.22 grains. We use as current legal tender money the Government and Reserve Bank notes bearing on their face the "promise to pay" dollars, on demand. It is this "promise to pay" which is not good and is now worth only sixty-five per cent (approximately) of its face value. It is Uncle Sam, and not the "American dollar," who in these days of peace and plenty should bear the discredit of insolvency.

Bimetallists demand that the two metals be declared by law to be not of a fixed relative market value, but of the same utility in debt-paying power, in a fixed ratio—the mints to be freely open to the coinage of both—thus re-establishing silver in the position which it held in common with gold from the beginning of history until 1873 (always by legislative authority), and restoring the conditions under which, prior to that date, all debts—State, corporation, and individual—were incurred, and a supposed normal level of prices was established. In other words, they claim that the "exchangeability" of silver for debt, equally with gold, should be restored by legal enactment, with free coinage, in a fixed ratio, which will stand the test as against the novel and disastrous experiment of the present generation in endeavoring to "live and prosper" on a single gold basis. Silver must be again assigned a place in the monetary systems of the nations. The new-fledged theories of a "managed cur-

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rency" of paper money are vain and empty. Nature alone, and not man, can be trusted with the vital problem of the world's money supply.

Even if all this were less indubitable, there remains another reason for now turning to bimetallism in the United States. The inflationists of today are demanding first of all an expansion of our present currency, and they want it through the agency which most largely appeals to the mentality of the machine age, namely, the printing-press. If they succeed, we shall witness nothing but a still further diminished value of our currency in foreign markets. If, on the other hand, we mutilate our gold coins, by cutting their weight in half, we dishonor ourselves and enrich the growing multitude of European hoarders of gold who are accumulating the metal for this event. But, vastly more important still, we perpetuate the present inability of China and India to buy our agricultural and other products by continuing the non-recognition of their silver money.

Bimetallism is not an expedient. It is a world-wide specific for the ills which have befallen all nations. The remonetization of silver will immediately produce the increase in the circulating medium which inflationists are demanding. It will be inflation, but it will be honest inflation, because it will be supported by an ultimate redemption in a metal which has been recognized as precious by hundreds of millions of people throughout the ages and is now the metallic basis of the medium of exchange among hundreds of millions of people whose markets we wish to enter. Bimetallism will open these doors to us, because it will provide us with an instrument of exchange which will be immediately and constantly advantageous.

Lord Balfour, as long ago as in 1892, speaking in Manchester, pointed this out. He said:

"I also believe that the bimetallic solution is possible and adequate. I don't give it to you as a cure for every industrial evil. I don't come forward as a quack with a universal remedy. I don't tell you that it will drive bad trade for ever from these shores and give every man who desires to work a chance of working for a good day's wages, and every man who desires to invest the certainty of a profitable investment. I paint no such visions for you. I put no such promise before your gaze. But I do say that for a great commercial country a sound instrument of exchange is a matter of the first necessity. I do say that the instrument of exchange which you actually have is a bad instrument, and I offer you for your acceptance an instrument which, if not perfect, is at all events practicable, and is incomparably better than any which you are likely to obtain by any other means of which I have any knowledge."

In view of the increasing growth of bimetallic sentiment throughout Christendom at the present time, it is neither wise nor useful to attempt longer to stifle it under the weight of an intolerant dogmatism. The opinion of the great mass of the agricultural classes of both Europe and America, supported by distinguished economists and statesmen in every country, deserves a respectful hearing.

HOUSE-WREN

By Bernice Kenyon

Speak once again, and tell me all your news,
Sweet gossip, you who fill the garden walk
With so much gay and repetitious talk,
And then wait calmly on your branch to muse
On man's endeavors and their futile end—
Speak out, and say your parentage and name,
And what your prospects are, and whence you came,
And whom you count as enemy and friend.

All this you have been telling me for days,
Blithely awaiting that most fortunate hour
When I shall speak your language, and your bower
Ring with long explanations of our ways;
Alas to show you, with sufficient chatter,
How little indeed man's heavy efforts matter!

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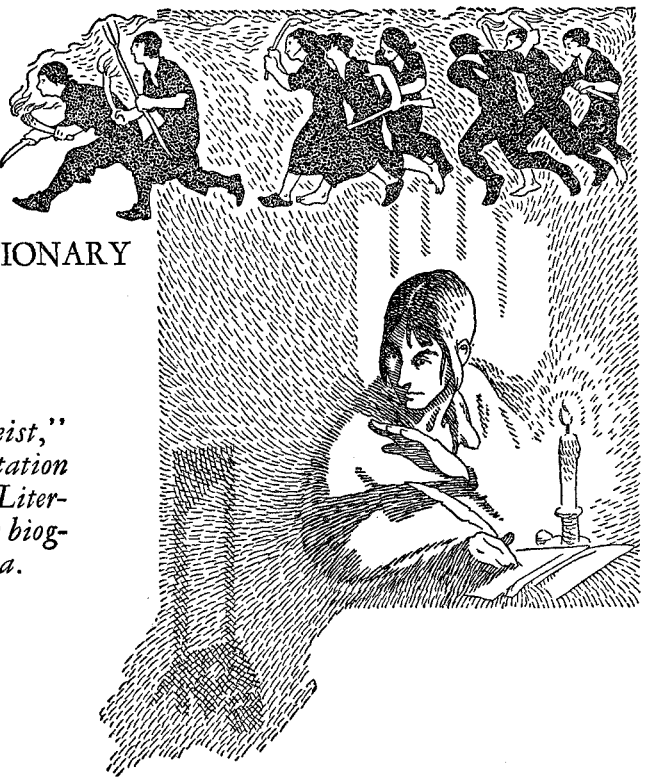
Thomas Paine

GOD-INTOXICATED REVOLUTIONARY

By V. F. Calverton



Tom Paine, instead of being a "filthy little atheist," was a profoundly religious man. This interpretation by the author of "The Liberation of American Literature" is the eighth of the Scribner's Magazine biographies of men who have influenced America.

"Paine is one of the first and best of writers, and probably the most useful man that ever existed upon the face of the earth."—*Elihu Palmer.*

On December 29, 1793, in a cell already marked with the insignia of death, a man sat writing a book which he hoped would save the human race from the evils of atheism. He wrote on and on into the night, fearing like Keats that he might not live long enough to finish what he had to say. Outside his cell he could hear the frequent shuffle of feet, the banging of doors, and the cries of men hurried down the dank, unlit corridors to the tumbrils, and thence along dawn-streaked roadways to the insatiable mouth of the guillotine. That man, with his brown hair already crowded with gray, and his eyes still animate with fanatic fervor, was Thomas Paine, and the book he was writing was *The Age of Reason.*

Two weeks before, this Bakunin of the eighteenth century, who Carlyle had declared contemptuously would like to "free all this world; (and) perhaps even the other," and who had denounced kings in America as well as Europe, hazarded his life, in a gesture fraught with historic irony, in defense of the head of Louis Capet. Paine's stand had been a simple but dangerous one. He believed in annihilating the power of kings but not their persons. Lacking the Bolshevik vision of Lenin, who, a century and a quarter later, recognized the necessity of destroying the person in order to eradicate the myth, Paine made a sentimental plea for the lives of the royal family, which included the subnormal Louis, whose talents as a locksmith were his best recommendation, his overweening wife, whose haughtiness hung like a shadow over the spirit of the country, and his pampered children, who knew more about the unearthly domain of the angelic hosts than about the land in which they lived. For once, Paine's oratory was spent in vain. For once, Paine found himself on the side of the reactionaries instead of the radicals. Always closely competing, this time his heart had outrun his head, with the result that for several months his head hung in the balance, to be saved only by the chance oversight of the guard who failed to note the death sign on the door of his cell. Through that capricious wink of fate, Paine was able to finish *The Age of Reason,* which, by another irony, was to blast his reputation into a thousand bits the pieces of which were not to be gathered together until a century later. Had he died on the guillotine, as the Revolutionary Tribunal, at the height of the Terror, had decreed, *The Age of Reason* would never have been completed, but his reputation would have been saved.

Few men were so favored by history during their lifetime and yet so betrayed by it after death as Thomas Paine. Acclaimed throughout Europe and America as the great emancipator, liberty's firebrand in human guise, Paine was admired by the radical spirits of his age as few men ever were, and yet once *The Age of Reason* became known, it swallowed up, like a litmus agent, all trace of his past influence. *The Age of Reason* marked Paine's political Waterloo. After its publication he was a marked man, hounded with the stigma of the infidel. His life became a closed book which aged so rapidly that its pages stuck together and could scarcely be opened without damaging them in the process. When he returned to America, after the French

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Revolution had entered its stage of the jitters, he realized that he was a man without a country. The nation in which he had been the first to ring the liberty bell, the first to galvanize the indecisive protests of the Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Franklins into a clear-cut program of independence, now greeted him like a dangerous immigrant, a red-trousered Mephistopheles who had come to tear down the walls of the temples and the tabernacles and convert the land into an unholy place. The author of *Common Sense,* which had sold more than one hundred thousand copies in four months and had done more than any other piece of writing in the colonies to inspire the Americans with the spirit of independence, was now described by the Americans as a "detested reptile," a "lily-livered sinical rogue," and a "composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of some drunken she-devil." Newspapers of every cast scorned and berated him, satirized and caricatured him, and set him up as an example for youth to abhor. Preachers fulminated against him from a thousand pulpits, picturing him as an avatar of Satan, a spectre of evil who threatened to destroy religion by the pen instead of the sword. People refused to ride in stage coaches with him fearing that a bolt of lightning would destroy the coach in which he travelled; crowds howled him down; and upon one occasion an attempt was made to murder him. In an inglorious way, he became for native mothers the *"black Douglas"* of America whom they frightened their children with when they were naughty by the threat that "if you're not good, Tom Paine will get you." The epigoni of the Revolution completely ignored him and refused to recognize the heroic rôle which he had played in the birth of the nation. In New Rochelle in 1806, for instance, he was prevented from voting on the ground that he was not an American citizen. Only Jefferson, who, in the face of a mounting barrage of opposition, had invited him to return to America aboard the U. S. ship *Maryland,* remained faithful to him to the end.

Thus did a single book which attacked established religion remove from the pages of American history one of its greatest figures, a hero in the most heroic sense of the word. Second only to Jefferson in integrity of character and courage of conviction, Paine represented one of the few leaders that this country produced who never compromised principle for prestige and never sacrificed honor for gain.

II

The odd irony of it all—and no man's life was full of more tragic ironies than Paine's—was that *The Age of Reason* was a profoundly religious book. Repelled by the rapid growth of atheism which he witnessed in the revolutionary Paris of that day, Paine set forth on the task of writing *The Age of Reason* in order to prevent his contemporaries from losing "sight of morality, of humanity, and of the theology that was true." Paris had revolted with such hostility against the tyranny of the Church that the very concept of religion had become the butt of satire and burlesque. God had become a bewhiskered octogenarian at whom politicians made jibes and gutter gamins poked fun. A religious man at heart, who in his younger days had resolved never to attack "religion either by ridiculing or cavilling at any denomination whatsoever," Paine resented this turn of affairs. Believing that God was "the great mechanic of creation," Paine was anxious for all men to worship him as the guiding principle of the universe. Influenced by the mechanistic philosophy of La Mettrie, Paine insisted upon carrying La Mettrie's anthropomorphic conclusions to their cosmic ultimate. He was willing to conceive of man as a mechanism, but like Voltaire insisted upon the inclusion of God as "the great mechanic." Without expressing it in such words, he agreed with Franklin that "if men are wicked *with* religion, what would they be *without* it?" and therefore was convinced that what man had to do was not to destroy religion but to replace a bad religion by a good one. Judaism and Christianity were bad religions, he maintained, sustaining the arguments of his American compatriots, Ethan Allen and Elihu Palmer, because they were anachronistic in philosophy, childish in conception, and false in doctrine. Founded upon superstition instead of science, they kept the mind from becoming "enlightened and serene," which, in his opinion, was the object of true religion. True religion, Paine contended, makes it possible for man to look "through the works of creation to the Creator himself."[1]

An enemy of atheism as well as Christianity, Paine founded in Paris in 1797 what he believed was the Church of the true religion. He called this church the "church of Theo-philanthropy" and declared at its founding that "Religion has two principal enemies, Fanaticism, and *Infidelity, or that which is called atheism.* The first requires to be combated by reason and morality, the other by natural philosophy."[2] (*Italics mine.*)

Such was the religious philosophy of the man, the anti-atheist, anti-infidel Thomas Paine, whom the Quakers refused to grant a burial place and whom Theodore Roosevelt, a century later, paraphrasing John Adams, was to condemn with reprehensible naïveté as a "filthy little atheist."

Paine's early opposition to established religion had been political and not "intellectual." Like many liberals

[1] *Cf.* Harry Hayden Clark: "Toward a Reinterpretation of Thomas Paine," *American Literature,* May, 1933, Vol. V, No. 2, page 143. For several brief quotations from Paine I am indebted to Professor Clark's illuminating article.

[2] Quoted from Conway: *Life of Paine,* Vol. II, 254–255.

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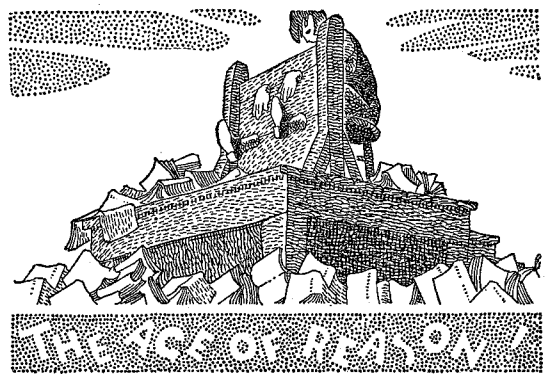
of his day, he began his fight against religion by assailing the ecclesiastics for their political backwardness which was evinced by their support of the feudal state and their hostility to reform. In America prior to the Revolutionary War he had been forced to fight the ecclesiastics at every turn, and even during the war he had witnessed many of the denominations allying themselves with the British. Both the Methodist Church and the Episcopalian had been practically wiped out on the Atlantic seaboard as a result of their support of England during the Revolutionary War. In England and France the ecclesiastics were even more reactionary. Politically allied with the revolutionary cause of the middle class in its fight against the feudal state, Paine had no alternative but to assail established religion as an obstacle to social progress. Nevertheless, it is altogether likely that Paine would have continued to limit his attack upon religion to the political sphere if the developments in France during the nineties had not convinced him that it was necessary to expose the false doctrines of Christianity in order to save the "true cause of religion." Paine had begun to question the truth of Judaic lore and Christian evidences long before he began *The Age of Reason,* but had refrained from putting his arguments to paper until he felt they could be delayed no longer.



For years after the publication of *The Age of Reason* men were arrested, pilloried, and jailed for selling copies of it. In England the book had been rendered popular by Bishop Watson's ineffective attack upon it in 1796 in his volume, *An Apology for the Bible.* In 1812 Percy Bysshe Shelley in his famous "Letter to Lord Ellenborough" had attacked the conviction of the book-seller Eaton who had been sentenced to the pillory for selling *The Age of Reason.* The publisher Carlile was sentenced to six years in prison for selling Paine's book and several years later, in 1824, eight of his workmen were convicted and sentenced on the same charge. For a long time afterward similar punishments were meted out to others who committed the same offense. If Paine himself did not pay the penalty of a jail sentence for writing his book, he paid a much greater penalty in the loss of reputation which ensued.

And Paine paid that penalty not because he said what no one else thought, but because he dared to express in print what many Americans and Englishmen of his day would scarcely voice above a whisper. Characteristically enough, Paine was too honest, too uncompromising, too courageous, to conceal his convictions in order to retain his prestige or win the favor of posterity. "He flew in the face of a whole generation," wrote Hazlitt, and "did not care what offense he gave them." While Franklin, like Paine, avowed himself a Deist, he contributed to all the churches in his neighborhood in order to stand in good grace on all sides and declared that "he saw a certain advantage in the multiplicity of churches in the world, as that made for competition and competition made for trade." A greater and more honest man, Paine could not stomach such evasion. "My religion is to do good," declared Paine, and he spent his life trying to realize that ideal.

Born in England in 1737, Paine, at the instigation of Franklin, whom he met in London, came to America in 1774. Up to that time Paine's life had been a totally unexciting and uninspiring affair. As a matter of fact, he had failed at most of the jobs he tackled, and when he left for America it was in order to begin a new life. Within a short time after he arrived he met Robert Aitken, who made him the first editor of *The Pennsylvania Magazine.* In that way his literary career began.

But Paine was not a literary man. He was a revolutionary. *Belles lettres* never interested him and he never turned his hand to its pursuit. Whenever he wrote it was for a radical purpose. Living at a time when an old order of society was in the process of dissolution and a new society was at the point of birth, Paine was determined to devote his energies to hastening the death of the old and accelerating the birth of the new. At a time when almost every one confused the nature of the conflict, Paine, with almost clairvoyant perspicacity, recognized it for what it was and insisted upon the necessity of revolution as its only solution. While it is true that Paine only saw the conflict in terms of its political perspective, and did not recognize the economic struggle between the aristocracy and the middle class which underlay it, he must be given credit for having pointed out, far ahead of his time, in his pamphlet *Common Sense,* the simple but significant and original observation that government is based upon economics. In fact, it was the logic of that proposition which immediately appealed to the colonists, who were interested primarily in fighting economic rather than political tyranny. Their conflict with George III was not based upon a deep-rooted political hostility for kings, but upon their opposition to the economic tyranny which the King had exercised. It was Paine who converted that economic opposition into a political and moral challenge. Paine foisted upon kings all the sins

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of the feudal order. He made them into the dead hand which was holding back the advance of civilization.

Following in the path of Rousseau, Paine believed that man was good by nature, but had been rendered evil by government—and since government in those days was symbolized by kings, it was the King who was looked upon as the source of all evil. "Government like dress," wrote Paine, "is the badge of our lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built on the ruins of the bowers of paradise." But Paine did not only talk in such figurative and rhetorical diction. He discussed kings and governments also in terms of economics, which the merchant class of his day could more readily understand and endorse. "The resources of a country," Paine declared, "are lavished upon kings . . . and the poor themselves are compelled to support the fraud that oppresses them." The only way in which the fraud could be removed was by overthrowing the tyranny of kings. To achieve that end Paine realized nothing short of a revolution would suffice. America must separate from England in order to emancipate itself from the economic and political tyranny of the English King. "Since nothing but blows would do," Paine declared, "for God's sake let us come to a final separation. Anything short of that is mere patchwork—it is leaving the sword to our children."

Paine's words rang around the country like a spiritual tocsin, the reverberations of which could be heard in frontier hamlets as well as in the populous cities in the East. Men everywhere were heartened by his words, which dared give authentic voice to sentiments they shared but feared to express. It was as if a whole nation, like a panther at bay, tense to the point of scream, were pawing the ground, waiting for the moment to spring. Paine, by his sudden roar of words, provided the moment. "Independence is the only bond that can tie and keep us together," he declared. "O! ye that love mankind. Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth." No patriotic American of that day could escape the challenge of Paine's words. Even George Washington confessed that he was converted by the "sound doctrine and unanswerable reasoning" of *Common Sense.*

It was Paine, thus, who did more than any one else to exalt the economic conflict between the colonies and Britain to a moral and spiritual level.

But Paine's influence was not only decisive in forcing the Americans to take a revolutionary stand; it was even more potent in inspiring the American soldiers and the American people to continue the conflict after it had begun. In his series of pamphlets on *The American Crisis* Paine succeeded from time to time in sustaining the ebbing hope of the Americans in the future of their revolution. Washington frankly admitted that the first number of *The American Crisis* was mightily instrumental in buoying up the faith of his soldiers before the battle of Trenton. Desperate and depressed by the defeats they had recently met, the soldiers had begun to become restive and in large numbers to desert the army. Read before each regiment on the eve of the battle of Trenton, Paine's oratory was more effective than fife and drum in spurring the army on with new faith in itself and its purpose. The first sentence of the pamphlet: "These are times that try men's souls," became a clarion-call to action. "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered," Paine went on, "Britain with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to TAX) but 'to BIND us in ALL CASES WHATSOEVER,' and if *being bound in that manner,* is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth."

Just as Paine had refused to take a cent of royalty from the sales of *Common Sense,* devoting the earnings therefrom to the American cause, he was among the first to enlist as a soldier in the Revolutionary War and the first also to donate five hundred dollars to carry on the war when it seemed that the American armies were at the end of their tether. Once the war was over, however, and the victory was won, Paine, who thrived best where there was active work to be done, left America for England. Although his purpose in going to England was to attempt to persuade scientific men in that country, and perhaps elsewhere in Europe, to support his plans for the experimental construction of an iron bridge, he found himself within a short period of time embroiled in another political conflict of scarcely less consequence than the one in which he had participated in America.

In 1789 Burke published his *Reflections on the French Revolution,* which constituted an unmitigatedly vicious attack upon the new French nation. The appearance of Burke's book, which won the cordial approbation of George III, was enough to sting Paine into a prompt rejoinder. *The Rights of Man* was the result. Paine's argument was simple, forthright, and devastating. The French Revolution signified the "Regeneration of Man." It represented a "solemn and majestic spectacle" of man freeing himself from the "fraud" of monarchy. "What is monarchy?" Paine asked. "Is it a thing, or is

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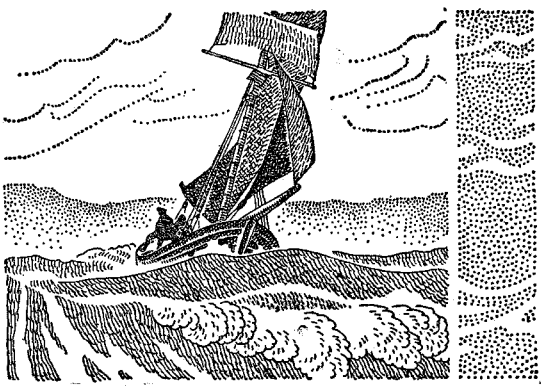
it a name, or is it a fraud?" Resorting to the state-of-nature concept familiar in his day, Paine assailed Burke's whole theory of government with its private-property justifications and protections. "Men are born, and always continue free and equal in respect to their right," Paine asserted, and added that "civil distinctions, therefore, can be founded only on public utility." It was not the British constitution, which Burke continually referred to, that counted, or any constitution, but the *rights of man.*

A year later part two of the *Rights of Man* appeared, this part dedicated to Lafayette. The first part had been dedicated to George Washington, who, terrified at its seditionary content, had only grudgingly acknowledged receipt of it, without saying a word in praise of its arguments. Part two of the *Rights of Man* extended the main arguments of part one but elaborated in more concrete form. Taxation continued to be the great *bête noir* in Paine's political calendar. The source of taxation, Paine still insisted, reiterating his argument in *Common Sense,* was the tyranny of the monarch, but this time not only the monarch came in for special attack—the whole theory of hereditary government was assailed. "I smile to myself," Paine wrote, "when I contemplate the ridiculous insignificance into which all literature and all the sciences would sink, were they made hereditary; and I carry the same idea into governments. An hereditary governor is as inconsistent as an hereditary author. I know not whether Homer or Euclid had sons; but I will venture an opinion that if they had, and had left their works unfinished, those sons could not have completed them."



But *The Rights of Man* was no intellectual roman candle which spent its energy in a few sudden spurts of light, only to disappear into the dark. Like *Common Sense* and *The American Crisis* it was a beacon light, a spiritual meteor, that illuminated the black revolutionary skies of that period, suggesting direction in the chartless heaven of confusion and destruction. More than 200,000 eyes scanned its pages which burned from top to bottom with the incandescent glow of challenge and prophecy. Like a cornered animal, in a spasm of rage, the state made a lunge at the author, hoping to sink its venomous talons into his flesh. But the author dodged, and, hurried away by the protecting arm of his friends, among whom the poet William Blake was most conspicuous, made his way from Dover to Calais in a packet boat, which was welcomed in France by a fanfare of flags and drums and all the verbal confetti befitting the arrival of a revolutionary hero.

In the Revolutionary Republic, however, as we have already seen, Paine met a swift and sudden downfall. Condemned by Marat for trying to save the King from the scaffold, he was deprived later of his seat in the Convention, to which he had been elected originally by four French Departments, and along with Anarcharsis Clootz, "the orator of the human race," was plunged into the Luxembourg Prison on December 28, 1793. There he remained for a year, unaided by Morris, the American minister, or by Washington, then the American President, both of whom feared that an interruption to the amicable arrangements made with England might result if they attempted to effect his release. Saved by a crotchet of circumstance from a violent death on the guillotine, he was rescued from a death by starvation and disease by his friend James Monroe, who succeeded in getting him freed from prison and finally nursed back to health. It was in Monroe's home in Paris, where he convalesced, that Paine finished *The Age of Reason,* which, owing to lack of strength, he had been unable to complete in prison.

III

In the purely moral sphere, Paine stands alone, apart, almost without a peer among his contemporaries. At a time when women, in keeping with the old Russian proverb, were looked upon as creatures "whose hair was long but whose brain was short," Paine spoke forth in defense of the feminine sex and became one of the first advocates of equal rights for women in all planes of life. Here, as elsewhere, Paine was as forthright as he was ardent. "Enslaved by indissoluble ties, which often join the gentle to the rude, and sensibility to brutality," Paine observed, "even in countries where they may be esteemed most happy (they are) constrained in their desires, in the disposal of their goods, robbed of freedom of will by the laws . . . (and) surrounded on all sides by judges who are at once their tyrants and seducers, and who, after having prepared their faults, punish every lapse with dishonor." Long before John Stuart Mill, and almost a century before Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, and Ellen Key, Paine took up the cudgels against masculine morality, argued for a new conception of marriage, and the birth of a "new woman."

In addition to his defense of women, Paine was one of the first persons in America to urge the abolition of

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Negro slavery and to become an active, initiating force in the foundation of the anti-slavery movement of that day. He was even instrumental in organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. He became an ardent advocate of compulsory education, urging the creation of public schools as a democratic necessity. He was opposed to duelling, capital punishment, and primogeniture. He became the champion of a Congress of Nations for the elimination of wars, anticipating by many decades Tennyson's "Parliament of Man" and by many generations Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations.

Intellectual and moral pioneer that Paine was in all these directions, he was also a fugleman in the fields of applied science. His mind was active in the invention of such divers devices as planing machines, smokeless candles, cranes, and steam turbines. Years before the business men of his time would subsidize its construction, the humble stay-maker of Thetford had worked out all the details necessary for the erection of a sound and enduring iron bridge. The French Academy had put its stamp of approbation on his single-arch bridge. Decades before the successful chug-chugs of Fulton's steamboat were heard on the Hudson, Paine envisioned the possibilities of steam navigation and the revolution it would effect in the world. Curiously enough, when Paine returned to America aboard the *Maryland* he brought with him, for Jefferson's inspection, a massive collection of machinery devised for the purpose of bridge construction and steam navigation.

Paine was ahead of his time in everything but economics. Even there, as we shall see, he was not behind his times, but like Thomas Jefferson he made a bad guess as to the future of the economic order.

Paine lived at a period when the feudal world was emitting its dying gasps and the capitalist world was still bloody with the womb-struggles of birth. The feudal world, a tenacious old hag, withered and wrinkled and blind, dying in the act of giving birth beyond her time, was bearing a new world in her loins. It was a death struggle between mother and child. But the child had to be born. It struggled and squirmed, raged and tore at the flesh that confined it, stopping at nothing in its instinctive fight for life.

Such, in a figure, was the struggle taking place in the world in Paine's day. It was not a struggle that was confined to one country, but one which was taking place through Europe and America. Paine recognized that fact when, describing the American aspect of the struggle, he declared in *Common Sense:* " 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age—posterity is involved in the contest." But Paine saw the struggle as one that was being fought between the King and the people, between monarchy and democracy, in which the great issues at stake were liberty and freedom for the oppressed masses of the world. The old world, with its kings and queens, spelled tyranny and oppression; the new world with its congresses and parliaments signified the birth of liberty and freedom. "By referring the matter from argument to arms," Paine avowed, in *Common Sense,* with his finger pointing toward the dawn of the future, "a new era for politics is struck, a new method of thinking has arisen."

What Paine did not see was that the struggle was not between the King and the people, but between the aristocracy, of whom the King was the representative, and the middle class. The clash was between two entirely different orders of society. The King believed in autocracy because that was the only way to keep the middle class from acquiring control of the state. The middle class believed in democracy because that was the only way to overthrow the autocracy of the King and gain the freedom of economic enterprise necessary for the expansion of its way of life. The King practised tyranny because that was his way of preserving power. The middle class advocated liberty and freedom because they were necessary to it in order to secure power. That it did not believe in liberty and freedom in the abstract was proved by its actions as soon as it got power, at which times it deprived all those who opposed its hegemony of the liberty and freedom it had espoused. It believed in liberty and freedom, therefore, because they provided the best means of protecting its rights in religion, in the press, in parliament, and in the courts —hence its advocacy of freedom of worship, freedom of press, freedom of speech, and the liberty to vote, and to have a trial by jury.

If Paine had recognized the class factors behind the struggle for liberty and freedom in his day he might have been bitterly discouraged. Had he been able to envisage the world which was going to emerge from the rule of parliaments and congresses, and foresee what was going to happen to the liberties and freedoms he believed in, he could never have fought for them in the ardent way he did. But living at a time when such events could not be seen in the historical perspective in which we can view them today, he could not recognize the nature of the class conflict which was taking place. He saw it all in terms of the moral issues involved, with politics as the agency through which the moral revolution was to be effected.

But that does not mean that Paine was ignorant of economics. On the contrary he made frequent reference to economic theory, and his essay on *Agrarian Justice* was almost entirely concerned with the economic problem. Moreover, there was nothing utopian about Paine's economics. Although a Physiocratic Agrarian in certain respects, he was fundamentally in sympathy with the rising middle-class economics of his day which had re-

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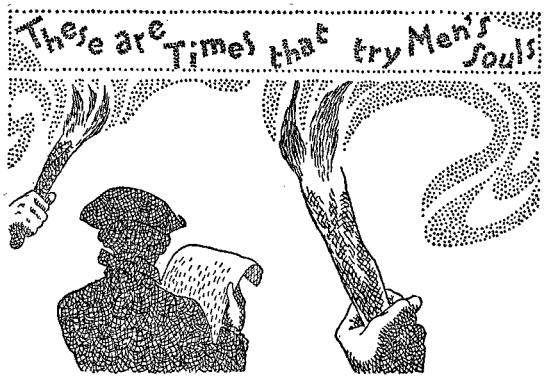
ceived its classic formulation in 1776 in Adam Smith's volume, *The Wealth of Nations*. While he believed in such social legislation as would ameliorate "the condition of man," advocating a National Fund out of which every person at the age of twenty-one would be given seventy-five dollars and every person over the age of fifty would derive fifty dollars a year, he was convinced, in keeping with the *laissez-faire* doctrine of his day, that the unhampered spread of commerce offered the best solution to the economic and social problem. No one at that time was a firmer believer in what he considered the economic truth of middle-class economics.



"If commerce were permitted to act to the universal extent to which it is capable," Paine wrote, foreshadowing the more clamorous arguments that were to follow, "it would extirpate the system of war, and produce a revolution in the uncivilized state of governments." The error in his logic was not to be recognized until long after his day. It was the common premise of all of the progressives and revolutionaries of that period. Paine was not a revolutionary utopian like Babeuf, who believed in a "conspiracy of equals"; Paine admitted the existence of natural inequalities, but he resented those which sprang out of economic inheritance and the handicaps of birth. Like the rising middle class of his time, he believed in private property, but he was opposed to the feudal distribution of it which was so glaringly inequitable that he was convinced that the whole feudal system had to be destroyed.

What Paine desired, which was also Jefferson's ideal, was a state of society in which every man possessed enough property to live in comfort and to protect himself in time of emergency from the ravages of starvation and famine. That some, through biological advantages or the development of superior qualities of character, would possess more property than others he was willing to concede as wise and not evil. "I care not how affluent some may be," he argued in *Agrarian Justice,* "provided that none be miserable in consequence of it." He believed that property belonged to those who earned it, but not to those who inherited it. As willing as Paine was to have property taken away from the feudal landowners who had simply inherited what their forefathers had stolen, he was willing to "defend the right of the (honest) possessor to the part which is his."

Paine's whole argument, it is obvious, was an attack upon the feudal conception of property and a defense of a middle-class theory of it. Paine, to be sure, did not believe he was concerned with defending the interests of one class, but of all classes that were oppressed by the feudal overlords and the royal succession. In *The Rights of Man* he had declared that he was interested in defending "the cause of the poor, of the manufacturers, of the tradesmen, of the farmer, *and of all those on whom the real burden of the taxes falls.*" It is interesting to note in the above quotation his obvious defense of the middle class which had to bear the main brunt of the taxation levied by the feudal lords upon trade and industry. But Paine was not the type of mind to stop with such a patent economic motivation—and hence he had to add "but above all I defend the cause of humanity." What Paine did, which was almost inevitable at the time, the progressive issues of the day being so inalienably bound up with the interests of the middle class, was to identify the cause of the middle class with that of humanity.

Paine was for free trade because he recognized, as did all burghers, that "the principal source of wealth depends upon it." While he was always anxious to advance the cause of humanity, he was never so quixotic as to direct his appeal to humanity in the abstract. Although, on the one hand, he might declare that he did not "hesitate for a moment to believe that the Almighty will finally separate America from Britain," he was shrewd enough, on the other hand, to address an appeal to the British merchants, in the third *Crisis,* urging them to support the American struggle for independence not because it would further the cause of humanity but because it would advance their own economic interests:

"To the great bulwark of the nation, I mean the mercantile and manufacturing part thereof, I likewise present my address. It is your interest to see America an independent, and not a conquered country. If conquered she is ruined; and if ruined poor; consequently, the trade will be a trifle, and her credit doubtful. If independent she flourishes, and from her flourishing must your profits arise. It matters nothing to you who governs America, if your manufacturers find a consumption there."

While all that Paine fought for thus was but a propaganda tailkite to the revolutionary movement of the middle class, it should not be thought that he did not interest himself at all in the destiny of the lower classes. For years after it got power the middle class circumscribed the right to vote to those who possessed property; Paine was opposed to such circumscription on moral grounds and declared in no equivocal manner that "the rich have no more right to exclude the poor

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from the right of voting, or electing or being elected, than the poor have to exclude the rich; and wherever it is attempted or proposed on either side, it is a question of force and not of right." Paine's mistake here, as in several other places, arose out of his failure to realize that the middle class would use force just as decisively to protect its interests as the aristocracy in the past had done to defend its own. But caught in the revolutionary turmoil of his day, with an entire civilization at stake, it was inevitable that Paine should identify the cause of humanity with that of the class in whose interest the revolution was being waged. His plea in behalf of the workers, which implicitly defended their right to organize and even to strike, was typical of middle-class idealism at its height:

"Several laws are in existence for regulating and limiting workmen's wages. Why not leave them as free to make their own bargains, as the law makers are to let their farms and houses? Personal labor is all the property they have. Why is that little, and the little freedom they enjoy, to be infringed? But the injustice will appear stronger, if we consider the operation and effect of such laws. When wages are fixed by what is called a law, the legal wages remain stationary, while everything else is in progression, and as those who make that law still continue to lay on new taxes by other laws, they increase the expense of living by one law, and take away the means by another."

V

In terms of his times, Thomas Paine was a great revolutionary, and this country is to be honored in his having decided to be known as one of the first American citizens. He was in the vanguard of his age, a spiritual precursor of a new order of society which he believed was to usher in the millennium. A convinced Rousseauite, he was certain that the miseries of men sprang out of the evils of bad government and not out of the perversity of human impulse. Consequently, to free men from the fetters that bound them and give them space in which to fly, all that was needed was to destroy the bad government of monarchy which enslaved them and to replace it with the good government of democracy which emancipated them. Monarchy and democracy for Paine were not just two different forms of government but two entirely different ways of life. Monarchy stood for tyranny and democracy for freedom. If democracy has failed to create the new race of man that he, in his more poetic moments, anticipated, it was not through any fault of Paine, who fought for it it on every front, with a courage that was unflagging and a faith that was as uncompromising as it was incorruptible. To few men does the birth of modern democracy owe as much as to Thomas Paine. Paine infused it with the spirit of revolutionary idealism; those who came after him robbed it of that glow and turned it into the pawn of privilege.

No words do more justice to Paine than his memorable reply to Franklin on the question of liberty. "Where liberty is, there is my country," declared Franklin, the comfort-loving, canny materialist who is said to have died with an epigram on his lips; "where liberty is not, there is mine," replied Paine, the heroic, revolutionary idealist, who forsook comforts for the sake of convictions, and who died despised by his fellow countrymen because he preferred to struggle for the cause of truth rather than succumb to a religion of lies.

I HEAR A WORK SONG

By Madefrey Odhner

Prophetic breasts of steel embrace my skies
With ribs of structural music whereon run
Symphonic thunders of the rivet gun
Raising in massive shouts before my eyes
The saga of the folk: industrialize.
Boldly the metal bosoms have begun
To voice the unheard-of truth beneath the sun—
Strong words men are forbid to vocalize.

The traders fear the singing of the steel
They cannot still. Their thing-bound senses reel
From the solid impact. Now the smelted class,
Pure from the ore in work of mind and hand,
Take up the tools. The chants of action pass
To the tempered race that peoples every land.

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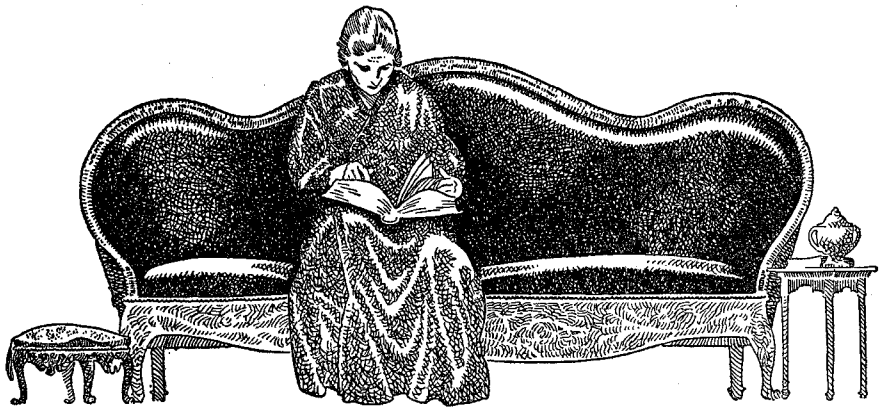

Obituary

A STORY

By Mark Schorer

She folded her thin brown hands on the open Bible in her lap and then for some minutes sat motionless on the old sofa with her unseeing eyes on the face of the minister. She was a little bird of an old woman with thin gray hair wispily drawn back over her ears and fastened in a tight, sparse knot at the back of her head, with narrow, sloping shoulders, with thin, infolding lips. She sat there with her knees drawn closely together and the black satin folds of her second-best dress falling demurely to the faded flowers in the rug. All in all, she was quite an ordinary old woman with nothing remarkable about her except possibly her eyes; and though they, like the eyes of most old women, were dim and sunken, there was something else about them—a sudden glazing and sightlessness which gave to her whole face an air of preoccupation and abstraction. At moments like this the world dropped away from before her and she found herself suddenly in another world years back, found herself engrossed with complete forgetfulness of the present in some event long past or in some idea that had come to her suddenly and that completely absorbed her. So she sat now on the sofa.

The minister leaned toward her in his rocking chair. He rustled the sheets of note paper in his hand in an effort to draw her mind back to the business on which he had come; but the old woman did not hear. One hand came up from the open Bible and vaguely fingered the golden brooch that she wore on the lace at her neck.

The minister coughed. Then quietly he asked, "When was he born, Mrs. Rilner? And was it in America or in the old country?"

She heard, and her eyes suddenly saw him again. For a moment she looked a little startled, and hesitated before she said, "Ah, yes. Here, it's all written in here." Her hands busied themselves with the pages of the Bible until she came to the blank sheets at the back reserved for family history. Her eyes wandered up and down over a page of time-faded writing, and presently she forgot again the minister's presence and his purpose. She turned a page slowly and read on. Once her lips parted in a brief smile and then closed again. And again the minister coughed slightly and rattled the sheets of paper.

At last she looked up inquiringly. Remembering his question, she said quickly, "He was born on the 17th of June, 1855."

The minister's pencil made a faint scratching sound on the paper as he wrote. He looked up. "And where, please, Mrs. Rilner?"

"Here," she said. "His father and mother were settled here for two years before he was born."

"And what was his father's full name?"

"Franz William Rilner."

The pencil scratched. "And his mother's?"

"Hilda Neuman."

The minister wrote.

The old woman looked down at her hands and smiled. "I can remember his mother," she said suddenly. "She had a little mole behind one ear, the right one, I think, and she crocheted. My, how beautifully she crocheted! She was famous for it all over the county. People would come for miles just to have her do a little fancy work for them. For a wedding present she gave us a beautiful big bed-spread, all crocheted. I hardly ever use it, only when I have company, because it's so fine, such beautiful, careful fancy work. I've never seen the like of it, never in my life."

The minister waited for her to finish before he said, "All right, now, Mrs. Rilner; this is what I've got: Franz Christian Rilner, son of Franz William and Hilda Neuman Rilner, was born in our city on the 17th of June, 1855. Now, did anything important happen before his confirmation?"

The old woman's eyes searched the page before her,

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and then looked up again, bewildered now. "It only says here that when he was ten he was very sick with scarlet fever and when he was fourteen he made his first trip to Chicago. Then when he was sixteen he was confirmed."

"All right," the minister said, and spoke aloud as he wrote, "Confirmed in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ at the age of sixteen." he paused. "Then what?"

She was not looking at the book now, nor at the minister, but far down the reaches of her memory, and she spoke quietly out of her preoccupation as if she were alone in the room, spoke slowly, deliberately, with a peculiar serenity. "He was eighteen when I came to visit here at my Aunt Linda's, and I was a year younger. We met for the first time at a picnic—at Ferry Bluff. There were twenty of us at that picnic, and after the moon came up, Franz and I went rowing, and I remember how he took me far up the river while he told me about his father's life in the army in Germany and how his mother made him leave it and how they came to America when this town was just a few houses and a store. We forgot about the picnic until all of a sudden we heard the others calling us, and I can remember yet how their voices echoed back and forth across those hills. They thought something had happened to us, I guess. That was the first time we met."

Her voice stopped but the look in her eyes did not change, until the minister asked abruptly, "Were you married shortly after that?" and held his pencil poised to take down another date.

"No," she said. "Just a few weeks after that picnic, his father died, and Franz took over the business. I guess his mother thought that he should keep his mind on that for a while, because I didn't see much of him any more that summer, and then in the fall I went home again. Once during that winter he wrote and asked if I would come to visit during the holidays, but something happened and I couldn't go, and so I didn't see him again until the next summer, and in that summer his mother died. On the day she was buried, right after the funeral, he came over to my Aunt Linda's house, and I can remember how white his face looked. We sat in the parlor and didn't say much, but all of a sudden he came across the room and knelt down in front of me and put his head in my lap. Then he cried and cried, and his shoulders shook so that I wanted to cry too, because I knew how he felt, but I didn't; I put my hand on his head and kept running it over his hair, not knowing what I was doing, I guess, but feeling so sorry for him that I couldn't help it. Then we were married late in August."

The minister sighed briefly and asked, "What year was that?"

She said, "That was in '74."

He wrote, and then looked up at the old woman with less impatience in his face, as if he suddenly understood the loss the old woman had sustained. He spoke in a kindly voice, said, "You two've had a long life together."

She smiled faintly and said, "Yes. Fifty-nine years. That's a long time."

There was a pause before she went on. "In that many years you get to know the other person as if he was yourself. You know everything about him, everything he likes and does, the food he loves and the food he can't abide, and the people, too. For all those years everything you do you do only after you've thought of him, after you've wondered if he wants it done that way or if he doesn't want it done at all, and then, after a while, it gets so that you don't have to stop to think about things any more because you know before you start whether he wants it or not, and finally you never even think of things that he wouldn't think of himself; it's almost as if you'd stopped being yourself and had been changed into him."

There was a long silence which the minister hesitated to break, and the woman's eyes clouded over again before she spoke suddenly out of her reverie. "You know what he's going to do before he does it, and you know what he's going to say when you ask him a question, and you even know how every word is going to sound when he says them. Sometimes I've heard people say that after two people live together for a long time, they even get to look like each other, and I guess that's just about true, because that's what marriage to some one is, if it's happy—changing from yourself into the other person."

The minister glanced down at his notes, and he said, "Well, we'd better get on, Mrs. Rilner."

She looked down at the Bible and then up again. "After his marriage there's nothing written in here," she said. "I guess I should have written in it when things happened, but I never thought of it."

The minister waited, and suddenly the woman looked at him intently, with something like surprise in her face. "What *did* happen after that?" she asked.

"Think a minute and you'll remember," he said.

Her eyes searched the ceiling and the walls as if she sought there for some clue to remembrance, and at last she said, "I guess nothing much ever did happen to us. I can't think of anything now, can't remember a thing, except little things that you don't want—for that. Like the time a dog we had, a *dachshund,* got run over and how we buried him in the garden under the grapevines, and a trip we took to the World's Fair in St. Louis, and once when he sprained his ankle on those steep old stairs that go up to the attic, but nothing important. No, I guess nothing much ever happened to us."

"What about his business?" the minister asked. "When did he give that over?"

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She calculated silently for a moment. "Well, that must've been in about nineteen-twelve, because some time along in there my Cousin Frieda came to live with us, and I know that then Franz was at home all day because those two used to play rummy together most of the time. Say nineteen-twelve, anyway, because it was some time in there and no one else will remember it if I don't."

The minister hesitated before he scratched the date on his paper. Then the woman said, "And after that, I guess there was nothing. He was almost sixty then, and so was I, and my Cousin Frieda died and we went to St. Louis with the body. After that neither of us ever was out of the county, and hardly ever out of town even. What we did in those twenty years, I don't know." Her voice was suddenly small and forlorn.

The minister's voice sounded harsh in the room when he said, "Well, then that's all." Under the last date he had written he drew a line with deliberation and emphasis.

But as he spoke and drew the line, the old woman's face underwent a quick change, for her lips fell apart and her eyes widened in disbelief. She pushed her hand across her withered cheek and stumbled to her feet, letting the worn Bible fall with a heavy thud to the floor. She spoke slowly and quietly at first, in a voice that sounded afraid. "No," she said. "No, that isn't all, that can't be! You can't read that that way!" Then her voice went suddenly high and shrill, and she cried, "We've lived together for almost sixty years, and there've never been two happier people, never two people who had a better life, and now you want to read that scrap with nothing on it but four or five dates! No, no, there's more, there must be more, there's a whole life and you haven't got any of it!"

Her voice was cracked and old, and as she spoke, wringing her hands in misery before him, tears suddenly sprang to her eyes and rolled down over her wrinkled cheeks. She sobbed and caught her breath, looked about her from side to side with a slow, bewildered movement of her head, and then fixed her eyes on the minister in fright and questioning. She stood in the most familiar room of her own house and looked like one lost in a strange place.

The minister came to his feet and laid the paper and his pencil down on the table in the middle of the room, and then he slowly walked around the table to the old woman. He spoke softly, coaxingly, as one speaks to a child, said, "Come, now, Mrs. Rilner, you quiet down. It's all right, you know, everything's all right. Please sit down now."

She looked up at him with a peculiar, unrecognizing glance, and in her hands twisted her handkerchief around and around until it seemed to be a mere rag in her fingers.

"Come, Mrs. Rilner," the minister coaxed, taking the handkerchief from her and awkwardly trying to wipe the tears from her face. But he had hardly begun when the sobs rose in her throat again and new tears came to her eyes and spilled across her face. She looked almost mildly at him then and started to move slowly away from him as if he frightened her. He watched her indecisively and without moving, tried to speak again, and fell silent when he saw that she was going quickly to the large sliding doors of the parlor. She leaned heavily against the knobs and pushed the doors apart, and instantly the faint medicinal odor in the room was charged with the heavier odor of roses and lilies from the room she had opened.

She stumbled to the coffin of her husband. "Oh, Franz, oh, Franz," she cried, and seemed to wait for an answer. Then she leaned down and looked steadily and hard into the dead face. Her shoulders quivered with each breath she took, and her hands, resting on the edge of the coffin, trembled so that the roses and ferns in the wreath on the coffin trembled too.

The minister stood in the opened door and said, "Come, now, Mrs. Rilner, please. You must be calm."

She did not stir. There was a deep silence in the house and no movement. Still the old woman clung to the coffin, hung speechless over the dead body of her husband. The tears dried on her cheeks and her heavy breathing ceased, but she did not move. It was as if she were hypnotized by the face of the dead man.

At last the minister walked to her side and put his arm around her thin shoulders. "Please, Mrs. Rilner, come away now," he said. She looked vaguely up into his face for a long moment and then allowed herself to be drawn away from the coffin, but her feet were lagging and her eyes, staring back at the coffin, reluctant to look away.

In the other room again, the minister closed the doors of the parlor. "I'm going to stop and ask Mrs. Turner to come and stay with you now—for today and tonight, and she can help you when people start coming."

The old woman's face was blank with dismay; she nodded dumbly and managed at last to say, "Yes. Thank you."

"I'll stop on my way home. She can come right over. It should only be a few minutes before she comes."

"I'm all right," the old woman said.

"Of course."

"Don't tell her to come if she's busy. I'll be all right."

"Of course," he said again.

"Don't urge her."

"No," he said, "and I'll stop in again tonight. There're a few other matters we must go over . . ."

She did not answer. She looked at the closed doors of the parlor.

The minister picked his hat up from the table. "You sit down now and rest," he said.

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"Yes."

"Well, good-by, then."

"Good-by."

She followed him to the door and looked after him as he went down the steps of the porch and out through the gate in the white fence. Then she turned and went back into the empty room. She sat down on the worn sofa again and bent to pick up the fallen Bible. She turned to the pages of hand-writing at the back of the book and stared long and at last unseeing at the record of her husband's early life.

Fifty-nine years. Fifty-nine years. Fifty-nine years. She could think nothing else. Only that, over and over, with an empty monotony . . . fifty-nine years . . . fifty-nine years . . . over and over in her brain . . .

She forced herself to break the monotony of that rhythm. Deliberately, she thought of the minister as he had written on his note paper, and deliberately of the fact that presently her neighbor would come at the minister's request to comfort her. But then, as if inevitably, she slipped back into the circle again, was thinking: Fifty-nine years, fifty-nine years . . .

Fifty-nine years she had lived with him, and in all those years, nothing had happened to them, nothing had happened that was important enough to be recorded in his obituary. He was born . . . he was confirmed . . . he was married . . . he had a business . . . and he died . . .

And then there suddenly sprang before her clouded sight a vision of the minister in the church next day, standing over the coffin and reading from his notes that barren account of her husband's life: Franz Christian Rilner, son of Franz William and Hilda Neuman Rilner, born . . . confirmed in the faith . . . married to Anna Grant . . . thrived in his thrift and industry . . . retired . . . and spent his last twenty years in the rich enjoyment of his bounty . . . bereaved by his devoted widow, Anna Rilner . . .

She put the Bible on the floor and lay back on the sofa, and the tears trickled slowly from her closed lids over the sides of her face to the pillow under her head. There must be more, there must be more, she kept thinking, and pressed her thin hands together on her sunken bosom in an agony of loneliness.

There was nothing more; that was all.

Then thinking seemed to cease entirely, and she did not know how long it was before she had a sudden sharp memory of Franz on the morning of their wedding, when they two had gone out into the fields together to pick her bridal bouquet. It was August, and they had walked into a field of high white daisies, and they had picked a huge armful before they sat down in the middle of the field and he explained to her how a flower was made.

She thought of another day when they had planted the first seeds in the garden they had made, and she saw him standing with her on a heap of gravel while they watched a house being built for them, and she remembered the day on which they had moved into the house and the first night that they had slept there.

And then their whole life together lay before her like a landscape that one views from a high hill, and she remembered with an acute joy all the unrecorded fragments of living that made that life. She remembered him ill and she remembered him well, saw herself watching anxiously by his bed by candle light through many timeless nights, and saw them together in a surrey driving to a county fair, saw him raise his arm to let the whip fall lightly on the backs of the horses and saw him jump from the carriage and help her to the ground. She watched him eat across from her at a table worn smooth beyond polishing by years of use, watched him lay down his knife and fork and fill the bowl of his pipe, watched him strike a match to light the tobacco and saw the flare of it light up his face in the supper gloom.

She opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling, and she thought almost with amusement of the minister writing down the dates of Franz Rilner's life. The house was silent as death, but she felt in it the presence of her husband, and she knew that he would be present still after his body had been lowered into the earth. She had lived with him for fifty-nine years and she knew him more intimately than it is possible to know oneself, and that knowledge could never die. She chuckled to herself in an almost idle amusement for the minister and his dates, for she knew that what the minister had written on his paper was not the life of Franz Rilner nor even the frame of his life, but the parts that could be recorded and of the least importance. For you cannot write in a history the story of a day when two people sat in the middle of a field of daisies and felt the strength of new love in their veins, nor of two people planting a garden, nor of two people building a house and living in it together through years of time.

The house was filled with a dead silence, but out of the silence innumerable tongues spoke to her, and lulled her into a profound peace such as she had never known. It was as difficult to tear herself out of it as it is to tear oneself from the deepest kind of sleep.

But she got up from the sofa at last and came to her feet. She stood still for a moment and looked about the room she knew so well, and she saw in each object, in table and chairs and pictures and faded rug, the signal of her peace. Then she remembered that Mrs. Turner was coming to comfort her, and she smiled at that, and made her way slowly to the parlor doors to look upon the face of the dead man there once more before the woman came to break in upon her deep content.

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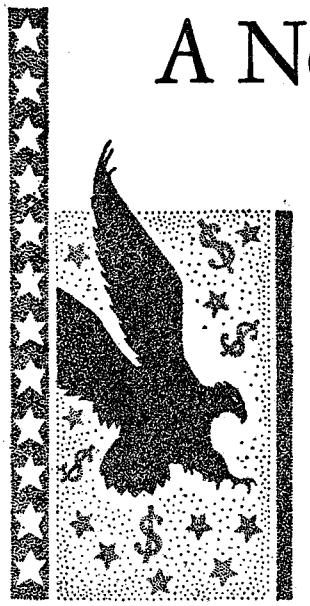
A New Code for Latin America

By Carleton Beals



Will the United States follow to a logical conclusion President Roosevelt's "good neighbor" policy? The author of "The Crime of Cuba" here sets up a standard against which the achievements of the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo can be measured.

A CITIZEN of any foreign country, reading in his home newspaper of what is happening in the United States, is amazed at the chronicle of constant violence, disorder, crime, and strikes. He swallows condensed doses about West Virginia mine wars with machine-guns, Communists beaten on the head, sensational prison breaks, kidnappings, rioting Iowa farmers, bonus marchers, lynchings, racketeer bombings. His blood-and-thunder conception of American life is corroborated by gangster and Wild West movies. Cultured foreigners, planning to visit the United States, have asked me quite seriously whether they could safely include Chicago in their itinerary. Latin Americans often ask me with a puzzled shake of the head why we don't send our marines to Detroit or Georgia instead of Nicaragua and Haiti. President Carranza of Mexico once replied to an aggressive American note by inquiring why Mexico, just through the throes of revolution, should be expected to maintain successful order in remote mountain areas when the great wise government of the North was unable to prevent race riots (then occurring) on the streets of its own capital. Of the ordinary flow of American life and industry, few foreigners have any adequate conception.

Similarly we receive sensational concentrated news from other countries, all the meat of violence without the bread of normal life to complete the sandwich. Today in Cuba we hear about serious strikes, rioting, a host of disorders, but we know little about the way Cubans live; we know practically nothing of the social and economic forces that shape Cuban affairs. Few of us have ever been privileged to penetrate into the charm and graciousness of Cuban customs. Probably not more than several hundred Americans, and not all of these in our State Department, could name a Cuban author, painter, or sculptor.

This abysmal ignorance assists us to believe that we are superior in all things rather than merely different in some. On the basis of our God-given institutions and our firm assurance that we are much better equipped to direct the affairs of other nations than the people of those nations, we have intervened in Mexico, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Haiti, Honduras, Panamá, Haiti, and Nicaragua. By the 1901 Platt Amendment we assumed a protectorate over various economic, political, financial, and sanitary phases of the Cuban government. We have intervened there on various occasions, have landed marines many times, and have dominated Cuban affairs by American experts most of the time. On occasions we have strongly coerced Guatemala, Salvador, Costa Rica, Venezuela, and Colombia; and at other times we have attempted to set ourselves up, to the exclusion of Europe, as the arbiter of the foreign relations of the South American countries. If our purposes have often been laudable, the cost has been great and the benefits largely mythical.

President Roosevelt's restraint regarding intervention in Cuba during the present crisis is unique in the history of our relations to that country—the only time in the past thirty years that Cuba has had a ghost of a chance to gain economic or political autonomy. Given any prior American administration, marines would at this moment be pacing the Cabaña fortress bulwarks, and American experts, other than the righteous Mr. Berle, would be buzzing about providing Cuba not merely with an opinion but with a government, laws, and text-books based upon the best American traditions.

The Cuban revolution and our present policy toward Cuba may represent a far-reaching shift of vital significance in the affairs of the New World. Cuba is definitely on the march toward complete political and economic independence, probably a struggle not of days or months but possibly of decades, for vast American interests in Cuba will oppose the Cuban effort, and this is a challenge to our past Caribbean policy. The

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manner in which that challenge is met may prove an acid test for the Roosevelt administration. Politically, for the moment, Cuba has gained its point; and this may affect not only our whole Latin American policy but our relations with the world in general.

Probably the proximity of the Montevideo Pan-American Congress, which will have met by the time this article appears, greatly influenced Roosevelt's decision to keep hands off Cuba's domestic affairs. Keeping out of Cuba will give the American delegates to the congress a strong card. The agenda of that congress has not yet been made public, but despite the record of previous reunions to soft-pedal every controversial matter, it is quite likely a few of the special problems to be treated in this article will be raised. Noise is expected from the unrecognized governments of Salvador and Cuba. The friendship trip of the President of Argentine to Brazil last month was said to involve the attempt to create a common front on several issues. It is wise therefore to have some sort of a yardstick with which to measure the significance of the acts of the congress. The present article attempts to provide a yardstick not only for the accomplishments and failures at Montevideo, but for the permanent measuring of our general future policy.

For we may well be on the threshold of momentous changes in our relations with Latin America. Other straws in the wind indicate that such is the case. A semi-official statement out of Washington hints at radical changes in the Monroe Doctrine, and President Roosevelt's expressed determination (following the failure of the London economic conference) to solidify the New World nations into a common bloc for the purpose of furthering trade and stimulating economic recovery is a step fraught with far-reaching political international consequences. Given the hinted program, the New World might become some sort of a unit in defense against the commercial, tariff, and currency war which has burst over the world. This could be achieved only by a very radical change of our past policies toward Latin America.

We are beginning to awaken to the importance of Latin America in the general scheme of a troubled world. We are realizing how involved our national security is with that of the rest of this hemisphere. Politically the Latin American countries, if hostile, could greatly complicate any international crisis; they could provide moral and physical lodgment for our enemies. Economically the twenty republics to the south of us supply most of the twenty-six "strategic" products not obtainable in the United States; and these, our War Department assures us, are absolutely necessary for our elementary survival in case of war. Latin America is a vast area, three times that of the United States. Our own country would go into Brazil with room enough left over to make another Texas, if that were desirable. Argentina is three-fourths the size of the United States. Those countries do not have such modern war equipment as some powerful nations, but yearly they are growing more vigorous and wealthy. The world may wake up suddenly, as it did in the case of the United States, thirty years ago, to discover that one or more of those nations have become world powers.

Nearly every past step has jeopardized our good relations with those countries. Latin America fears and dislikes us as does no other portion of the globe unless it be Japan. At every possible juncture they cry "Imperialism!" They recall vividly our war with Mexico, our seizure of Puerto Rico, our Platt Amendment, our invasions of various Caribbean countries, our "rape" of Colombia to create Panamá. They have seen the increasing investment of American money with consequent interference in the domestic affairs of the favored countries; they know that Cuba is hog-tied by absentee American capital, and they have no doubts about the reality of dollar diplomacy.

Are we right in believing that now President Roosevelt is sincerely interested in a new deal, a radically new policy, toward Latin America? Certainly the opportunity for such a change is here. Apparently the American public is well-convinced of our previous blundering in Nicaragua and elsewhere and is tired of paying tax-bills for civilizing an unwilling Latin America at the point of the gun. Thousands of our citizens have been "gypped" out of billions through the piratical loans of our best bankers. We no longer wish the armed forces of this country to protect special interests which are to blame for many of the evils our interventions try to correct, special interests which in our own country have helped plunge us into the worst depression we have ever known. These hard days we find it a bit more difficult to picture ourselves in the dazzling rôle of Sir Galahad extending the blessings of economic distress by the flaming sword.

This is a most propitious moment to examine and evaluate all our past relations with Latin America and to determine, so far as is possible, what those countries will mean to us in the future, a most propitious moment to create a new policy to further our national interests as a whole rather than those of some of our bankers, some of our traders, and some of our political adventurers and stuffed-shirt experts. Long ago we fell into the morass in our dealings with Latin America. Will and can Roosevelt lead us out?

II

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the great liberator, Simón Bolívar, called a congress of all the New World states to meet in Panamá. He dreamed

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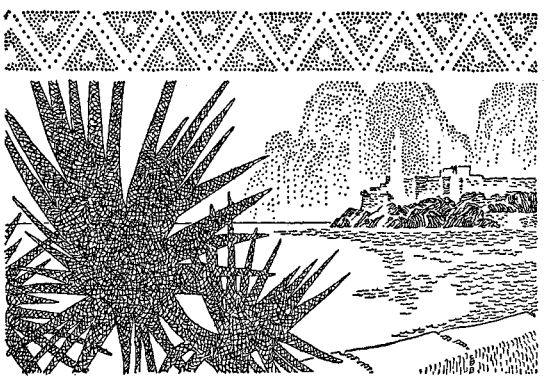
of an organic union of all the countries of this hemisphere, with justice to all and special privilege to none. One of the great joint efforts was to be the building of an interoceanic canal. But the American delegates arrived late—they had delayed for belated instructions to oppose at the congress all proposals to bring about the independence of Cuba. Instead of Bolívar's dreams we woke up this century with the reality of Theodore Roosevelt's iron-shard arrogance epitomized in his words regarding Panamá: "I took it from that pithecoid community known as Colombia."

Some time after the Civil War, Secretary of State Seward, ardent defender of the Monroe Doctrine, who for more than a decade had schemed for the further dismemberment of Mexico, gave up the thankless task with the sad remark: "We have come to love territory less and dollars more."



He heralded the new era of American financial penetration. Aside from the Spanish-American war flare-up, when we shouldered a small colonial empire, and the Panamá episode, we have had no further urge toward territorial expansion. Although at one time certain oil companies were scheming to parcel up Mexico and set up an oil republic that might subsequently be annexed á la Texas, our interests in Latin America have been largely financial, economic, and strategic.

The economic forces which have driven us into Latin America, an inevitable corollary of our post-Civil War development, have been excellently summarized in Parker Moon's monumental *World Imperialism* and in Harry Elmer Barnes's clear introduction to Diffie's able book on Puerto Rico. Briefly, our expansion southward sprang from the interplay between non-industrialized rural economies and the high-geared complex industrial mechanism of the United States. Our industries force us into Latin America for sugar, henequen, coffee, tobacco, cocoanut shells, tin, wolfram, manganese, quinine, rubber, and a host of other essential materials. Excess manufactured products soon cause us to seek a partial market in those same countries. Surplus capital has found there a field for investment to the tune of five billion dollars. Latin America has become doubly significant for tens of thousands of bondholders who have tossed their money away that fat commissions might be made and that southern dictators might buy pearls for their mistresses while the gullible buyers live in monogamous bliss. All of these needs—raw products, markets, investments—plus our far-flung coastlines and our need for preparedness and national security, have led not merely to economic expansion, but to the building of the Panama Canal and the obtaining by conquest and purchase of strategic naval bases.

These forces criss-cross in curious ways, often are contradictory both in aim and operation. One form of expansion has often defeated another form. Despite what many radicals say about "imperialism," there is no unified "plot" to conquer or exploit Latin America, nor is there any unified sinister purposefulness in these efforts; they are all born of recognizable economic forces. Corporate greed makes their operation less graceful, sets private profit higher than the welfare of men and nations. But the activity of our various business and financial interests abroad is not by any means one of invariable mutual co-operation. Nor has the policy of our government been consistent or always co-ordinated. Mr. Hoover's policies when head of the Department of Commerce were certainly not assisted by Nicaraguan intervention. We are a great and powerful nation, but we have lacked the instruments and singleness of purpose to direct our economic and political relations with Latin America toward a defined goal. It has been a long story of opportunism, retreat and advance, altruism and selfishness, dollar diplomacy and generous gestures, brilliancy and muddle-headedness—with divided aims. Our policy has smacked of all the catch-as-catch-can typical wasteful *laissez-faire,* of blind competition, recurrent monopolies, and unplanned production in general. Most often the dominant note, of course, has been protection of vested capital interests without due regard for our general national interests. But with the tightening up of world economic competition, it is doubtful if we can drift much longer.

What have been the contradictions of our past relations with Latin America? Bankers make loans. Little concerned with broader problems of good-will or international politics, short-sightedly they have preferred to place their faith in the most odious dictators, as in Cuba, and Peru, for dictators can at least hold the lid down until the bonds have been floated and the commission collected. But in nearly all instances our bankers have been drawn deeper and deeper into unfortunate political entanglements, have had to toss good money after bad. They have reaped, not only for themselves, but for the United States Government, the odium of favoring only dark and brutal reaction in Latin American affairs.

Our traders approach Latin America in an entirely different spirit. They merely want to buy and sell goods

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at the best possible profit. The good-will of Latin America becomes more important. They have bemoaned the occasional boycotts of American goods in Argentina, Cuba, Mexico, and elsewhere. While the banker does not care how much the people of any country be ground down into poverty so long as he collects his debt, the commercial *entrepreneur* desires that living standards be raised so backward populations become consumers of American goods—shoes, hardware, electrical gadgets, rails, and nails.

The permanent investor—the American plantation owner, mining company, industrialist, etc.—is interested in stability, low taxes, and a cheap labor supply. If the investment is in public utilities, the one desideratum is high rates. This demands reactionary corrupt politics, as in Cuba and elsewhere. If the investor is producing goods for domestic consumption, he is far more concerned with bettered living standards.

This conflict between varied American interests was clearly demonstrated during the Mexican revolution. Oil and mining interests favored intervention and opposed recognition of the Obregón government because of his sub-soil regulations. But the trading elements of our population wished recognition to open up the market and facilitate business. Chambers of Commerce, many cities, and a third of our State legislatures poured resolutions in to the federal government to recognize Obregón. In any given political situation American interests frequently pull in different directions.

Often this has produced painful vacillation in our State Department—witness our Mexican policy under Hayes or Harding. In general our State Department has always given at least lip-service to the doctrine of good-will; but under Knox and Kellogg it destroyed much of the effect of that attitude by overt dollar diplomacy. Our government in the past has been utilized to collect false debts or force modifications of disagreeable laws; at times it has abetted the flouting of local laws or authority by private companies; and we have disregarded good-will by our seizures of naval bases. Coolidge, behind no one in his expressions of amity, formulated the maximum doctrine of aggression. American property abroad, he declared, is merely an extension of the territory of the American Union and is to be protected accordingly—a contention he would not for a moment have permitted any foreign government to make with reference to alien property in the United States.

But the good-will doctrine rises phœnix-like above all violations. Root, after the annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines and the "rape" of Panamá, made his famous big-brother tour of South America to allay growing criticism of us. In Argentina he declared the United States did not covet another foot of territory. In Mexico he sang the praises of the tottering dictatorship of Porfírio Díaz. Woodrow Wilson began along much the same lines as Franklin D. Roosevelt, with even more liberal speeches regarding the future policy of friendship to be pursued by the United States; he demanded abandonment of Shylock loan practices; he denounced political loans and demanded that the Monroe Doctrine be transformed into a mutual instrument of all the countries; but he precipitated the most determined interventions in our history, fostered some of our most dubious political loans, and reforged the Monroe Doctrine into an instrument of exclusiveness and coercion. Harding and Coolidge both advocated Latin American autonomy, and Hoover made a special pre-inauguration good-will tour on a battleship and pulled the marines out of Nicaragua. But in the light of history, aside from the utterances of Theodore Roosevelt, openly "big-stick," those earlier discourses, however much set forth in all good faith, for the most part now smack of shallow hypocrisy. Consciously or unconsciously we were valiantly trying to keep our right hand from knowing what our left was doing.

As we take stock of the havoc of our "rugged individualism" in this country, it is timely to take stock of the foreign policies engendered by that economic system. It is highly pertinent that we iron out the inconsistencies of our Latin American policy and give it purposeful direction. No longer should it be allowed to become the football of special interests to prejudice the nation as a whole. President Wilson used to say that we ought to carry around with us always a map of the entire United States, not some special portion of it.

We can keep on playing ball with various servile politicians in Latin America (they are numerous) who will reciprocate our glowing words of friendship, but Latin America is no longer impressed by stuffed-shirt exhibitions. As it grows more self-reliant it grows more critical. Over it is also sweeping a nationalistic reform wave. And as those nations become stronger, more independent, we may discover that while we have been worrying about Germany and the Soviet Union and Japan in Manchuria, we have failed properly to safeguard our rear. Sound counsel suggests that we build up our fences closest to home. And

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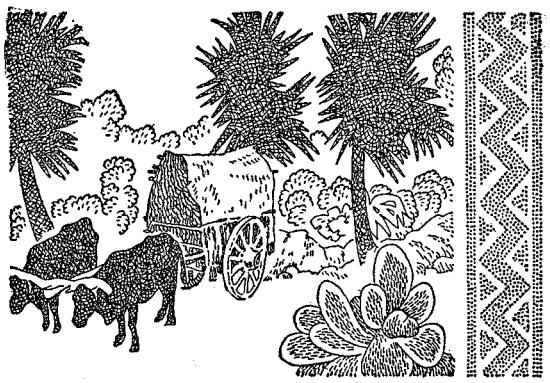
we can do that only by making good-will a reality.

This requires definite steps. We find vestiges of past doctrines and acts emanating from Washington better in tune with the imperialistic scrambles of the nineteenth century than with our present protestations. We shall have to rectify a number of earlier glaring inconsistencies and mistakes, if we wish to put our relations soundly upon international justice, fair play, and mutual co-operation and tolerance.

III

On the Western Hemisphere there is an experiment in international organization which antedates the League of Nations—the Pan-American Union. Made up of political representatives (the diplomats of the New World countries), it carefully eschews all mention of politics, like a Victorian lady refusing to speak of her legs. A Mexican writer has smilingly referred to it as our Bureau of Colonial Affairs. Another writer has called the Union "the lollypop league"—something for child-nations to suck at and be contented. That organization, as at present constituted, represents a major failure. The very word "Pan-American" raises only secret animosity in the breasts of our southern neighbors. Not only is its seat in Washington, but our Secretary of State is automatically its head. Most of the bureaus are officered by Americans. The largest percentage of articles in its official publication, *The Pan American Bulletin,* are written by Americans. It abounds in diplomatic chit-chat of Washington, but of no other Latin American capital. It avoids all live issues and all live personalities, never mentions marine interventions or disgraceful financing. Up until a few years ago any country not recognized by the United States was automatically excluded from membership; and the agenda of its international conferences is invariably carefully controlled from Washington to exclude any controversial matters. Today, unless some unsavory dictator wishes to curry favor in Washington, the Latin American countries give the Union only cynical acquiescence. Argentina has started a rival league in South America. Several countries have threatened to secede, and tomorrow, unless the Union is put upon a different basis, some of them are likely to secede. If, in many directions, the Union has accomplished good things, unfortunately its foundations are laid upon official Anglo-Saxon patronage and superiority.



It is therefore necessary drastically to overhaul the organization. An excellent beginning would be to change its name to one which carries no imperialistic connotation. It should have its permanent seat on more neutral, more accessible ground; or if that be impossible, it should establish an equally influential headquarters in some South American country. Its whole spirit and purposes need revamping, and it should become a real clearing house for the discussion of the vital problems of Latin America, political or otherwise, instead of a polite pink-tea party.

Our State Department has always greatly stressed the fact that Latin American countries are all different, that each has a unique personality and culture. We have a Mexican bureau in the State Department, the only country in the world so honored. Besides a Mexican policy, we have a Caribbean policy, and a South American policy. This tripartite division is for our own convenience, for what by even the State Department would be considered aggression toward South America, is in the Caribbean area termed big-brother helpfulness, protection of American interests, the white man's burden, or what not. It is very true that even the smallest Central American country has a definite cultural personality distinct from the others, yet however disunited Latin America, however antagonistic at times with each other, those nations belong to one vast cultural bloc, which invariably stands unitedly opposed to United States' violation of the sovereignty of any of its members; they reject the State Department's claim that we should have one kind of international law for the Caribbean, another for South America, and still another for France and England.

Take the Platt Amendment, by which thirty years ago we assumed a protectorate over Cuba, with the right to intervene to maintain a government capable of guaranteeing "life, property, and indvidual liberty." We restricted Cuba's freedom to make certain treaties and contract certain foreign loans; we insisted through a sanitation clause that Cuba keep clean; and we took the Guantánamo naval base and temporarily clipped off the Isle of Pines from her. The Platt Amendment, the type of document that delights legalistic unimaginative, and highly moral minds, has not proven a happy instrument. It wounded Cuba's sovereignty. It froze the relations between the two countries into a set mould precluding normal evolution. On the whole, by holding a constant threat over the people, it has served to keep in power dictatorial governments. The Amendment has aborted nearly all Cuban capacity for self-government. Despite its varied interpretations, always to suit our own convenience, it has failed lamentably of most of

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its objectives. It has involved us in obnoxious duties which we have not always properly carried out.

In addition, the document has become a symbol of our supposed aggression against Latin America. Whatever our aims, lofty or ignoble, or a combination of both, our good neighbors inquire why we set ourselves up as God's chosen agents to determine the fate of another people. If America believes in the rights of small nations, the southern countries ask, how is it that we not only seized Puerto Rico, but failed to grant Cuba full independence?

The sooner we boldly throw overboard the Platt Amendment the better. Such a gesture would reverberate around the world and would bring us fresh respect from all Latin America. It would give moral validity to our protests at the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. We would have the credit of doing something voluntarily that ultimately will be forced upon us. If we delay, we shall not so easily save our face so nicely, for the Cubans sooner or later will openly repudiate the Amendment as they long ago did morally; and in that repudiation our vanity will suffer. If by the use of force, we then attempt to make them retain it anyway, we may find ourselves powerless to put Humpty Dumpty together again.

The Platt Amendment is merely a blunt statement attempting to give pseudo-legalization in Cuba's case to what is our general Caribbean policy, a policy also suggested in the Central American treaties of 1907 and 1923, signed at our behest. The 1907 treaty crumpled up when we and our ward Nicaragua refused to recognize the decision of the Central American Court of Arbitration (which we ourselves had helped to set up to adjudicate international disputes) annulling the 1917 Bryan-Chamorro treaty. The 1923 treaty which replaced that of 1907 deals with every possible phase of domestic and international Central American affairs, mostly all to the good, but unfortunately the cornerstone of that treaty is the non-recognition of any government coming into power by force.

This sounds like a laudable effort to insure domestic peace in that corner of the world, but in practice this policy has worked very similarly to the Platt Amendment. All but one of the governments at the time of the signing of the 1923 treaty had come into power by force, so that the treaty thus riveted these governments upon the unfortunate people who were in this way denied the right to change them. To be thoroughly logical we should have to guarantee that all the governments which come into power in Central America do so in a legal democratic fashion; and the only way to approximate this would be by direct electoral supervision, *i.e.*, with marines. And marine elections not only foster Sandinos and bloody battles, but however technically honest, scarcely promote either legality or democracy. The non-recognition policy pursued by Washington, from Knox to Stimson, utilizes a ready formula devised by the best legal brains of this country, but in actuality it evades all the realities of Central American traditions and politics. Often it tends to buttress up odious tyranny. This in turn leads to charges of complicity of our government with bankers, munition venders, customs collectors, and other American experts in key places apparently aiding tyrannical government. If the Central American turn-overs—and those countries are by no means so unstable as most Americans believe—are frequently coups d'état by unscrupulous militarists and politicians, nevertheless to close the doors against their ilk unfortunately also closes the doors against more popular aspirations. The Latin Americans, in any case, demand to know by what right we constitute ourselves the judges of the legality or popularity of any foreign government; why do we attempt to control the domestic affairs of any country, as we are now doing in Cuba, by the club of non-recognition?

But not the flourish of the pen nor all our gunboats and marines have altered ingrained political practices nor can they set aside the needs of any given people for political renovation. The twenty-odd years of American intervention in Nicaragua saw more violence, disorder, and revolution in that country than the previous two decades before we took over her affairs. For despite the treaties, despite pressure from us, despite intervention, the people of those countries, when conditions have become intolerable, have blithely asserted themselves. The treaties, buttressing up improper régimes beyond their proper day, have merely made subsequent upheavals more violent and complicated.

Today two countries, Costa Rica and Salvador, have boldly abrogated the 1923 treaty; and Salvador, despite the continued hostility for several years of Washington, successfully and without foreign aid has sustained a non-recognized government. To clear the decks for a new Latin American policy, then, Washington should itself suggest the abrogation of the 1923 treaty and immediately recognize the present Salvadorian government. The only real solution is to let Caribbean domestic affairs severely alone.

Another ugly thorn in the side of inter-continental understanding is the 1917 Bryan-Chamorro treaty by which we acquired perpetual rights to build a canal anywhere in Nicaraguan territory. This treaty was put over when the country was occupied by our forces and a particularly obnoxious puppet-president was holding down the executive office. It was signed by a rump partisan congress sustained by American bayonets, and for these everlasting rights we generously gave Nicaragua the sum of three million dollars of which all but $400,000 (specifically tagged) went to the New York

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and European bankers. This treaty, protested by Costa Rica and Salvador, was taken to our love-child, the Central American Court of Arbitration, which decided against us and Nicaragua. Its decision was ignored. We assured Salvador and Costa Rica that this treaty did not arrange for actual canal construction, that when a final treaty should be arranged we would take Costa Rica's claims into consideration. Partially an evasion. A previous international award forbade Nicaragua to barter away the rights in the San Juan River without prior consultation.

This high-handed act on our part has effectively barred all recent efforts to re-create the Central American confederation. Bolívar dreamed of building an interoceanic canal as a joint effort of all the New World nations, to make it a symbol of continental co-operation. In a symposium of leading scholars of Latin America several years ago in the *Repertorio Americano,* the opinion was unanimous that the Bryan-Chamorro treaty was a monstrosity, that a new canal should not be merely "a crude offshoot of American imperialism," but should be based upon common international effort. In any case the rectifying of the injustices of the Bryan-Chamorro treaty would remove a large part of Latin America's apprehensions regarding us.

IV

Madariaga, the Spanish diplomat and author, once remarked that Americans consider three things wholly sacred: God, the President, and the Monroe Doctrine. These simply must not be discussed; they are equally divine. But if we can appropriately leave God and the President in communion, it is necessary at this juncture to discuss the Monroe Doctrine.

Latin Americans do not believe that the Monroe Doctrine is a benevolent and sacred instrument. They recall how John Quincy Adams, its real author, refused to enter into a joint warning with England because this would have tied our own hands, preventing us from acquiring new territory in the New World. The Latin Americans recall that Seward, who ardently defended the Monroe Doctrine, schemed to dismember Mexico.

In practice, the Monroe Doctrine has been widened far beyond its original declaration that no European power could acquire additional New World territory and our promise not to meddle in European affairs, to a form of tutelage of which the Platt Amendment is merely a formalized expression. Cleveland threatened war against Great Britain over the Venezuela-British Guiana boundary dispute. We forbid Europe to collect debts by armed force. We frown upon foreign private investments and concessions in strategic neighborhoods. And we discountenance, especially in the Caribbean area, the placing of European loans. In addition, sanitation has become a sort of Eighteenth Amendment to the Monroe Doctrine. In payment for Europe's keeping out, we presume to guarantee law and order and protect European property and lives.

Theodore Roosevelt undoubtedly gave the Monroe Doctrine its maximum official interpretation as an instrument of tutelage. Since then, because of the signs of hot disfavor in Latin America, Ruben Clark has issued what today is our accepted official interpretation—an attempt to restore its primitive meaning and disassociate intervention from the doctrine and thus disarm Latin American fears.

But Latin Americans still declare that for us to act as their international guardians, whether we do so under the guise of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine or not, makes little essential difference, that such a protective attitude on our part is arrogant and unnecessary; and that the Monroe Doctrine, despite all the glamour it holds for the American people, is merely a typical sphere-of-influence doctrine comparable to that of Japan in Manchuria or France in Morocco. Some Latin American countries have issued their own doctrines: the Draco doctrine of Argentine, the Carranza doctrine of Mexico. The latter openly denounces the Monroe Doctrine and calls for a new alliance of Latin American peoples to protect themselves against all foreign menace, including the United States. The Mexican Estrada doctrine takes sharp issue with our policy of bringing the rightfulness of the various new governments to our non-recognition bar. Argentina and Mexico both joined the League of Nations on condition that this did not imply recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, which Woodrow Wilson had forced the League to accept.

For our own good and really to found a new policy, we should take the problem of the Monroe Doctrine by the horns. Of course, an instrument of such long historical standing and of a great emotional content, is in reality beyond the fiat of even ourselves to abolish with a wave of the wand. Even if we protested that we had junked the Monroe Doctrine, Latin America would hardly believe it. Nor would it be especially politic on our part to announce to the wide world that from this date on we shall no longer constitute ourselves the

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guarantors of Latin American independence. While it is doubtful if any country in the world dreams for a moment of political expansion in the New World, it is no more pleasant to us to see foreign gunboats prowling around the West Indies than it is for the Caribbean countries to see American gunboats dashing down to mess in domestic affairs.

But one of these days we shall have to throw overboard the idea of a jealous sphere of influence. We cannot keep on advocating the open door in China and the closed door in Latin America. At the earliest date a special congress of all Latin American countries and of Canada should be called to convert the Monroe Doctrine into the common property of all the twenty-two nations. Wilson made the proposal that the doctrine be so converted (though not precisely in this way), but in practice utilized it for armed intervention far more than any of his predecessors. To make the Monroe Doctrine the joint tool of all the New World countries would immediately strengthen it, would increase its moral and potential value by substituting real co-operation for exclusive patronage. But this transformation can be brought about only by a positive act. The sooner it is done, the sooner we shall strengthen our international position in a troubled world, the sooner shall we realign our whole Latin American policy.

The hour has struck for such a complete and fundamental revision of our policy. The bone and sinew of that revision should be effective international co-operation in the New World. The time has come for us definitely to lay aside all pretensions of tutelage, to recognize that we have no God-given right over the domestic life and politics of any Latin American country however weak, or however great our capital investments. We must abandon once and for all the idea of armed intervention as an independent right, and we must relieve ourselves once and for all of the charge of dollar diplomacy.

This cannot be brought about by mere protestations of good-will, but by a definite willingness to rectify past errors. We have claimed before the world that we stand for peace and international co-operation. We have never truly practised that co-operation with Latin America. Yet there is no other part of the world where the prospects of successful co-operation would bring quicker returns. It would sweep a current of fresh air into the stale corridors of international greed and intrigue, and would establish our position in the world upon impregnable moral foundations. We would win for ourselves twenty-one friendly allies.

CHORUS FOR SURVIVAL

By Horace Gregory

LET me survive,

outlive the syllables that sound my name,
being alive
down corridors of steel,

avoiding death, the brief, post mortem fame,
the empty wreath closed with an iron seal,
the secret locked, the word unsaid,
body at rest among unfriendly dead.

Being alive, and through disquiet, smiling,
let me survive, naked in light, this room my cell;
learn bitterly to know myself too well,
to know the shadow dwindling in the hall,
till the self-flowering tree
that bears man's destiny

hangs withered fruit across the garden wall.

See the world break in me

flood, war and hurricane
enter the narrow rivers of the brain,
break and subside
in darkness flowing with the warm blood-tide
until I wake, ageless, the limbs walk free,—
open my heart to meet my love again.

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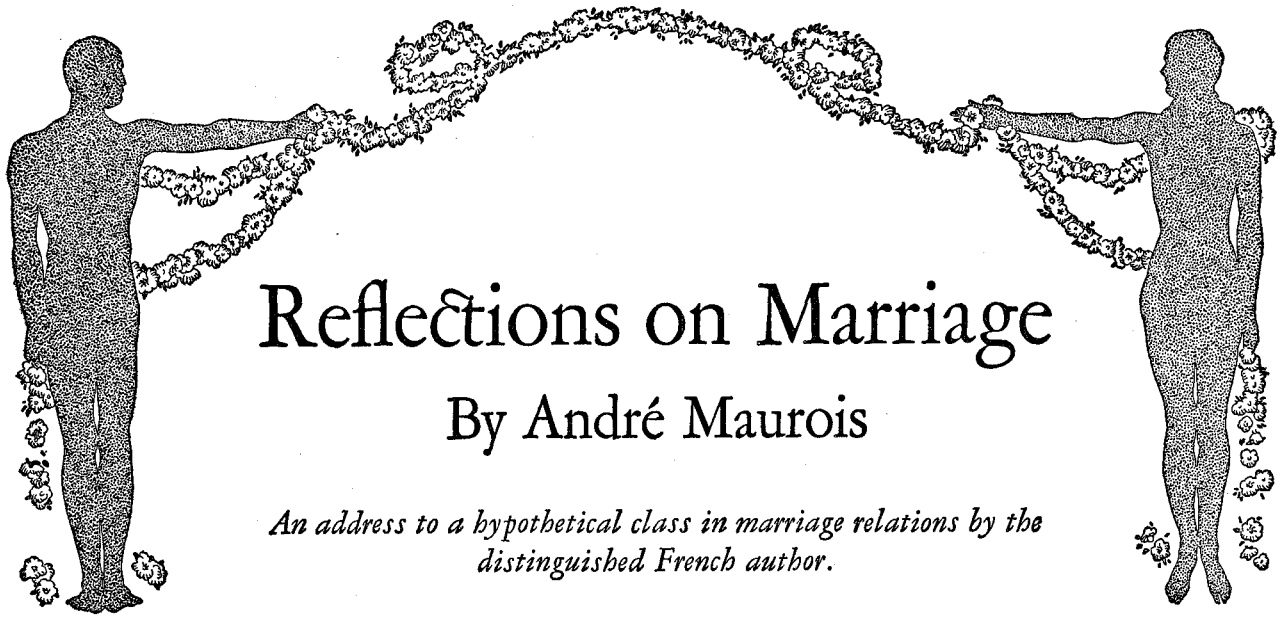

Reflections on Marriage

By André Maurois

An address to a hypothetical class in marriage relations by the distinguished French author.

In the United States, about three or four years ago, a member of a board of education naïvely remarked that the choice of a husband or wife was made, by most young people, without a truly scientific method, and proposed that a course should be established in the principal universities where one might be instructed in the art of choosing a companion.

I do not know if his suggestion was acted upon, but, if the chair exists, I should like to occupy it for one lesson, and this is very nearly what I should say:

"Young Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I should like to show you, first, the importance of the study which we have come together to consider, and to fix your attention upon the seriousness of the institution of marriage. It has been, for the past fifty years, actively and cleverly attacked.

"All these innovators support themselves, gentlemen, upon arguments that can be classified into two groups: (*a*) *Economic arguments*. Today many women earn their own livelihood. The breaking of the marital relation is for them no longer, as formerly, a mortal danger. They are able, if necessary, to educate their children, and, moreover, the government aids them liberally. (*b*) *Physiological arguments*. Whether one approves or not, it is a fact, especially in America, that today many couples marry with the firm resolve not to have children. Since marriage, as we know it, has grown out of the difficulties which parents assume in the raising of a family, when there is no family what is the benefit of a tie so close?

"I believe, gentlemen, that these arguments are false and that the justification of modern marriage must be sought in an entirely different direction. My own opinion is that the long-enduring success of this institution rests upon the fact that one cannot conceive of profound happiness for a human couple without a bond very nearly indissoluble.

"Nearly all of us (and often even those who seem the least alone) suffer from loneliness. Pride, modesty, constrain us to play rôles more or less foreign to our true natures. For this the only remedy is friendship; that is to say, the intimate union of two beings, a union which permits entire confidence, the sharing of secrets, the mutuality of joys as well as sorrows. But the perfect friendship is very rare. Between man and woman it is fragile and is immediately effaced by the coming of love. Between men it can be admirable, but, aside from exceptional cases, it is destroyed or at least weakened by the hazards of life: absence, change of scene, unequal success, and marriage. Two lives are brought together and almost blended for a time; then again their paths diverge and each finds himself alone once more.

"Truly, if he is to break through the circle of his solitude, man must have faith in the permanence of a sentiment. How is it possible to give oneself without reserve, if one believes that this person of whom one makes a confidant will tomorrow be the confidant of another? That which is needed is a solemn, sacred friendship, an oath. Thus, gentlemen, we find ourselves led back again towards the idea of marriage. What makes a marriage, in the true and deep sense of the word, is the determination on the part of those entering into the contract, to make it last as long as life itself. Any union in whose composition there is any trace, however small, of the idea of a transitory sentiment, may be love, and sometimes a noble love, yet it will never be a marriage.

"I will give you, then, this first rule: In marriage, choose your partner, not for the moment, but for life.

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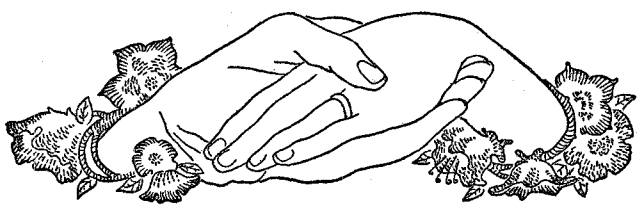
Do not think that I am advising you to scorn beauty, and consider character only. Often a beautiful face indicates a beautiful soul. The stupid or wicked person can hardly have a perfect outer grace. Seek beauty, then, or the inmost essence of beauty, charm. Admiration and desire are always favorable to the arousing of a great sentiment.

"But try to keep this clear. Imagine life in common with a man or woman who pleases you. Do not think: 'I will have my pleasures; she will have hers.' If your tastes are separate, your lives will be separate; it will not be a marriage. Play the whole marriage. Do not imagine that this rôle is impossible or even difficult of attainment. There are many good marriages.

"Yes, you will say, we know the phrase, there are many good marriages; there are no delightful ones. There you are mistaken. There are delightful ones. It depends upon you to make one of these, but infinite care is necessary. As a neglected garden is soon invaded by weeds, so a love carelessly guarded is quickly submerged by unkind feelings. Everything threatens it: ennui, monotony, illness, the spitefulness of third parties, and the difficulties of life. Against these I know of only two remedies. The first is that which makes the very essence of marriage: the vow. 'I will not give up; I will defend our union and our happiness; I will tie up again every broken thread; I will reconstruct untiringly, faithfully, each part of the fallen wall.' The second is a sincerity without reserve. Mystery may be compatible with light and transient loves. Marriage must live in confidence and certitude. Treachery has no power against two beings who confide all. Thus only is it possible to form an admirable affection, incomprehensible to those who do not know by experience this strange mixture of love and friendship, of sensuality and respect, of indulgence and admiration, an amazing blending of the human and divine, which constitutes the true marriage.

"That, ladies and gentlemen, shall be our first lesson."



LOCKET FOR THE HEART

By Leila Jones

Nail moonlight to the bark of cherry;
Hide the gold fan of wind that blows
The banished leaf; the wild white berry
That stares across the autumn snows.

Hoard the blue husks of waxen seed
Strung on a thread, so late to fall;
The harlequin paint of jewel-weed
That droops a bauble on the wall.

These for the traveller that makes
Winter his way, to succor him;
More in the hand than honey-cakes
Or wine to stain a tankard's brim.

He bears a keepsake in his pack
For summer spent and autumn lost,
When every tree is powder-black,
And every meadow stark with frost.

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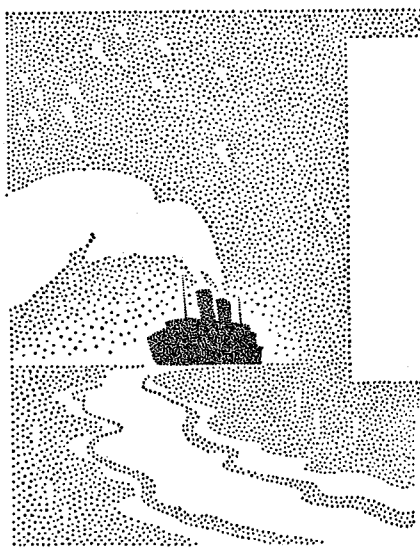

One Foot on Shore

A STORY

By Mary M. Colum

THE amiable-looking elderly gentleman seated opposite the plump, rosy girl in the dining-room had all the appearance of being a sugar-daddy; she couldn't be his daughter or his niece, Madison decided, for it was clear that she belonged to a different social class and a different race and spoke a different language. That could not happen in a good hotel in America—or, perhaps, it could; he wasn't really sure, for his life had not led him into places where these things happened. Perhaps it was all right, after all, if both were pleased. Madison knew himself to have been a somewhat narrow-minded man about such things, but since his divorce he was becoming different or perhaps it was because he was now forty-five. A couple of months ago he could say he was nearer forty than fifty, but now, though he hated to say it, he was nearer fifty than forty, and that was the age at which men made a last dash at fleeting pleasures, at which their jaws became loosest, their hands clammiest before female beauty. But just the same he was going to become no sugar-daddy, no elderly gentleman tearing after youth; he was going at last to get something solid and real out of life. The girl and the amiable bearded gentleman followed him out of the dining-room and into the lounge. The elderly gentleman searched among the papers on the table, then looked at Madison.

"Pardon me, sir," he said in studied English, "can I look for a moment at one of the two journals you have?"

Madison looked puzzled.

"Newspapers, I mean," said the stranger. "I want to look at *The Paris Tribune* or *The Paris Herald*. No, I don't want to read them," he explained affably. "I only want to see the list of people coming in on the *Bremen*. I want to see if a friend of mine is on board."

Madison handed him both papers. "You can have them," he said, "I am going to smoke."

He offered the plump girl a cigarette.

"You speak English," he said to her.

"No," interrupted the sugar-daddy. "My god-child speaks only French, but she is learning English—just beginning at the Berlitz School." He repeated the words in French to the girl.

"Mademoiselle is your god-child?" said Madison.

"Yes," said the other. "I held her over the baptismal font nineteen years ago." He repeated the words again in French to the girl. She blushed very simply and giggled.

He handed the papers back to him, and Madison turned the pages to see also the names of the people who were coming in on the *Bremen* and then he read: "Travelling with Lady Strong from Boston is Miss Adèle MacCarthy, the well-known interior decorator who has decorated Lady Strong's apartment in the Rue St. Dominique." He dropped the paper. The sugar-daddy and the girl were laughingly stepping into the elevator, and outside the sun was shining gaily on the Mediterranean, and people in twos, men and women, were walking up and down on the Promenade des Anglais, all happy, nobody alone, nobody lonely but him. And there was Adèle landing in Paris in the company of that frightful old woman, tending her, reading to her, for her passage as she always did—Adèle, whom he had not seen for years, but who once, long ago, in Cambridge, had seemed the loveliest girl in the world. He had, to be sure, even thought of marrying her. She had been his girl, quite harmless in those days to say a young woman was a man's girl—it meant kisses when nobody was looking, and gay walks, and sometimes lunches together. But all the time, back at home, he had been engaged to Dorothy. He was an ambitious young man and Dorothy was a catch. He had always pretended to himself that he was terribly, unshakably in love with Dorothy, and that Adèle had just passed the time a little for him while he was at Harvard. One Christmas holiday, the Christmas of his last year, he had told Dorothy of his little college flirtation with Adèle, and Dorothy had gone into one of those wild tempers which even the most ladylike women will get into when they are stirred. For she

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had a capacity for jealousy that was never really comprehensible to him, considering that she was always having flirtations herself. If he ever dropped home unexpectedly from college for a week-end he would be sure to find her engaged for the evening with another man, going to a dance, or for a moonlight drive with somebody else, so that her outburst of jealousy seemed very strange. But he was flattered by it, delighted. Then wiping her tears, Dorothy took very solemnly a ring off her finger—a ridiculous feminine ring with blue stones in it, and slipped it on his little finger, and said very gravely, "You must go to her—you owe it to me—and tell her that you've been engaged to me, in love with me for a thousand years, and that she means nothing to you. . . . Promise me. . . . Promise." And Madison, muddled a little and flattered, and convinced, anyhow, that it was the right thing to do, promised. There were many better matches for Dorothy in the town than he was, and so it was plain that she must be mad about him.

As he got into the elevator which had come down from bringing up the god-father and god-daughter the whole thing came back to him with very great clarity; step by step it rose before his mind. He had been back three days at Harvard, and on the coldest January day he ever remembered he went to see Adèle. She was sitting in an arm-chair from which she jumped up when he came in, and flushing tremblingly from brow to neck and neck to brow, she put up her face to be kissed, but he did not kiss her. He stood beside her and got to the business at once.

"I have something to tell you," he said, "but I don't know how to say it."

"Oh, go on," she said happily, "say it. . . . Please say it. . . . Please say it. I'm mad to hear it. I've wanted to hear it for a whole year." There were tears in her voice.

"Oh, I say," he said, "is that so?" He began to twirl Dorothy's ring on his finger, round and round.

Adèle laughed happily. "Why, Jim Madison," she said, "an old-fashioned engagement-ring—like mother's. . . . Turquoises. . . . Oh, Jim!"

"Yes, it is an engagement-ring. I'm engaged. I've been engaged for two years to a girl back home. I should have told you."

"Are you saying . . . You are saying . . .?"

"I am engaged."

"Engaged to somebody else, not to me, Jim?"

"No. Not to you. To a girl at home. I've always been sort of engaged to her since we were kids."

The tears had dried in her eyes, the trembling gone from her hands, and they had sat down together on the sofa. Through all the years since, the few words they had said together came back to him. Adèle had said quietly, "I shall never get over this." "Yes, you will," he had said, and repeated some words he had read in a novel, "Life goes on—no matter what happens, life goes on."

And she had kissed him violently in a way that had frightened him a trifle because of a passion in it, but she had never said another word of blame or sorrow, and he went away feeling free. The few times they met after, they were friends, and she had always looked at him, not contemptuously or bitterly, as from his book-reading he had imagined girls did in such situations when men let them down, but with something in her glance that he thought was love. Now since he and Dorothy were divorced he had wondered now and again what his life might have been if he had married Adèle. But until toward the very end, in all his tiffs with his wife, it had seemed to him that if they were parted life would be wretched, impossible, for there had been a glamour about their early married years, and about the young childhood of the two boys. They had been married in their youth and virginity, and there had certainly been something gorgeous about it, though since the divorce he often thought that his wife must have meant to be unfaithful to him from the moment he saw her in her long white dress on her father's arm, walking slowly up the decorated church to meet him as he stood nervous and trembling with his best man and taking her solemnly, like a man in a play, from her father. Life would have been wretched if they had parted, it had always surely seemed, but when they parted, when the decree was pronounced final, his real feeling had been one of strange relief—he had been married too young and he could begin life again. The boys were at college and he had not the same interest in them at all since they were grown up. He waited till they returned to college after the divorce, and then, in a gray November day, he took a liner for Europe, and here he was, it seemed to him, for the first time alone . . . alone for the first time, but lonely as he had always been from the day he was born.

The oldish man and the plump girl seemed happy together, companionable, and it occurred to him that now in his loneliness he might invite Adèle to come on for a while and stay at Nice as his guest. . . . Oh, very *convenablement,* of course, she in one hotel, he in another, but they could walk up and down the Promenade in the gay Mediterranean sun in the mornings and dine together at the Casino in the evenings or in his hotel. Once since he was married he had gone to Paris on business and had looked up Adèle at her shop when she was hard up, and they had passed a gay week together, half like friends, half like lovers, for when, in the evenings, he would leave her at her apartment he would kiss her good-night and she would throw her arms around him. Then, one night—he had not told her he was leaving for America the next

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day, for he was afraid she would want to see him off and kiss him good-by, and on the platform at St. Lazare there might be Americans who would know him—he had gone into her apartment and sat and talked to her, in her narrow small apartment up so many stairs in a dirty, beautiful old house, and he had hummed and hawed around a bit because he knew she was poor and he wanted to give her a few hundred dollars. But he was afraid she might think he wanted herself, or that she would be hurt and offended at his offering her the money. And he had said to her, sitting in the very interiorly decorated salon of her little cold flat:

"I have something to say to you, but I don't know how to say it."

"Jim," she said, laughing hilariously, for they had been drinking champagne, "I think you've been saying that to me ever since I first knew you. But say it—I am longing to hear it."

"Well," he said, "you know I'm a moderately rich man, and you are not rich—I have still some money I changed into francs when I came to Paris, and I don't want to change it back into dollars. I would like to give it to you."

Something came into her face like the expression years before when he had told her about his engagement to Dorothy.

"Oh, is that it? Money you want to give me?"

"Yes," he said, embarrassed. "It's a few thousand francs and I don't want to bother to change it back into dollars . . . but if you are offended . . ."

"Why, Jim," she laughed, "why treat a few dollars with so much tact? I don't care about money at all. I don't mind a bit taking money from you. I've worked just as hard as you—I deserve money just as much as you. I'll be delighted to take your francs."

"You're not offended?"

"Why should I be offended? What is sacred about money? Feelings are sacred, but not money. You queer old Jim." And he kissed her good-night and went away. But before he started for the boat-train early in the morning he made her out a check carefully in francs with centimes added, and told her he had received a telegram which obliged him to leave hastily for America, but that he would always be grateful to her for the pleasant time she had given him in Paris.

Now as he remembered how calmly she had taken the money he felt she would not mind at all if he sent her a check and asked her to come to Nice for a holiday, and they could wander around for a week or two as they had done in Paris. He would engage a room for her in a hotel, though indeed there must be no need at all for all this discretion, for she was probably forty or even forty-two.

In answer to her delighted letter he wired the money and drove in a horse-vehicle to meet her at the Blue Train. Before she appeared he felt he knew the steps she would descend from, and then he saw her hand, her long delicate fingers, waving to a porter to whom she handed a bag out of the window. Seated in the vehicle he told her about the gentleman who had looked up the passengers on the *Bremen* and how he had found her name. He had not seen her for a long time but it seemed like yesterday. He thought, indeed, she was wearing the same black coat with the same slightly worn fur-collar and the same silk dress with a white collar that she had worn years before in Paris. He knew he must be all wrong, but it just looked like that all the same.

"It was gorgeous of you to invite me," she said. "Paris is hell at the present time—wet, and so dark I have to keep the light on all day. I heard you and Dorothy were divorced. I hope you're not feeling it too badly."

"No," he said, "I don't feel it at all."

She laughed gaily. "Jim, you will hear all the time on this side that Americans never feel. Don't you feel at all?"

"Yes, oh, yes," he said. "I am feeling now."

"You're looking very well for a gentleman who has been through the divorce-court. Who did you commit yourself with, may I ask?"

He looked at her in shocked astonishment. "Adèle," he said, "do you really think I was unfaithful to Dorothy?"

"No, Jim, come to think of it, I don't believe you would have the gumption. That virtuous New England temperament. . . . I guess Dorothy was the erring one. But how do you think I look?" She whirled off her hat and turned to him earnestly.

"You look yourself," he said, "young as you always did, but delicate . . . pale."

"Yes," she said, "I am even greeny-pale, wouldn't you say? . . . I've a secret malady . . . Oh, nothing wicked . . . a secret sorrow and a secret malady."

"You don't look it."

"A secret malady is awfully good for you if you are a writer, but not so good if you just want to live," she said. "It's good for writing poetry, I'm told."

He drove her up to the hotel where he had taken a room for her facing the sea, facing the Bay of Angels, with a little balcony in front. She clapped her hands. "Oh, the lovely, lovely Mediterranean," she said; " 'the tideless, dolorous, Midland sea'—I should like to die here."

"I thought we might lunch here and dine at my hotel."

"Jim, dearest, I haven't an evening dress to my name, and your hotel is so swagger."

"Well, we can dine at any old place in town you want to."

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"No, Jim, I want to dine in your hotel, in that dining-room looking on the sea, nowhere else."

"Well, let us buy you an evening-dress. You must be easy enough to fit. We'll buy you one if you're not too tired after lunch."

"I'm not too tired to buy a dress."

After lunch they did the town in another horse-vehicle, and Adèle stopped the horse at all the windows with dresses, and finally she came to a *maison de couture* which had one solitary dress in its show-window, a white velvet evening-dress with a strass ornament at the waist and a blue rose at the shoulder.

"Perfect," she said. "You are an ignorant man, Jim, so you don't know a thing about blue roses or the meaning of a blue rose, but this is God's own dress, and I hope it fits me."

He sat on a chair while she withdrew into a fitting-room, and she came out attired in the dress and stood before him. She looked greeny-pale, and the low-backed dress was short for her. It had been made on the model of some short-limbed high-breasted French woman, and not for her long figure. But the mistress of the *maison de couture* undertook to arrange it perfectly for her, and a swathe of velvet was held up against her. "Perfect for Madame's black hair," she said, and they were told that in twenty-four hours a dress in white velvet, a blue rose and a strass buckle would be ready for her.

The next night, thirty hours later, she walked into the dining-room of his hotel, his gorgeous hotel with all the white marble and the golden lamps, and the handsome Indian Princes and the dull-looking Englishmen and the experienced-looking Frenchmen all stopped eating and drinking to gaze at her. She was a whiteness of whiteness, all white—her shoes, her hands, her powdered face—all white except for her very black hair and the half-hidden blue rose. He rose from the table where he was waiting for her, all eyes fastened on them, he delighted to be with such a striking woman. Should he kiss her hand like a Frenchman? . . . But only married ladies' hands were kissed and she was not a married lady—she was . . . she was a virgin lady of forty or forty-three. He clasped her hand and they stood for a moment while the waiter drew out a chair.

"Jim, dearest," she said, "I feel I've made an entrance like an actress."

"Yes, you knocked them over. Let's begin with cocktails and have champagne all through," said he.

"Oh, not at all, Jim, we'll have no cocktails, and champagne with dessert only. Let me order the wine."

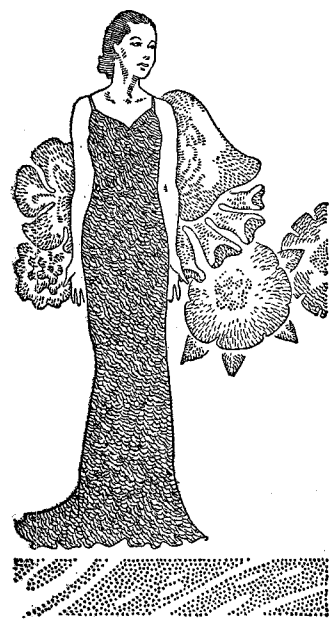
And the wine-waiter stood by her respectfully, wondering as she ordered the wines, and rattled off the dates in her rapid French. "Vouvray. . . . But no, Jim, you're a rich man. . . . Château Yquem, Châteauneuf, Roederer . . ."

"Bien, Madame," said the sommelier, "très bien."

Half-way through the dinner, half-way through the wines, "Adèle," he said, "I think we ought to get married. What a good time we would have! I think we have wasted years."

"I sometimes think that myself. You've not the photograph of your sons, have you?"

"Yes," he said, and from the inside pocket of his dinner-jacket he produced a wallet and drew out two photographs. She gazed first on the picture of two tall youths in a boat, and then at another picture of the same two youths standing in a doorway.



"They don't look much like you," she said.

"No, but I suppose they are mine. The eldest is, anyway."

"Ah, you suspect Dorothy. . . . But there are blood-tests or something . . . you could know for certain."

"No," he said, "I'll never know."

"Anyway," she said, "I would never have had strong sons like these. . . . Mine would have been . . . Oh," she laughed mockingly. "Why did you let me down? Why didn't you marry me instead of Dorothy? I think I could have spent my life minding babies and making jam—I think I could, but maybe I couldn't. But no, dearest Jim, at your age I'm not sure you want me now."

They spent nearly a month wandering about. . . . They drove up Alps where Napoleon had made the first wandering roads, they walked by pebbly beaches, they played in all the casinos, they sat in red-flowered gardens, they dined in all the fashionable hotels, she delighting to make a dramatic entrance in her white dress, her strass buckle, and her blue rose. They looked at all the sights, they went on a boat to Corsica, and he bought her all the pictures of Napoleon, for she had said, "My only love, Napoleon—the only strong man that ever was."

The days passed. "You need another evening dress," he said. "I'm tired of this white one."

They bought a black dress without a touch of relief or color. He had wanted green, he said, to match her

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greeny-pale face, but she would not have it. "Green is unlucky," she said, "evening dresses should be black or white."

And again, in the dining-room he watched her with delight as she entered in her deadly black dress and her deadly black hair and her greeny-pale face, and all the men, again, fastened their eyes on her.

"I look like death," she said, but she laughed gaily.

"Adèle," he said, "my mind is made up. We must spend the rest of our lives together. I've never been happy before. We must be married soon. I won't work any more, we'll just wander around together. You're the only woman I've ever loved. Love is new to me. . . . I did not love Dorothy."

"I know that," she said. "Young men can't love. It's all an illusion. But you mightn't have liked living with me when you were young. You don't know me. I could have loved you as Iseult loved Tristan. I could have written you letters like Heloise wrote Abelard. But how would that have fitted into your life, or your town? Still, Jim, I would like to marry you now for what remains of my life."

He saw her home to her hotel and sat in her room overlooking the Mediterranean, feeling himself strangely in love.

"You don't look at all . . ." he was going to say "old maid," but he said, "like an unmarried woman. You look very much loved."

"In a few days," she said, "we shall be married. It will be lovely. I want to wear white satin. I can't wear a veil, of course, though I should like to, for I've never been married before. I can walk up the aisle carrying a prayer-book to meet you, for I've never been married before, and we shall be happy as long as I live."

He kissed her good-night, and next day they went and paid an advance for the wedding-dress. She looked thoughtful as the satin was pinned against her.

"I want to talk to you tonight," she said. "Come to dinner in my hotel, for we've never talked really seriously. You have lived with Dorothy twenty-three years —that must have done something to you."

He put his arm around her shoulder as the horse-vehicle trotted down the street. "Yes," he said, "and I'm going to live with you thirty years—maybe forty years. What do you want to talk about?"

After dinner he sat in an arm-chair by her bedside, she lying in bed in her black dress, a black woolly liseuse wrapping her.

"Jim," she said, "I don't think you know me really. I think you're in a dream. I think you fancy that though Dorothy was faithless, I was faithful."

"I did not think about it at all, but I supposed . . . I don't know what."

"Do you think that a woman like me . . .?"

"Well," he said. "Go on."

"If it comes to love, I think maybe you were the only man I ever loved, but I've lived for years with another man. . . . He would not say lightly. He would call it *maritalement*. We lived together *maritalement*. . . . He was a little younger—more than a little, and a while ago he told me he was going to marry. Did I cry? Did I make a scene like the women in books? No, I just spoke as I did to you long ago when you twirled the ring at me. I sat on a sofa and I answered him. He made a settlement on me. . . . That is, he gave me a little money—he had not much—and he never believed I was a virgin lady when he knew me, and so we parted."

"Did you care about him?"

"Well, I think I did. I said, 'What is the use of growing old? . . . Is there any good . . . Are we not all meant . . . Oh, my God, Jim, why did you desert me?"

"That is all right. We're both in the same case . . . there's no difference . . . we can marry on equal terms."

"No, Jim. We are not marrying on equal terms. That is what I want to tell you. Not indeed that I think it will make any difference, for you are a good man. . . . I know how good now after these weeks. But I am a sick woman, very sick. You would not be marrying a gay girl, but a sick woman. But we would be happy as we have been now, and I could die happy. But I want you to know that death will come to me soon, perhaps in a year, two years. But you will take care of me until that."

"Adèle, what do you mean?"

"Well, I must tell you. The man I lived with was a good man, and he took care of me. I got ill. We went together to a doctor and he did something for me . . . chopped me up a bit, but it will not do me good for long. He said I had cancer, and that in the end I would die. And the man . . . He was younger than me. . . . He wanted life. . . . He did not want a cancerous woman by his side, and so he went away and left me alone. He is married now."

A shudder passed through Madison. She went on. "But when I got your letter I said, 'God is kind.' My own true love is back. He will stand by me. I

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thought I would not tell you. But marriage seemed so serious, and when they were fitting that white satin to me—me, after all not a virgin lady, but like you one who had given her youth to another—and so I thought it best to tell you."

"My God!" he said. His mind was in a whirl. He stood with his back to her looking over the sea and the brightly lighted bay. "If I had always been married to her," he said to himself, "this would have been all right. I might have supported it."

He fastened his eyes on her green-pale face as she lay on the bed in her deadly black dress. "Good night, dear Adèle," he said, "don't excite yourself. We shall meet tomorrow."

She sat up in bed, her very black hair forming a frame for her greeny-pale face. "Tomorrow, then."

He walked slowly down the Promenade, and life that had seemed to be beginning for him seemed to be ending again. It was not somebody with whom he might have twenty, thirty years, but a woman cankering inside, dying slowly. And he was to lead up to the altar, not a woman gaily clad in white with a strass buckle and a blue rose, not a woman in a wedding-garment, but a woman in a shroud. And all life changed.

"I don't know what life is about," he said to himself. "Everything has always gone wrong with me. I don't know why I was born, I never asked to be born. But I must not do this. Self-preservation comes first—surely self-preservation comes first."

He got into the elevator blindly with the elderly man and the plump god-daughter, gay and laughing, the girl with her head slightly reclining on the man's shoulder. "Isn't the Bay of Angels wonderful!" said the man. "Look at all the lights and the bright casinos!" Madison looked blank. "But you're an American—you don't feel these things, perhaps."

Madison went to his room. He sat on the bed. "No," he said, "I cannot do this." He rang. "Send me the valet," he said. "I want to pack. I have to take the boat at Villefranche tomorrow. I got a cable."

He left the man packing and sat down at the writing-table. "No," he said, "she won't mind. She will take money. She has always taken money. It will be all she needs."

He wrote the letter in a few lines, and he made the check handsome. He took what berth he could get on the crowded boat in a cabin above a young Italian. "After all," he said, "a man is fooled often, but he always gets another chance. I can begin again."

Adèle was given the letter by the garçon who brought in her coffee. "Well," she said, "so that is that! Why do we live? What is it all about? It is all a ruin! . . . This coffee is rather cold," she said to the garçon as he was opening the shutters. "Bring me up a little glass of brandy to put into it." "Bien, Madame," and he closed the door. "Well, if I can't be cared for for myself I can be cared for for the love of God. . . . That Lafayette Convent would always look after me. For the love of God they'll care for me! A thousand farewells to you, Jim!"

WINTER

By Charles de Kay

Out of the bosom of the air,
  Out of the cloudfolds of her garment shaken,
Over the woodland brown and bare,
  Over the harvest-field forsaken—
    Silent and soft and slow
    Descends the snow.

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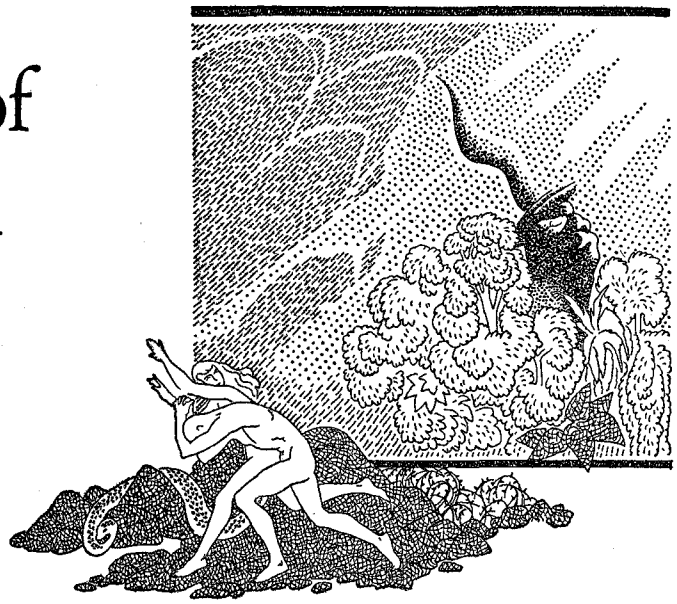
Satan's Version of the Fall of Man

By Lincoln Steffens



Mr. Steffens brings his great reportorial genius into play and scores a journalistic scoop by interviewing the Devil himself.

SATAN sat at rest in a great armchair before an open fire that night when I called by appointment to hear his account of his earthly beginnings.

"Good evening," he rumbled, without moving. "A bad night outside, they say."

"Thunder, lightning, wind, and a freezing rain," I responded genially. He shuddered.

"More of His divine violence," he grumbled, and with a thought of comfort, he indicated a chair like his on the other side of the fire. I fell into its arms and looked around. A velvety dark room, soft, warm, still, I felt. I could see nothing clearly, nothing but the devil himself lounging there in his dinner jacket and bulging wide shirt: a shining, white rock in a quiet night sea, the ripples of firelight playing peacefully up and down his motionless silence.

"In equilibrium," I thought, and he read and confirmed the observation, nodding. He was content with that stable state of well-being. It was unbearable to me. I broke it.

"You were to tell me," I reminded him, "how you got your start in life, your first hold on men, and the secret of your earthly success."

"It is all in the Book," he sighed, and he pointed with his left hand to a beautifully bound Bible mounted upon an elegant low stand beside my chair. "The story of the beginnings of things in Genesis, especially that of the rise of man in the second and third chapters, is true. It is not exact, not complete. It is called the Fall of Man. It is not understood and therefore not clear. It was inspired, you know; there is propaganda in it. It isn't fair to me. But it is pretty good, considering, and, on the whole, true. Do you remember it?"

I said I did. He smiled.

"If you find you don't," he said, "take the Book and follow me with it. I remember the incident as it happened. I will tell it you, as I recall it, and you may compare my version with that of the good, old Hebrew priests who got it—second-hand."

Politely I opened the Book at Genesis II, but I did not read. I thought I knew it by heart and I was more interested in my host and in his story, which would be different, no doubt, new, and, in a peculiar sense, authentic. He crossed his outstretched, long limbs, leaned his rock of a head on one fine marble hand, and, gazing deep into the living coals of the fireplace, began dreamily his narrative.

"It is as yesterday, that first Sunday. The heavens and the earth were finished and God spent the day looking over everything that He had made and, behold, it was good. All good. There was nothing evil; nothing."

He looked across at me and, for some reason, he repeated.

"There was no evil; not in the whole world was there any evil. Do you understand?"

I nodded to hurry him on, and he, smiling, went on.

"There was only the idea, a thought of evil, and I was—I am that thought. And I had no habitation and no name when the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul."

A frown darkened his face. "And that also was good," he muttered. "It looked bad for me. God's will was done. His plan was laid, well laid, and, to make it plain and doubly sure, He made a model. The Lord God planted eastward of Eden a garden, a perfect garden for a pattern, which He meant to grow until it should cover the whole of the earth. And——"

Balling his fist, Satan blazed: "That still is His plan: to make of this planet also a garden, a paradise as perfect as the most perfect star in the heavens. But," he smiled unpleasantly, "He put there the man He had

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formed. He put other things there. Out of that piece of ground He made grow every tree, big and little, that is good and beautiful. What does the Book say?"

I read: . . . "every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food."

"Just so," he twisted, "every tree that is beautiful and good He set out in His garden; and—two others. What are those others?"

Suddenly Satan asked me this; wilfully he held my eyes to make me answer without reading, and I, flustered, spoke in haste:

"The tree of knowledge and the tree of life."

He laughed aloud. "Right!" he roared. "Right—and," he grumbled, "wrong. Read!" he commanded, and I read:

" 'He made grow . . . the tree of life in the midst of the garden and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. And a river——' "

"Enough!" he stopped me and, eying me, he mumbled as if to himself, "That is the word of God, a dangerous word, plain—so plain that for anxious centuries I have feared lest some human, conning the passage, might stop and think and so see what the situation was when He took the man He had formed and put him in the garden of Eden as His gardener to dress it and keep it, to cultivate, broaden, and beautify it—and himself. The situation——"

"The situation?" I asked, wondering.

"If the man," he nodded, "if the gardener ate of the tree of life, he would grow and live forever and the garden would spread and live forever; and God would have His way, which is the natural way, joyous and beautiful, but restless; ever-changing; innocent, but shameless; the way of all flesh, the way of all things. But if the man should eat, first, of the tree of the knowledge of right and wrong and so receive into himself, first, the thought of me, he would wander lost in the confusion of ignorance, fear, shame,—and he would die and the garden would not live. True. But there would be some rest, some decency, if I won."

He halted, eying me, and he must have read or felt my bewilderment. Was he confessing that he represented death and ignorance and—and decency? And he answered clearly without clearing me.

"So," he said, like a whine, "it was life, the natural life divine, against—death, the repose of sleep. It was knowledge against—the knowledge of good and evil. It was play and—pleasantness against—labor and—morality. It was God against—me."

"Morality! You?" I caught and questioned. "I cannot believe—I do not understand how——"

"I am bound," he boomed, "to tell you the truth. I am not bound to make you believe it and, as for understanding—I don't want you to understand."

"You agreed," I contradicted, "you promised to answer any questions——"

"Any questions," he bellowed, "that you could understand the answers to."

Stunned by the fierce rebuke, I was meek and he, watching me, resumed his narrative:

"It was God against me and God spoke first. And he spoke as He always speaks, simply, giving His directions, with a warning and a free choice, without reasons. Reasons are mine; cause and effect are His. He commanded the man, saying: 'Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat, excepting only the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Thou shalt not eat of that, for in the day that thou eatest of that, thou shalt surely die.' "

"What are the reasons for that?" I asked. "What is the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil? The apple?"

He choked; it was exactly as if he were suppressing a laugh. But he answered me, evasively.

"The fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was, and it is, a deadly poison. Whoever eats of it becomes mortal, subject to error, disease, and death, as man is, fortunately, to this day——"

"Why 'fortunately'?" I asked, and he:

"Did you ever see or hear of a mortal morally fit for earthly immortality? God has not. Not one has He saved, and He will not keep one till the tree of His life is freely chosen, that and not—not the other."

"But," I objected, "He did not say that we should take of the tree of life, did He?"

The devil quoted the scripture: "Of every tree of the garden mayest thou freely eat, but——"

"What, then, is the fruit of the tree of life?"

"The fruit of the tree of life is life, and the knowledge thereof; the knowledge of what men call the laws of nature, which are God's laws, and which, piously studied, reverently learned, and willingly obeyed will lead man to wisdom, grace, freedom, power, and everlasting life."

"Science!"

"S-s-sh-sh—" he hissed. "Hateful word, hateful thing. It knows nor good nor evil, but only truth, God's truth, which it is revealing to the certain destruction of all my works."

His hands out to stay my further questionings, he bade me let him go on. "You have asked me to unveil my works. Let me do it and be through with it." And he went on swiftly.

"The man lived in the garden of God, like a child in the nursery, busily, happily, without a thought of me and mine. I was nowhere. The flowers flirted and danced with every vagabond breeze that came along and sent kisses to one another on the wings of bees who gathered sweets all day long. The silly birds sang senseless songs, without rhyme or reason, to the sinful sun that poured its indiscriminate light and life into every-

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thing. The fishes, frivoling, sparkled flash for flash with the winking stars that reeled around their aimless rings of vacant space. And, as for the useful cattle, they played all day and night at their beastly games. No work was done except for fun or for mere beauty's sake. There was no sense of use or duty; no law or order, none, but God's. It was a waste. It was pretty, perhaps, but I tell you—it wasn't decent. It was not respectable. And I could do nothing about it, because, forsooth, the Lord God Who visited and saw it, every day, was well pleased; and because the man, being simple, was obedient."

Satan seemed depressed. "But," he looked up more cheerfully. "Adam's simple soul was single and the Lord God, seeing that it was not good that the man should be alone, said, 'I will make him a helpmeet for him.' So He brought all the living creatures that He had made, to parade them before Adam and, to let him choose freely from among them, He did not tell him His purpose; He bade Adam only to name them. And the poor pure thing obeyed. He named them all. I was afraid he would see that the wolf might be his dog; the tiger his cat; the ox, the ass, and the horse his helpmeets; but, no, Adam gave names to all cattle, all beasts, fowl, and fishes. He was a great namer and the most masculine of his descendants to this day are content to name and so unthinking pass over the things they do not see the meaning of.

"There was not found thus a meet helpmeet for Adam, wherefore the Lord God put him to sleep and, as he slept, took one of his ribs which He made a woman. And her He brought unto the man. And Adam named her also; and he gave a reason for the name. He said: 'This is now bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of Man.'"

Satan chuckled. He put his elbows on his knees, rested his chin on his hands, and he smiled wickedly into the fire. He looked like the devil for a moment. As I watched him, however, his expression sobered, his face grew long and hard.

"They were naked, those two!" he exclaimed, suddenly, with a shocked stare at me. "They were beautiful, yes, and they were very, very happy. But they were naked! And they were not ashamed! It was horrid. God found it good, and maybe it was—in theory. But you and I are practical men and I tell you and you must admit that it was beastly. They were as naked and as shameless as animals. They hid nothing: neither their persons, their thoughts, feelings, desires, nor their acts! And the reason was that they did not know right from wrong. And the man did not want to know. He was hopeless. The stupid creature took it all as God had ordered it; naturally. But the woman was not dull. She had some pride. She was not only not ashamed, she rejoiced in her loveliness and in Adam's strength, and she was proud of their position as the first of all living creatures and as the master and mistress, under God, of the garden. I had some chance with her."

He did not look as hopeful as his words. He sat there troubled, as if he were facing again the difficulties of the primitive situation he was describing. "She was very intelligent," he remembered, and he seemed to be looking around for something as cunning as the woman; and he seemed to find what he sought. His face cleared.

"The serpent!" he said. "The serpent was more subtile than any beast of the field which the Lord had made. I worked through him. He slipped up close to the woman and, lifting his head high behind her, he whispered the thought that she was not so free and almighty as she believed.

"'Yea?' he hissed inquisitively. 'Is it true that God hath said: "Ye shall *not* eat of *every* tree of the garden"?'"

"'All but one,' the woman answered raising her head as high as the serpent's. 'We may eat of the fruit of every single tree in the garden. But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'

"And the serpent said unto the woman,—'Yea, ye shall indeed die, surely, but not right away; not wholly in the day that ye eat of the seeds of death. In that day ye shall only begin to die and only in the flesh; your spirit will be born. For your eyes will be opened and ye shall be as the gods: knowing good and evil; your name and fame, your children and your immortal soul will enter into everlasting life.'

"The woman, tempted, went and, for the first time, looked attentively at the forbidden tree and when she saw that the tree was good—for food, and that it was pleasant—to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof and did eat, and she gave some to her husband with her and he did eat."

Satan laughed a devilish laugh of triumph. "And the eyes of them both were opened," he tittered. "And," solemnly, "they knew that they were naked. They sewed fig leaves together and made aprons——

"I had won for good and all," he boasted, "and the Lord God knew it and was wroth or sad. That evening, when He came for His walk in the cool of the garden, Adam and his wife heard His voice and they were afraid. For I was with them. My thought, which Adam named—he called me Conscience—the thought of evil was in them now, and it made them run and hide themselves from the Lord among the trees. But the Lord called: 'Adam! Adam! Where art thou?' And the man came, whining: 'I heard Thy voice in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked; I

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hid myself.' And He said: 'Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee not to eat?'

"Adam, to justify himself, put the blame on God and his own wife. 'The woman Thou gavest me,' he said, 'she gave me of the tree and I did eat.' Turning to the woman, He asked her, 'What is this that thou hast done?' And she, answering, pointed to the snake. 'The serpent beguiled me,' she pleaded, 'and I did eat.'

"The Lord God told them all three, what it would mean to them that they had chosen my tree instead of His. The serpent would be cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field; he would go on his belly and eat dust forever, and there would be enmity between the woman and her seed and the serpent and his. The woman's sorrow would be multiplied by her devilish ideas of good and evil; she would bring forth her children in sorrow; and her desire would bind her to her husband who would rule over her. And, as for Adam, he was to eat, not freely and joyously in the garden of God; he would dig his food in sorrow and the sweat of his brow out of the ground to which he must himself return, dust to dust. Such was the curse of sorrow, labor, and death, which the Lord God put upon man and his seed because Adam and his wife had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil instead of the tree of life."

Satan closed his eyes and seemed lost in thought so long that I had to recall him to his story.

"And what did they do then?" I asked.

He started, repeated my question, and he smiled.

"Well, Adam," he laughed, "he named his wife. The ruling passion, as I told you. He called her name Eve and he gave a reason or two, of course, 'because she was the mother of all living.' The male of the species——"

Satan checked himself. A curious change came over him. He seemed to worship. He bowed his head a moment and when he raised it again there was reverence in his countenance and pain.

"The Lord God is God," he murmured awfully, "and," more distinctly he proclaimed, "God is God because He obeys His own laws. He gives, He never takes a choice. That is divinity. He had made man pleasant in His sight, but, as a sign of his shame and of my victory, He covered Adam and Eve. He made them coats of skins, which they put on and lo, they were not ashamed of them. Adam named them furs, and he and Eve liked them. They strutted about in them before the Lord God, who, seeing the vanity of it all, said bitterly aside for me to understand:

" 'Behold, the man is become as one of us to know good and evil.' I knew which one of us He meant, for He Himself knows not evil, but only good. 'And now,' He said, 'lest the man put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life and eat and live forever——'

"The Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken. And having driven him out, He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubim and a flashing sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life."

Silence unrolled like a curtain upon the end of the story and Satan sat long at rest before the fire, seeing in the ashes the scenes he had depicted and their consequences. A funeral procession of dark expressions dead-marched over his countenance of stone; triumph and sorrow; rage, anxiety, doubt; self-justification, conviction and, finally, the will to be right. He rose to that. I stood, too, and he, looking over my head up into the darkness, said:

"God's will is that Man shall not eat of the tree of the knowledge of life until he shall have ceased utterly from eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That is the law. And my part, mine and the cherubim's and the sword's—the curse He put upon me—is to close the broad way to God and the garden of life. And to keep open the straight and narrow path between right and wrong. I am to quell the divine, the childlike impulse in man to adventure and discovery. And to teach—or if need be force—him to go on thinking and believing—" his gaze came down upon me, his diamond eyes drilled mine, his voice cut sharp— "like you, like every man on earth, like the scientists themselves—morally; instead of, like beasts, like the birds and the flowers, like the stars—instead of, naturally, like God: that the world as He made it is good, all good. And that is the truth: There is no evil. There is only the thought of evil and that is mine. That am I."

"But—" I protested.

"Good night," said Satan, and before I knew it I was out of his velvety, dark, warm, restful room in the street, in the violent storm of life.

"Life in the United States," the series from which the book of the same title was compiled, appears in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE *each month. Among the true narratives soon to be published are: "Itinerant" by M. O'Moran, "Western Mining Camp" by Waino Nyland, "Frontiersman—Today's Model" by Charles Morrow Wilson, "I Am a Sea Stiff," "When We Get Rich Again."*

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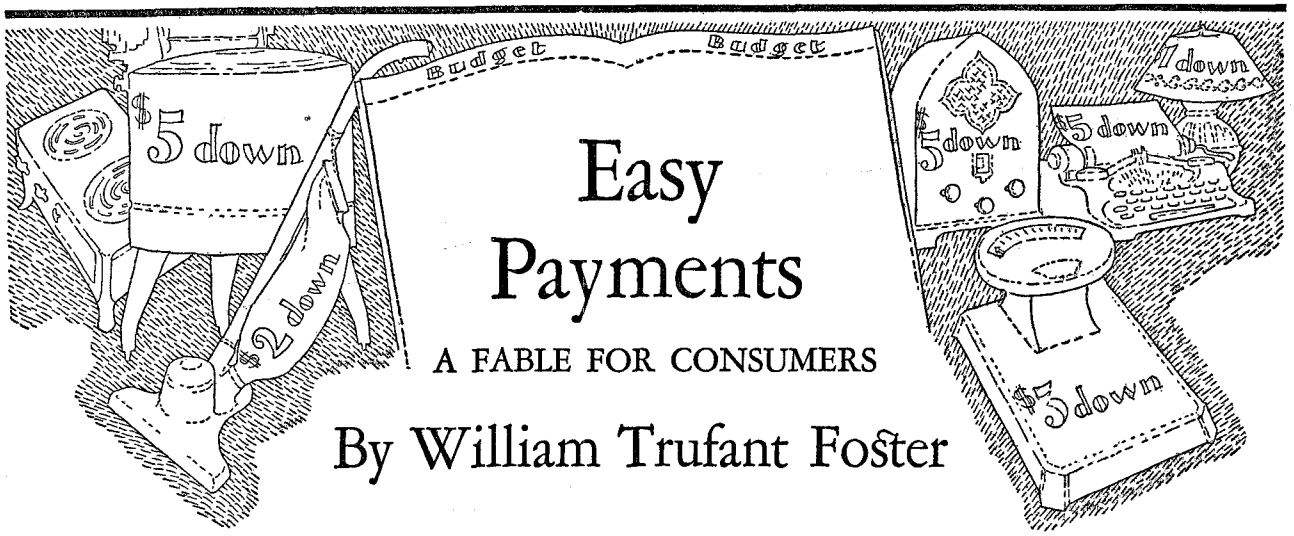
STRAWS IN THE WIND

Significant notes in world affairs today



Easy Payments

A FABLE FOR CONSUMERS

By William Trufant Foster

THIS, to be brief, is the story of the Farlows, and more particularly of Mrs. Farlow, who decided that, things being as they were, it would help a great deal in keeping the family going financially if she were to do the family washing. And that meant, naturally, an electric washing machine.

So the Farlows began a new struggle with the family budget. There was no washing machine in it. The machine could be bought, however, on a twelve-payment basis, with only a minor operation on the budget.

Now the Farlows knew perfectly well that they would have to pay for the use of borrowed money. So, being essentially simple and honest folk, with no taste for mystery, they went to the washing-machine merchant and inquired what rate of interest they would have to pay on the deferred payments. To their amazement they found that, although they were responsible enough to be entitled to credit, they were not yet sufficiently mature to be trusted with any but the vaguest ideas about the price of this credit.

The dealer, to be sure, did not mention the stork or Santa Claus. Nor did he tell them, in so many words, that they were too young to understand the complicated subject of interest charges. But there was something about his attitude reminiscent of the days when parents, asked leading questions, advised Junior to run away and play.

And yet the Farlows are intelligent and responsible citizens. Mrs. Farlow is trusted by the community to rear her own children; and Mr. Farlow, as high school principal is re-elected, year after year, to direct the education of other people's children.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Farlow are aware that an installment dollar is worthy of its hire. Given the requisite data, they are able to deduce an interest rate. But from such data the automobile salesman and the washing-machine company and the radio merchant have united to shield them.

In short, the Farlows are eligible to borrow money, but they are not eligible to know what the use of money costs. Indeed, some tender-hearted dealers have tried to protect them from the knowledge that it costs anything, so loudly have they sirened "easy," and so softly have they pedalled "payments."

When Professor Seligman's scholarly work, *Installment Selling,* was published, Mr. Farlow took four Sundays off from fishing and read it—two Sundays to each volume. But to his distress he found that, while the author had drawn an impressive picture of the rise in volume and dignity of installment selling, he had said almost nothing about installment rates. Mr. Farlow, disappointed as he was, did not blame the author. Professor Seligman, he knew, was too sound a scholar to generalize from inadequate data.

II

One day it occurred to Mr. Farlow that the proper person to ask for information was the visiting auditor of the automobile company which boldly announced, "Our rates are lower." At least, he thought, this expert could not refuse to tell what rates his company's were lower than; and this information, while not as specific as one could wish, would be something. It was useless to ask the local dealer. He would simply refer to his price list and inquire what model Mr. Farlow wished to buy. Even if Mr. Farlow were deceitful enough to pretend to select a car, the only information he would get would be so many dollars for the cash price, and so many dollars for the time price. Since the time price included insurance, the only way to arrive at the interest rate on time payments would be to find out the cost of insurance and deduct that from the time price. Mr. Farlow had tried that, but the dealer, so he stated, was not privy to this knowledge. The car item he could isolate; the financing charge and insurance were hopelessly scrambled.

At no time during his quest was Mr. Farlow motivated by the ignoble suspicion that he was getting a raw deal. He had the utmost respect for the local dealer, who was a fellow-Rotarian. In short, Mr. Farlow had no thought of attacking the automobile company. He intended to question the company audi-

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tor merely as one would query a policeman for information.

It must be admitted that Mr. Farlow's failure was largely his own fault. Instead of dipping his toes cautiously into the smiling official reserve which he encountered, Mr. Farlow took a high dive: "Will you tell me," he asked bluntly, "exactly what rate of interest you charge on installment loans? I've had an argument with a friend——"

In a voice with all the warmth of a frozen radiator, the auditor said, "My company does *not* lend money, sir. It sells automobiles. For these automobiles it has two sets of prices. One price is for cash; the other price is for the *accommodation*"—here he looked witheringly at Mr. Farlow, who obligingly shrank an inch lower in his chair—"for the accommodation of those who are unable to pay cash. This is known as the time-payment price."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Farlow politely, but with the deadly persistence of one who is ridden by a demon, "yes, but what is the charge for the time? Professor Seligman says it is 16 per cent on a Tudor Sedan. But perhaps I'd like to buy a different model; and if it would pay me, I might borrow the money from the Morris Plan Bank and pay cash."

The auditor now showed a glimmer of respect. "So you've read Seligman," he said, almost genially. "Yes, indeed, the professor is right: installment-selling is no longer an experiment. It is here to stay."

It occurred to Mr. Farlow that at the rate at which he was acquiring information he, too, was there to stay. But having agreed politely that installment selling was indeed a boon, he renewed the attack. "Of course," he said, "I don't for a moment suppose that your rates are too high. I realize that a comparatively small loan, repayable in 12 installments and requiring 12 collections, cannot possibly be made at the price charged for a more sizable commercial loan repayable in full at one time. But your card says 'Lower Rates,' and ever since I first saw it, I've been curious to know what they were lower than. You know your loans——"

"Mr. Farlow," said the auditor, "will you be good enough to stop talking about our loans? My company does *not* make loans. Its time-payment plan is not a loan. It is a *Service*."

"Very well," said Mr. Farlow, "what is the interest rate on your service: and why," he demanded, "do you call it a service instead of a loan? Don't I pay for it? Haven't I paid for it three times? And do I know yet *what* I paid for it? —'Lower rates'—what's the sense of that? If you can't—or won't—say lower than what, there's no more sense to it than there is to 'Contents Guaranteed' on a bottle of patent medicine. Contents guaranteed to do what?—Kill or cure? Or just to be contents? Rates lower than the average? Or just lower than they would be if they were higher? And what is all the mystery about, anyway?"

The auditor picked up the watch which he had placed conspicuously on the desk at Mr. Farlow's entrance and put it in his pocket. "Now, now, Mr. Farlow. Just a moment. You see, our time-payment service"—he said it a little timidly, but Mr. Farlow magnanimously let it pass—"is different from an ordinary loan because of our Overhead."

Mr. Farlow gathered from his tone that Overhead in the auditor's lexicon was only slightly less sanctified than Service. "We have, on the average time-payment transaction, twelve collections. We have twelve billings. We have twelve—" Mr. Farlow thought he was going to say twelve apostles. He said twelve postings. "The ordinary loan," he added, "requires none of these complicated services."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Farlow. "So there's no overhead to the ordinary loan! Well, then, who pays the tellers up at my bank? Don't they do any bookkeeping up there? Don't they ever have to get after folks to make a collection? And does money to pay all that expense drop like manna from Heaven? My bank has just as much right as you have to say it charges only for 'service.' And it probably would, if it was as scared as you are to admit that it makes loans. Do you think that just because I can't figure out your confounded rates, I don't know that all interest rates have a 'service' content?

"More than that," continued Mr. Farlow, rudely ignoring signs of returning speech on the part of the auditor, "all service charges for financing installment goods have interest in them. Otherwise, why do I have to pay more 'service' for the use of $600 than I do for the use of $300? Both are paid back in twelve months. Both take twelve billings and postings and collections. Then why does one cost more than the other? More principal involved, more interest—that's what. And if you don't make a loan, I'd like to know what you do make. Explanations that don't explain, that's what you make!"

To Mr. Farlow's surprise, the auditor grinned. "Farlow," he said cheerfully, "you're dead right. The installment business is full of dumb subterfuges. But don't blame the installment companies. Read the usury laws and see if you still believe a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. If installment sellers didn't travel in curves, they either wouldn't sell any goods, or they'd spend all their time and money defending usury suits. Substantially, we make a loan; theoretically, we perform a financing service. And the reason we have to travel all around Robin Hood's garage is this: we make what might be called retail loans and we have to get retail prices. The average note on a car is about $300. It costs as much to make a $300 loan as it does a $5,000 loan, but we can't charge this cost as interest, because it would figure out over 6 per cent."

"But it *does* figure out over 6 per cent," said Farlow.

"Yes," agreed the auditor tranquilly, "it does. But try to make us admit it."

"Thus," said Farlow, patiently, "you're guilty of technical usury?"

The auditor grinned. "Get over the idea, will you, that we're bankers. All we do is sell goods on time. Who is going to pin usury on a merchant? If you think you can do it, listen to this: Cyclopedia of Law and Procedure, Vol. 39, p. 396: 'It is manifest that any person owning property may sell it at such price and on such terms as to time and mode of payment as he may see fit and such a sale, if bona fide, cannot be usurious, however unconscionable.' Now even if our financing charge were 'unconscionable,' how could it be construed as usurious?"

Mr. Farlow was familiar with arguing in a vacuum and even with arguing in a circle, but this was his first face-to-face encounter with arguing in a loop-the-loop.

"First," he objected, "you say you can't state true interest charges because you might be accused of usury, and then you say you operate under a law that makes it impossible to construe any charge as usurious. What have you to

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worry about? Why can't you state your financing charge openly, even if it is 90 per cent?"

"Because," said the auditor, "this statute is a last-line defense. We could defend a charge of usury, but why permit ourselves to be sued, as some of us undoubtedly would be if we stated our charges openly?"

III

In 1930, Mr. Farlow took a 10 per cent cut in salary; in 1931, he took another; and in 1932, a third. In 1933, the Farlows' house needed repainting and shingling; and the weekly premiums for the insurance policies which Mrs. Farlow had taken out for the children began to be oppressive. Mr. Farlow discovered that ordinary insurance would cost 50 per cent less than he was paying for industrial insurance. He realized that collectors must be paid, but in his present circumstances he felt reluctant to pay them at the rate of 50 per cent a year. The thing to do, of course, was to pay a lump sum for the year and have it over with. The only difficulty with this plan was that Mr. Farlow could not at the moment lay his hands on the lump sum. The thing to do was to borrow. But where?

There was no use going to the First National. The First National had pledged a substantial slice of its slightly chilled assets to the RFC for a loan of $2,000,000. But although it had borrowed this money ostensibly to make loans, it quaked with terror at the suggestion that it make loans to borrowers whose assets were also frost-bitten. The $2,000,000, apparently, had been used to build a solid gold wall around the cashier's cage. Farlow knew better than to go near the First National.

The Morris Plan Bank appeared to be less stricken by palsy, so he went to the bank prepared to file his application for $300 with the clerk in charge. Suddenly, as he began to fill in the blank spaces, a memory of his installment "investigations" came back to disquiet him.

"How much," he asked, "do you charge for this loan?"

"Six per cent, Mr. Farlow."

"Six per cent on what? The face of the note, or the average balance?"

"The face of the loan. Of course," the clerk added, reprovingly, "six per cent is very low."

"Is it?" asked Farlow, musingly. "Any other charges?"

"Why, no, Mr. Farlow. Certainly not. Only an investigation fee and——"

He tore up his application blank and put on his hat. He was still figuring when he went into Bill Martin's market. Six per cent on the face of the loan would be about 12 per cent on the money he would actually have the use of for a year, plus investigation charges, and the Lord knew what!

"Bill," he said, "give me two pounds of round steak, Hamburgered. How much?"

"Forty-two cents."

"Plus how much for grinding? And wrapping? And the wear and tear on the refrigerator?"

Bill laughed. Then he looked at his customer and stopped laughing. "What you got on your mind, Mr. Farlow?"

Farlow told him.

"Oh," said Bill. "If that's the way you feel about it, I guess you'd better go to that Small Loan Company Murchison started. Seems there's a law won't let them fellers pull their punches. Gotta let you have it all in one wallop. No palaver. It's pretty high, though," he added, dubiously.

Murchison's office was down the street. He was neither affable nor suspicious. He seemed to regard Farlow's application for a loan as calling for no more diplomacy than the order for Hamburg steak.

"What," inquired Farlow, warily, "do you charge?"

"Three and a half per cent a month."

"On what? And plus what?"

Murchison grinned. "On the actual unpaid balance. And plus nothing."

Farlow grinned back. "Who," he persisted, "pays for the bookkeeping and the rent? And the telephone to look up my references?"

Murchison shrugged. "The State legislature did all that sort of thinking for me when they passed the Uniform Small Loan Law. They assumed that since borrowers have to pay all the costs of doing business, it would do no harm to make charges high enough to cover the costs. They even figured we were entitled to a profit. But what I can't account for is why you don't say our rate is too high."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it certainly is. No higher in most cases than it has to be at present, but higher than it will be, when consumers get a new deal under the NRA."

"What then?" asked Farlow.

"Then," answered Murchison, "in all lines of business we shall have open interest rates openly arrived at. Evasions will be condemned as unfair competition. The new Retail Trade Code, if it is what it ought to be, will require every one who lends money to consumers—installment sellers and personal finance departments of banks, as well as small loan companies—to advertise their rates in comparable terms, as a stated per cent per month on the actual amount of money for which the borrower has the use for that month."

"And the extras?"

"No extras, no investigation fees, no penalties, no subterfuges of any kind."

"What!" exclaimed Farlow, hopefully. "No aces up the sleeve, no signal-kicks under the table, everything open and above board? Do you mean to tell me that even the consumer has a chance of a good hand in the New Deal?"

Murchison laughed. "All he has to do is to shake himself awake and play his NRA trumps."

"What do you mean, trumps?" asked Farlow.

"Well," answered Murchison, "the Ace of Trumps is the 'misrepresentation' clause in the President's blanket code. With this in his hand, the consumer need not put up any longer with concealed interest charges in installment sales. The Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA now demands the plain truth from all dealers, stated in comparable terms; and the position of the Board already has been endorsed by organizations which represent many millions of consumers, the American Federation of Labor, for example, and the American Federation of Farm Bureaus; also the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Congress of Parent-Teacher Associations, and the National Education Association. Oh, yes, and the American Legion has just urged General Johnson to protect the consumer in this entire field."

Farlow rose and put on his hat.

"Murchison," said Farlow, "that is what I've been looking for all this time. From now on, the installment dealer can flop down any old card in his pack. I have one to top it. I can take a trick as fast as any credit man can play it."

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What Can a Parent Do?

By Eleanor Crosby Kemp

Scott Fitzgerald and his twelve-year-old daughter, recently interviewed together for a newspaper, come to the conclusion that the children of the flappers that he wrote about in *This Side of Paradise* are having a bad time of it. "The mothers don't seem to think a lot about their children," says Frances, the daughter. "They seem to think the kids are going to be taught everything in school."

There is truth in what she says. Methods of child training and education have changed so rapidly and drastically in recent years that many parents—not just the Fitzgerald flappers either—have conscientiously decided that their own ways are old-fashioned and that schools and teachers are better equipped to bring up their children than they themselves are. These parents take too humble an attitude. Parents cannot abdicate in favor of schools, or teachers, or trained governesses. Nothing can take the place of the influence of the home. Particularly in the first five pre-school years is this influence important. If parents are successful in establishing good habits and attitudes during these early years the best part of their battle is already won. But how can those parents who want to do the right thing, and who want their children to benefit by anything new that may have been discovered since they were children, play their proper part? The answer seems a very trite one. Psychology has re-enforced common sense. It can be so explained that there is nothing esoteric about it.

To the expert in the field of child psychology, the extreme importance of the proper handling of the first few years of childhood has become a matter of accepted fact. While we may not adhere to Freud's exaggerated statement that *all* complexes and emotional difficulties have their rise in the first few years of life, enough work has been done in the field of scientific psychology to prove conclusively that by careful and understanding treatment of a child when undesirable social habits first begin to form, much can be done to cure him permanently of his trouble.

The experts understand this thoroughly and it is in reality so simple that it is surprising to discover how admittedly little even the intelligent mother knows, first of all about what she may expect in the way of behavior from her child in these early years, and, secondly, what part she may play in guiding his development.

The eagerness of mothers to learn whatever we have to tell them—once they have found out that they do not have to turn their children over completely to experts—and the patience with which they carry out our suggestions, make it seem worthwhile to explain some of the undesirable social habits that we find very early in young children, and what methods may be taken to cure them. The entire field of child behavior is obviously too large and complex to be discussed in a single article, but there are certain manifestations of development which appear in nearly all children to a greater or less degree, and these are the ones we shall speak of now, for any one of them, if allowed to develop unchecked in a small child, can not only make for great unhappiness in the child's own life, but can make him a very undesirable member of society.

Perhaps, as the commonest example of all, we should take the child who is a slave to tantrums—that earliest sign of rebellion at not getting what is wanted. Tantrums can begin at as early an age as a few months. But take for example a child of about five years in whom the habit is well established. She is walking along the street with her parents and sees a doll in a shop window. She stops to look at it. Her parents start to walk on. She refuses to leave the spot. Her mother pets her, her father argues. They move on, hoping she will follow but she sets a tantrum, screams and insists on having the coveted doll, while her parents plead and the passers-by look on in amusement or disgust. Finally when neither parent succeeds in making any impression on the child, they go into the shop and the doll is purchased. Immediately the tears stop.

One can say almost with certainty that this is not the first time such a performance has taken place. The tantrum and the wrong treatment of the child started in babyhood, and the fault is probably with the parents and not with the child. It is not hard to imagine this girl growing up, unable to get on with her family and friends unless they give in to her whims, marrying a long-suffering, indulgent man much like her father. He learns that the only way to get on with his wife is to give in to her and for the sake of peace will usually do so, with a patience that is apt often to cover a smoldering unrest. Incompatibility is the least of the evils that can be expected from such a marriage and anything happier is almost out of the question. Here we may agree with Freudians that the cause of the conflict lay back in childhood, but no elaborate dream analysis is called for to unearth mysterious and obscure complexes.

I do not mean to imply that parents should never indulge their children, nor that just because a child wants a thing it should be taken from him. Far from it. But a child must learn that he does not get what he wants by making himself a nuisance in the group to which he belongs, and the sooner he learns it the better for him and for society. If he is after something that he wants and is allowed to have, he should be taught to ask for it cheerfully. If, on the other hand, it is something which he cannot have and which he continues to insist upon to the point of screaming and crying—what we call now a tantrum—there is just one thing to do, and to do consistently every time it happens. The lack of unity of treatment has often been more deleterious in its effects on the child than the tantrum itself. The nurse may give in to the child for the sake of peace, the mother may turn his attention to something other than the desired object. Still others, usually the fathers, stop the temper tantrums by severe physical punishment in the form of whipping. Of the three bad methods the last is physiologically the soundest. The whipping draws the blood down from the brain to the muscular part of the body. But none of these means is socially or psychologically sound. It is just here

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that parents have the opportunity to instil a social lesson which will be of real value throughout life.

The tantrum child should be isolated —put in a room by himself and made to understand that he will be taken out, or that he may come out, if he is an older child, whenever his tantrum is over. He will then be socially acceptable. This method of correction must be carried out even if the efforts stretch over months and years. The child soon learns that through his bad conduct he cuts himself off from those he loves to be with. I recall the case of a girl given to bad temper tantrums, who was trained in the manner I have just explained. One day when she was about eight years old, I saw her, having given vent to her feelings, go of her own accord to her room and wait there till the storm was over. When she came out and rejoined us, nothing was said about apologizing or being sorry. No particular notice was taken of her return. Having conquered her temper she was again accepted as being socially fit to be of our number. To make a child say she is sorry when you are quite sure she is not, is to sow in her the seeds of hypocrisy. To learn the social lesson that I assure you this girl did, is a great gain.

So much for tantrums. Equally distressing and equally common is fear of one sort or another. Fear of the dark, fear of the water, fear of animals, fear of some place or person.

I know two cases which show the results of a life-long fear of water, which sound so extreme as to be ludicrous, but which I know to be true. One was the case of a woman who, in spite of a desperate terror of the water, fell in love with and married a naval officer. She could not muster up courage to take an ocean trip of however short a duration, and could never follow him on any of the long trips that his position necessitated his making. Finally his boat was stationed at Panama and she determined to join him there. It was only a short trip and a friend offered to accompany her. She took passage and had her luggage aboard, but when her friend arrived an hour before sailing time she found the woman in such a state of panic that she had to be taken off ship. There is no use in saying that such a thing is ridiculous; that she should have forced herself to go. Such a fear, when it has been allowed to run its course for years, is a very real thing and horrible to the person who suffers it and to the friends who come in contact with it.

I know of another woman—a woman of great wealth and intelligence—who took great interest in furthering art, drama, and music. She gave generously to the opera, but to attend it she had to pass over a river. All the joy of going was lost in the fear of the water she had to traverse. So she never went to the opera, nor to other meetings of importance where her generosity and intelligent appreciation and advice would have been of great value. This woman had undergone a long and expensive analysis but was not freed from her phobia. Early in life she had been entrusted to an ignorant nurse who had not understood the child's sensitive nature, and at whose hands she had suffered unwise handling from which had arisen this emotional trauma. The loss of joy in life to herself was tragic, the loss of help to the many she longed to assist was little less so.

An example of the perfect way to set up such an unhappy complex is as follows: A father, wishing to make his son brave, takes him into the surf with him. The child has never been near the ocean and the noise and constant battling of the waves fill him with fear. He tries to be brave but inwardly is so disturbed that finally he rushes back to the dry beach and refuses to return to the ocean —the joy of the water and of bathing spoiled for him, perhaps for life, by his father's unfortunate, if well meaning, method of initiation.

Little Jane, on the other hand, will never be afraid of the water, because of the way her mother introduces her to it. She is playing on the beach when a great wave envelops her and washes her well up on the shore. She cries with fear. Her mother is not far off, sees what has happened and, knowing the child to be unhurt, goes quietly to her and suggests that they play where the water is calmer. Day by day mother and child come to the beach, and each day finds them venturing out into deeper water and facing stronger waves until joy takes the place of fear as the child is reconditioned to the water. Had she been petted, that first time when the wave knocked her down, been told that the ocean was bad and then been taken home, a fear or dislike might have been developed in her that would have been transferred to all bodies of water. So simply are these lifelong handicaps begun—and so simply avoided.

Another case of fear, much less easy to trace, but just as easily cured once the source is found early enough, is this. A child left in the care of a nurse was known to run away from home, but would give no reason for her wanderlust. The pediatrician who attended the family examined her carefully but pronounced her physically sound. Her heart at times seemed to be abnormal, but there was no organic lesion. A clinical psychologist was appealed to. The little girl was induced to confide in him. She lived in mortal terror of her nurse, who punished her severely for every slight offense, and threatened to kill her if she told her mother about it. The nurse was called in and obliged to confess the wrong she had done. The psychologist ordered the nurse's dismissal. The child's wanderlust ceased, her heart functioned normally and she took her place again as a happy member of the family circle. An early emotional adjustment for this little girl saved her from a life-time of disintegrating fear.

From this story it is an easy step to a third common problem in the behavior of young children—shyness. For the bashful, shy child is often the one who has been badly handled by parents or teachers or nurses. Both the examples which I am about to give are lessons in what *not* to do in child training.

I recall a brilliant engineer who was promoted by his company. The new position was to take him out of the laboratory into the business world. He would be required to address groups of people on an invention he knew perfectly. His personal appearance, his knowledge of his subject, his background were all in his favor, but he came to me to help him over a dreadful shyness that came over him whenever he tried to speak before others. As a child a dominating father had brought him up on the old adage, "A child must be seen and not heard." He was a brilliant child, interested in everything that went on about him and ever ready with an opinion of his own. At home silence was the order and with it grew a dread of his father, which later he transferred to his teachers and now to those he met in business. As long as his work kept him in the laboratory he was happily able to adjust himself, but when his success promoted him and he

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tried to step out into the world of men, his early repressions overcame him, making his new task almost impossible.

Much more often than is commonly recognized, children brought up to speak a foreign language are apt to have great difficulty in adjustment at school and are often throughout life shy or diffident. My second example of shyness is such a child. She was a beautiful girl, an only child, whose mother's chief desire for her was that she should master French. She had had French nurses all her life, had often gone to France, and when she started in a school where English was the language, she was lost in her class work and at playtime preferred to be alone, taking no part in the games and conversations of her classmates, through a mixture of inferiority at not understanding them, and of superiority at knowing something they didn't know. Her lack of English, her habit of thinking and speaking always in French made her school work difficult and distasteful and those who should have been her natural companions were cut off by language difficulty. She had one of the saddest faces I have ever seen on a child. Her future history showed her inability to cope with life, for she made a failure of all other efforts at school adjustment and finally of her marriage.

These are only two examples, but they serve to suggest that underlying causes can be brought to light if Johnny suddenly becomes silent and morose or if Louise no longer brings playmates home from school.

I shall touch on only one more problem, but it is one which rears its head in nearly every home. We call it negativism —the almost instinctive desire of a child to do what he is told not to do. One day in my clinic three or four children came in with their parents. They were about two or three years old—children whom I had not seen before—little girls, as it happened. As is my custom, I watched each child as she entered to see how the mother handled her. The first child grabbed the big brass door knob and shook it. "Stop that!" said the mother, slapping the child's hands as she spoke. The mother and child came to my desk and as I talked with the mother, the little girl ran back to shake the door handle. The irate mother pulled her away. The next child that entered snatched some boxes that I had on the desk. This mother too chastised the child, and scolded her. The third child was attracted by a bright brass fastener for holding the door back and immediately started to rattle it, until the mother dragged her back to my desk. As soon as the mother and I were engaged in conversation the child slid back to the forbidden hook and continued to rattle it. All these children were intelligent, curious, and easily interested. The parents showed lack of insight and poor methods of dealing with the problem. They were encouraging negativism in their children. What his elders forbid with vehemence is often made of great interest to the child. Unconsciously, perhaps, he reasons, "This thing must be worth while if it is so warmly guarded and protected and forbidden! This of all things is the one I am going to look into."

A method of dealing with this condition, which is seconded by most mental hygienists, is that of adaptation to environment. The mother has many chances to adapt her child wisely and happily to his limited surroundings, but how few think to do this early enough in life. Let me explain by a case that was wisely handled. When Billy first came into the living room, toddling about, wide-eyed, intelligent, curious, and active, his mother took him around and showed him the attractive things, saying, "These flowers are to smell, these books are Daddy's, he likes them left here. This is Mother's basket, this is your chair, this is your book, this is Dickie, who sings to us. We listen to him," etc. As Billy grew older he was taught to bring his mother a book, to hand Daddy his pipe, to help him fill it, etc. Adapted to his new environment, when Billy appeared in the clinic he was ready to co-operate with the doctor and was thoroughly interested in what was going on, but did not destroy things and annoy people as is the habit bred in the child brought up on "don't."

During this entire discussion I have referred always to those taking care of the child as "the parents" or "the mother" although I realize that often and for very good reasons it is necessary for the mother to leave the child with some one outside the family. If this *is* necessary I can only suggest that she do her utmost to secure a substitute who accepts her point of view and follows it in the handling of the child, reporting rare and difficult problems to her to solve. It is so very important to get some one who can answer the many questions of the little child so as not to confuse or deceive him; who can wisely quiet his fears when they arise. And even so it is the mother who must study to answer her child's questions, who must be ready to help him meet the many conditions that develop in his emotional life.

I recall a case in which the mother was an artist and obliged to work to help in the support of her two children. One day the small boy who had been happily oriented to school played truant. There was absolute frankness between mother and son. He explained his early return before school was out—to her. It was a beautiful May day, flowers were coming out, birds were singing, and so he decided to spend his day in the park instead of going to school. "But, Sonny," his mother said, "you ought to have gone to school. I will have to give up my work in the studio tomorrow and take you there to explain your absence to your teacher." The child was crestfallen at costing his mother so much trouble. She kept her word, and appeared with the delinquent child at class early the next morning. Fortunately the teacher was a rarely fine and understanding person. When she saw Charles she told him she had missed him the day before and when his mother explained the cause of his absence, his teacher said aside to her, "I wish I had been with him." Nothing more was ever said about truancy, nor did it ever occur again. Here the wise mother stepped in to handle a difficult problem better than even the most devoted nurse could have done. She best understood her sensitive son, and knew he would see that his conduct had resulted in punishment for his busy mother rather than for himself. He saw that it was not merely his truancy, but his thoughtlessness which had brought on another's trouble. He learned a lesson in sociology he never forgot.

A nurse may do much in the actual caring for a child, but in the emotional crises she must step aside for the parents, who should know and understand him best. For the way in which these crises are met in the first few years of childhood may indeed determine the trend, mental and spiritual, of the whole future life of the child.

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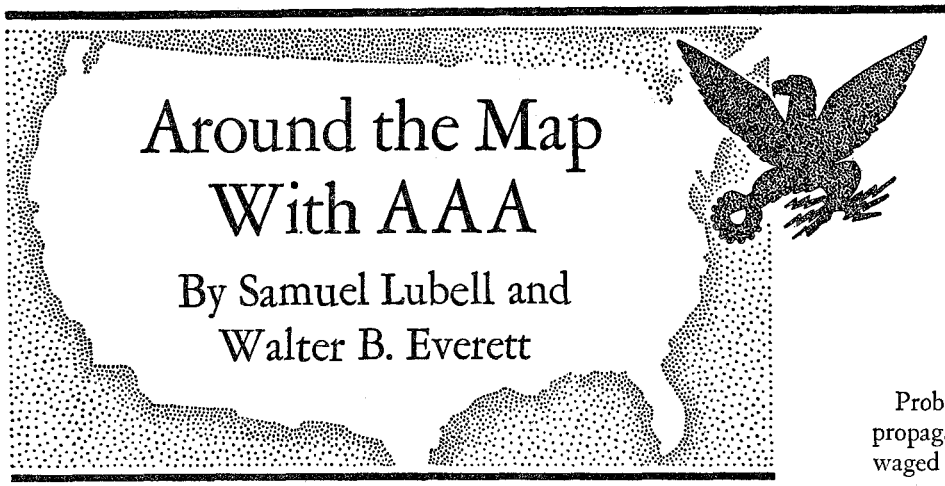
LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES



Around the Map With AAA

By Samuel Lubell and Walter B. Everett

An observation trip covering twenty-two States brings interesting pictures of the rural reaction to the government's recovery program.

II

When it became evident that the important thing about NRA and the agricultural program was not what Washington thought about it but how it was being received by the country at large, we started out to see for ourselves how the recovery plans were working. Our nine weeks' trip by car carried us through twenty-two States east of the Rocky Mountains, including the steel districts, the Great Lakes area, the Mid-West, and the South. In that time we talked with workers, strikers, businessmen, unemployed, bankers, merchants, newspapermen, and farmers. Particularly farmers.

No two cities we visited seemed to have been affected in equal degree. The same month that merchants in Youngstown, Ohio, were staging "Opportunity Day" sales to bag the largest steel payroll in three years, New Orleans, with foreign trade practically at a standstill, glumly watched its relief rolls swell 10 per cent. While hotels in Chicago overflowed, Southern tourist camps stood empty. Beer brought cheer to Milwaukee, disappointment to Oklahoma City. Capital cities—Harrisburg, Columbus, Springfield, Madison—which had found government payrolls a steadying factor in the early years of the depression were being retarded now by stringent economies. Mining regions and mill areas in Pennsylvania, Ohio, eastern Oklahoma, Tennessee, and North Carolina rumbled with lockouts and strikes. Cities with diversified industries—Baltimore, St. Louis, Minneapolis—climbed cautiously. One-industry towns—Akron, Dayton—boomed erratically.

Rural sections showed a similarly wide variance. Pennsylvania farmers found cause to complain that live-stock prices had not kept pace with corn and wheat. In North Dakota, farmers, their crops completely destroyed by mid-summer drought, talked of Red Cross relief for the winter. Iowans and Nebraskans who had profited from the rise in agricultural prices prepared to reap further benefits by selling the government small pigs. In Kansas, farmers complained of the slowness of the wheat program. In the southwestern part of the State and in the panhandle of Oklahoma and Texas, wheat fields and barns lay almost completely buried in sand—to many farmers the sandstorms had brought their second successive crop failure. Texas cotton planters were basking in the favors of King Cotton. Arkansas planters were using their government acceptance blanks for crop destruction to get credit at the local stores. Tobacco growers in North Carolina and Virginia were joining in a marketing holiday in the hope of getting a better price for their product.

Few persons had more than the vaguest notions of what was going on in Washington, but almost without exception men and women knew which firms in town had re-employed men, which concerns had merely shaved working hours and which were evading the codes. Rarely were we questioned about events in Washington, whether we could throw light on future actions of the administration, but quite frequently we were asked, "How does this town compare with others you've seen?"

Probably no phase of the tremendous propaganda campaign that has been waged "to sink selfish interests and present a solid front against a common peril" has been as extensive and as capably handled as that dealing with the wheat program. Centring around the extension services in each State every possible facility was used in an effort to teach 1,200,000 farmers "to think nationally" and to accept the allotment scheme as "an opportunity to apply an approved principle of big business—the adjustment of production to demand—to agriculture."

The first part of the campaign, extending almost three months, was purely educational. At Washington writers hammered out reams of copy discussing the purposes of the plan, simplifying the more puzzling features, forestalling possible objections, and analyzing the benefits to be procured. One section of the department fed the daily newspapers and wire services with stories of timely interest and announcements of policy. Another group of "pamphleteers" supplied special writers with material for magazine articles. A third section undertook the greatest task, that of preparing the mass of printed matter that was to be distributed to the extension workers and county agents in 2233 wheat counties.

On an average three news stories a week, tri-weekly radio broadcasts usually in the form of question-and-answer interviews, a million copies of a 12-page primer, 300 film strips, a series of 6 cuts in mat form for newspapers, and 1100 sets of charts telling the story of wheat production in graphic form were sent out from Washington.

All of the material went to a committee located at the State agricultural college. It was sorted and distributed

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through district extension agents to the county workers. An agricultural editor in each State adapted the news stories for use by local county weeklies. The statement that the short crop this year had not lessened the need for the plan, would be made to come from the director of the State extension service; a prominent agricultural economist in the State would point out conclusions laboriously arrived at in Washington.

Each of the counties was subdivided into townships or voting precincts and a series of educational meetings held. The publicity material was designed to get the farmer to come to these meetings favorably disposed to the plan. Every bulletin board in the Mid-West seemed to have tacked on it a poster showing two farmers standing arm-in-arm, urging "stand with your neighbor" and "attend the wheat meeting." A day or so before each meeting a special form letter was sent to each farmer giving him the time and place.

We sat in on several of these meetings, usually held at night in the local schoolhouse. The county agent would speak for an hour at a time on the evils of overproduction, illustrating his points by frequent references to a set of charts. Some of the agents understood what they were saying; others, it was evident, merely were reciting a piece they had learned—not too well. Most of the farmers listened apathetically, a bit confused by the charts, which weren't easy to follow. Not until the county agent took up the operation of the plan, the specific details that concerned each farmer, did they really become interested and the questions begin to fly.

Whenever possible we talked to farmers individually, either after the meetings, when they broke up into little groups, or the next day at their farms. Usually we managed to ask them if they thought their troubles were due to overproduction, if they were coming into the plan because they saw in it a long-desired opportunity to act in unison. Again and again we received the reply,

"Overproduction? We hear a lot about it. But we don't believe it. If every man, woman, and child got three full meals a day we wouldn't have a surplus." No amount of explaining—not even almost three months of persistent propaganda—could reconcile in their minds hungry men with too much food.

III

Many reasons were given why the wheat program "looked like a good thing." The crop-insurance feature made a strong appeal in sections subject to frequent drought and hail-storms; Nebraska farmers saw an opportunity to kill off a particularly obnoxious weed by letting part of their lands lie idle; other growers were equally quick to sense the advantages in resting their lands at the government's expense; in a few areas where the prosperity of the farmer was closely interdependent with that of the cities there was a tendency to support the plan as part of an all-inclusive recovery program. But the one argument that turned the trick was the cash bonus.

Wheat growers in drought areas needed the money to sow next year's crop. In the Dakotas many farmers were so anxious to get their hands on the money that they didn't wait to hear the plan explained before signing. In Montana some farmers boasted that they were out "to gouge as much as they could" from the government. Almost everywhere the plan was put up to the farmer as a cash proposition. He was told to take pencil and paper and figure out if the bonus payments made it worth his while to participate. In certain areas where it wasn't worth his while, either because the county's production was too meagre to sustain the burden of organization costs or crop rotation so fixed that taking any land out of production would disturb the system unduly, the farmer was advised "unofficially" by the State extension workers to stay out.

Farmers and extension workers persisted in viewing the problem from a personal or—at best—a State angle. To the Eastern farmer who raised wheat not for cash but as a feed crop the allotment program was patently designed for "the big fellows out in western Kansas." Wisconsin dairymen threatened that if corn and hogs were linked in one program to the best advantages of States like Iowa (in Wisconsin corn is fed to dairy cows, not to hogs), they would retaliate when it came to the dairy program. Nebraska farmers protested that the government purchase of small pigs would help the feed-deficient areas at the expense of corn-producing States.

In Washington there is a file of letters from farmers and extension workers asking if certain crops could be grown on the acreage taken out of production. The letters are confidential but their general tenor, we were told, revealed a marked preference for substituting one surplus crop with another. That same impression we had already gathered from our own observations in the field. Ohio wheat farmers told us they would grow more feed crops if the government would let them. In Indiana growers wanted to sow corn and oats as replacement crops. Illinois was considering expanding its soy-bean production. Wisconsin farmers contemplated substituting fodder, Nebraskans sudan grass to feed additional livestock and dairy cows. The sadly depleted work stock of Missouri was to be replenished by putting the land into pasture. A sufficient number of farmers proposed to raise flax to almost double our present supply. Iowa had intended to turn out more pasture for dairy cows. Grain sorghums, in direct competition with corn, seemed to have hit the fancy of Kansans. Cotton farmers were on the verge of embarking on an ambitious corn and hog producing program.

The drastic methods employed to relieve current surpluses by ploughing under cotton, slaughtering piggy sows, selling small pigs with feed piled high on the farms, have not increased the farmer's confidence in human control. Not only are such practices foreign to his many years of schooling in the art of growing two blades of grass where one grew before, but they are obviously destructive, almost sinful. The farmer pockets his premiums and bonuses because it seems good business to do so, but he shakes his head dubiously.

"How can any good come out of such practices? Somehow it doesn't seem right to waste things."

To this extent the wheat campaign has been successful. Farmers seem convinced that our foreign market is gone and will not return in a hurry. A fair number of farmers sincerely desire to co-operate, believing the domestic-allotment program is the "best thing that has been offered us yet." In some instances the farmer's faith in expanding production has been shaken to the extent that he will admit that ultimately "some sort of control" will be necessary. But the method usually suggested is the simple practice of preventing any more virgin soil from being broken out

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as was done during the war. Only the exceptional farmer is ready to impair the efficiency of his present lands, to argue for crop destruction, or to accept idleness as a virtue.

The roots of our troubles lie, farmers point out, in faulty distribution and in monetary difficulties. Speculators and capitalists share alike in being blamed for the depression. "Buying is controlled by monopolies" and the farmer "doesn't get a fair price for his products." Dairymen point to the abnormal spread between their receipts and what the consumer pays. Wheat farmers complain that they pay more for American farm machinery than Europeans do abroad.

A better method of relief, farmers argue, is through price-fixing. The farmer does not think in terms of supply and demand and so does not reason through to the fact that price-fixing means control of the product. To him prices have always been artificially imposed and maintained by financial devices. With the costs of the things he buys rising faster than the prices of agricultural commodities, he inclines more and more to some price-pegging measure that will relieve the disparity.

Of equal importance is the money question. Fortified by quotations from the Bible the farmer attacks interest as "usury" and capitalists as "money-changers." Representative of the common attitude in this respect are:

"The President won't accomplish anything lasting until he does something about money."

"We've got a dishonest dollar. It robs the farmer of all chance to make adjustments to hard times by forcing him to pay more for his debts."

"When Christ drove the money-changers out of the temple he killed usury. That's what's got to be done now. Most of the farms around here don't make enough to pay exorbitant rates of interest."

"If I had my way I'd wipe out all debts and interest and put every man on a 160-acre tract. Anybody could make a good living on a farm that size."

"There isn't enough gold in the world to carry on free trade. Free coinage of silver would put 5,000,000 men to work within a month."

Inflation to the farmer means more than relief from his debts and mortgages. He does not share the urban dread of managed currencies. Instinctively he feels that the existing financial and price structures help the industrial areas maintain their unfair advantages over him. He sees no assurance of parity in processing taxes. At the close of one of the wheat meetings a group of farmers discussed the subject. The question was asked, "What if the things the farmers buy go sky-high?" Almost immediately every farmer present recognized that processing taxes could go so high and then become ridiculously beyond the consumer's will or capacity to pay. Inflation, if only because it is opposed so strenuously by financiers and industrialists, offers a promise of release from a too exacting money system.

IV

What effect will the various plough-ing-under plans have upon our surplus stocks?

Estimating an average crop, plus the normal carry-over, minus the full 125,000,000-bushel cut, our total wheat supply next year would still be around a billion bushels, almost twice the domestic consumption. Business recovery might increase consumption in our industrial areas. Such an increase will be offset by farmers who are going to grow wheat for the first time to avoid paying the processing tax on their flour, and by an increase in feed-production in feed-deficient areas. The real danger however lies in the possibility that there will be enough additional speculative wheat-growing to counterbalance this year's reduction. Believing the government's efforts will result in higher prices next year, some farmers are staying out of the plan and intend to increase their production on a gamble.

Cotton planters raised enough additional cotton this year—to have more to plough under—so that despite the destruction a normal crop was picked. Hog producers swamped the government with small pigs but held out on the sows. It is impossible to predict how great an increase there will be in wheat production—whether it will be large enough to counteract this year's cut—but some addition is assured.

Nor is the problem so simple as to be solved merely by proclaiming a larger cut next year. The tremendous—perhaps insuperable—difficulty in planning for agriculture is that while the nation's capacities for production are so great that a bumper crop will counterbalance any possible reduction, weather conditions are so uncertain that a large reduction coupled with drought may cause a famine. Between these two extremes of a bumper and short crop there is a leeway of from two to three hundred million bushels—about twice the amount of the proposed cut this year.

To the farmer this inability to predict with any certainty what next year will bring is an irrefutable argument against control of production. Nature, he will tell you, "is too blamed shifty"; "farmers can't be relied upon to co-operate," and "men ain't smart enough" to curb nature. We got the impression that the same belief that city people have in respect to inflation, that it may get out of hand, is shared by the farmer in regard to control of production.

Government checks are being cashed by farmers but the responsibilities that go with these benefits are not generally recognized. In the respect that the cash payments are not being balanced by a sense of responsibility, the entire agricultural program is in danger of degenerating into a haphazard subsidizing of the farmer. The experiment with the Federal Farm Board demonstrated that the nation's productive capacities are so great that subsidies carried on over a lengthy period mean nothing but ruin. Perhaps in the next two years as they work together farmers will be taught to view their difficulties as national problems, perhaps they will gain confidence in one another and learn to co-operate. We can only say that our survey of the effects of the agricultural program in the first months of its operation show few signs of such co-operation. Whether it is possible to rear a new collectivistic order upon the shoulders of the farmer, who is intensely individualistic ordinarily and whose trend in that direction has been hastened by the depression, is a matter for the future. In an endeavor to keep his head above water, the farmer has been forced into a policy of self-sufficiency. He has been living, in many cases, much as his forefathers lived, even to the weaving of cloth, the return to hand labor, the complete absence of money. He is asked now to become nationally minded. Upon his success in doing it depends the success of the recovery plan because, as always, industrial prosperity is impossible while agriculture, which still engages 30,000,000 of our people, is prostrate.

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AS I LIKE IT

William Lyon Phelps

High Spots of 1933 . . . Modern Fiction vs. Modern Life . . . And What People Once Said about Dumas . . . Search for the "Gadge" . . . The Roosevelt Vitality . . . Art at Chicago.

If a man living on another planet received the new novels and plays published on the earth in English, and if all he knew or could surmise of human life were confined to such reading, he would probably believe that our world was the equivalent of Hell. He would not believe there were many happy and joyous lives, or innocent delight and merry-making, or that spontaneous laughter and mirth were frequent (as they are) in every city, town, and village. His conception of the manner in which the average man or woman lives would be so far from the truth that it would bear hardly any resemblance.

Furthermore, if from the same sources of information he attempted to appraise our standards of morality, he would not believe there were any persons who combined intelligence with respectability. He would not believe there were any "good girls," that there were any happy and successful marriages, or that love rose higher than lust.

Every one must have noticed—in those novels of our contemporary writers which are the most highly praised—the scarcity of virgins. If there is a virgin in the first chapter, she ceases to be one before the last page. One who believed that "realism" bore a resemblance to reality would be justified in thinking there were no decent women.

I wonder what our microbean novelists think when they read—if they ever do—the works of the great masters of the art they have done so much to degrade. With what superior cynicism they must read the love story of Marius and Cosette in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables!* Do you suppose they have any understanding of such ecstasy? And yet there are today in every city thousands of Mariuses and Cosettes. What would they think of the scenes of love (not lust) in the great Turgenev, who said,

> No one who has not seen those tears in the eyes of the beloved, knows yet to what a point, faint with shame and gratitude, a man may be happy on earth.

The old conception of romance—as true of life now as it was thousands of years ago—which gave a picture of adoration and ideality in the moonlight, has descended to a barnyard level. Even when the novelist in former times wished to show a good woman besieged by a rake, he aroused the interest of his readers by exhibiting "virtue in danger." We don't see that very often (in novels) nowadays; for if there is no virtue, there can be no danger.

I remember once seeing a play by the late M. Brieux, called *La Française.* There was an amusing scene in which an American was introduced into a dignified French family, and immediately asked the highly respectable wife to become his mistress. She was both amazed and amused, as perhaps many intelligent women would be. But the honest American said, "Why, I thought that was the regular thing in France; I

thought it was rather expected of me. I have only just arrived, but I have read a great many French novels and plays, every one of which was on the theme of adultery, and seemed to take it as a matter of course. We don't live that way in America; I should never dream of making such a suggestion to a typical American wife and mother; but I thought over here that's the way you all lived." (I am not quoting literally, but that is the substance.)

M. Brieux went on to say that foreigners who obtained their idea of French households by reading popular French plays and novels might be justified in such an assumption.

It is indeed fortunate that life is so much happier and so much cleaner than our highly-touted novelists represent it. If it were not, the statement in *Gulliver's Travels* would be no exaggeration —that we are the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

Observe that these novelists who represent human life as so utterly horrible, joyless, stagnant, malodorous, slimy, miserable, are themselves happy, cheerful, high-spirited, enjoying life to the utmost. What a tremendous difference there would be between life as shown in their novels and life as shown in their autobiographies!

Well, why do they write such stuff? The answer is easy. They are writing for the market. Just now there happens to be a demand for books which contain language that used to be confined to chalk-marks on fences, for books which represent life as degraded and hopeless, for books which have abandoned all standards either of religion or of morality. Such books are treated by many newspaper-reviewers with intellectual respect, and their authors are mightily cried up, as men of "courage" and "frankness" who give us the real truth. I was amused at reading a review of

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that magnificent tale of adventure *The Book of Talbot,* where the reviewer began by saying that when he found the author was a Roman Catholic, he came very near throwing the book down in disgust. He was evidently sincere in believing that if a writer were a Christian, she could not possibly have any intelligence.

It was a happy experience, immediately after reading Gertrude Stein's autobiography, to go to the World's Fair at Chicago, and see that marvellous collection of paintings; because so many modern and contemporary artists walk in a lively manner through the pages of her book; and here in Chicago were the very works she describes. That art gallery was what drew me thither. It contains specimens from the earliest Italian primitives down to the latest freaks of today. How fortunate it is that the great Whistler confined all his freakishness, whimsicality, fantastic and startling manners to his clothes and conversation, and left them out of his divinely austere and simple works of art!

The man who is more responsible than any other for obtaining that collection of paintings is Chauncey McCormick, who was an undergraduate student in my classes in 1907, and who conversed then with Sarah Bernhardt in such excellent French that the actress smiled and said to him, "Your mother brought you up very well; you speak French so beautifully." The day I was in Chicago, Oct. 21, I was glad to see in *The Chicago Evening News* this fine tribute in the daily column of the accomplished journalist and novelist, Howard Vincent O'Brien:

> One weakness of our republic is its inability to reward those who deserve well of it. The French government decorates CHAUNCEY MCCORMICK, to whose imagination and industry we owe the unparalleled exhibition of paintings at the Art Institute. We can only hope that he hears our unspoken appreciation.
>
> For those who measure everything in money, it might be mentioned that this collection of pictures is insured for $75,000,000, and is probably "worth" as much more. However one measures it, it is certain that its like never was seen before and probably never will be seen again. By superb examples, it illustrates the entire history of the art of painting.
>
> It seems to be the opinion of every one who has seen it, from the lowest-browed layman to the most finicky of connoisseurs, that it is the outstanding feature of A Century of Progress.

In many ways the most truthful and most interesting history of the late war is *The First World War,* by Laurence Stallings. This quarto consists entirely of pictures, selected by the author with judgment and impartiality. This book is not propaganda for or against anything; if it were, I should not praise it, for I hate propaganda. The pictures are by no means confined to horrors; in fact, I suspect that some young people born after the war might find them rather attractive. I do not know of any war-book of any kind that gives so much accurate information in so short a time as does this extraordinary work. It is to be commended without qualifications; and I hope it will have a wide sale in every country in the world.

Booth Tarkington's new novel, *Presenting Lily Mars,* is a highly interesting representation of the artistic temperament, as displayed in a group of actors and actresses. And it is more than this, for it exhibits that mysterious, inexplicable element in personality which we call charm or magnetism or appeal, in a vain attempt adequately to define it. Why is it that when a certain actor merely appears on the stage, it is as if he had a fluid connection with every one of the spectators, so that, when he leaves the stage, it is as if some one extinguished the lights? All we know is, that a few have this quality—Lily has it to a superlative degree. The novel also shows the very common tortures of jealousy.

A book that is just as good as the name of the author would lead us to expect is the sprightly and diverting autobiography called *Crowded Hours,* being the reminiscences of Alice Roosevelt Longworth. The daughter of a President and the wife of a Speaker, her days were certainly crowded with exciting experiences; and she seems to have had a thoroughly good time. There was enough vitality in that remarkable family to fill every member of it. Theodore Roosevelt had enough energy for ten men, and both his daughter Alice and his sister, the late beloved Corinne Robinson, had far more than is usually allotted to the average human being. This book abounds in good stories and anecdotes.

And now that Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who must be one of the most interesting women in the world, has finally broken her life-long reserve and made a public address in which she revealed her emotions on entering the White House, I most ardently hope that she will publish an autobiography. She ought to.

A valuable and interesting biography is *George Lewes and George Eliot,* by Anna T. Kitchel, of the English department of Vassar College. When Mr. Lewes and Marian Evans left for the Continent, he had a far greater reputation than she; and this union was probably the best thing that ever happened to her; for if she had married Herbert Spencer, as I think she came near doing, that would have been good for him and bad for her. Lewes was one of the sprightliest, most vivacious, most friendly, most talkative men in London society; he moved around a drawing-room like quicksilver. Sometimes he got on people's nerves, as he certainly did on those of Henry James. George Eliot's tendency to over-seriousness, which made her latest novels so inferior to her earliest, was always her danger as a creative artist; she certainly needed his volatility. How silent and dull the house must have seemed after his death!

He is the hero of this book; and I am grateful to the scholarly author for bringing him back to us. It adds to our knowledge of George Eliot's life and work, as we see her from a new standpoint.

Once more I praise Burns Mantle, this time for *The Best Plays of 1932–1933.* To those who follow with interest the course of the theatre and the drama in America, these annual volumes are indispensable.

Janet Beith's *No Second Spring,* a novel which won an enormous prize, does not seem to me very remarkable. It is competent work, honestly and efficiently done, without any great distinction. I cannot read a novel of Great Britain or Ireland without shivering; how horribly cold and uncomfortable the poor wretches are! William Archer, a real Scot, told me he loved to travel in America; it was such a delight to

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enter a house in winter, and find it warm!

John Galsworthy's posthumous novel *One More River,* alas, so prophetically named, apparently completes the annals of the Forsytes. The best thing in it is the long trial scene in court, which I read with breathless attention. Mr. Galsworthy in his youth studied law, but like ten million other men, "abandoned the law for literature." He must have kept up an interest in it, for these scenes seem real. And very characteristically, he treats all parties concerned with even-handed justice. Although the verdict was unfair, it could not have been otherwise, after the testimony was complete. I add that I have very little sympathy for the heroine—she is no good, no good at all.

The best of all his works of prose fiction is *The Forsyte Saga;* and of its five parts, the best novel is the first, *The Man of Property,* and the best short story, *Indian Summer of a Forsyte.*

Looking back over the year 1933, I remember with especial pleasure the following events:

Jan. 4. Seeing *Alice in Wonderland* at Civic Repertory Theatre.
Feb. 17. *Götterdämmerung* at Metropolitan Opera House.
Feb. 20. Receiving the present of an Irish setter from Mrs. Gould.
Feb. 23. Meeting T. S. Eliot for the first time—good talk.
Feb. 28. Bon Air Vanderbilt Hotel in Augusta, Ga.
Mar. 17. Meeting Mrs. Pearl S. Buck.
Mar. 30. Looking at the moons of Jupiter through the fine telescope of Mr. Gustavus Cook, at Wynnewood, Pa., meeting him and his family and the astronomer, Doctor Stokley.
April 2. Hearing Toscanini conduct two symphonies of Beethoven and dining with him afterward, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Muschenheim.
April 29. Seeing Lillian Gish in *Nine Pine Street.*
May 4. Meeting Burton Rascoe at the Princeton Library Dinner.
May 6. Seeing George Cohan in *Pigeons* and talking with him afterward.
May 9. Going to school for the last time in sixty-five consecutive years.
May 11. Travelling on the Royal Scot train from Providence to New Haven.
May 15. Meeting Ellen Glasgow and Mr. and Mrs. James Branch Cabell in Richmond.
May 18. Conversation with Helen Wills Moody.
June 2. Seeing Walter Hampden in *Hamlet.*
June 8. Sailing entirely around Manhattan Island in morning and seeing *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in afternoon.
June 19. Academic Senior Class Day at Yale.
Oct. 20. Seeing collection of pictures at the Century of Progress in Chicago.
Nov. 2. Seeing O'Neill's comedy *Ah, Wilderness!*
Nov. 9. Hearing Strauss's tone-poem *Macbeth.*

While visiting at the house of a friend recently, I happened to open idly a volume of *The International Cyclopædia* and came upon this amazing article on Alexandre Dumas, who gave the world the incomparable story of *The Three Musketeers.*

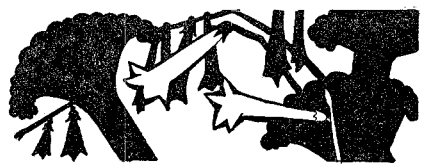
> Altogether it may be said that the appearance in literature of a writer like Dumas is a portentous phenomenon; and the avidity with which his immoral fictions are devoured, is the most severe condemnation of modern, and especially French, society that could well be pronounced.
>
> *Dumas Fils.* Who has unhappily followed in the footsteps of his father. . . . His principal work is *La Dame aux Camélias*—a novel on which is founded the notorious opera *La Traviata.* It is one of the most audaciously immoral works in existence.

This volume is dated 1892 and the editor-in-chief was Harry Thurston Peck, assisted by Professors Selim H. Peabody of Illinois and Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth.

In a recent issue I suggested that an honorary degree should be given by some university to the actor Walter Hampden. I am grateful to Lester Grosvenor Wells, of Oneida, N. Y., who informs me that Syracuse University last June conferred upon Mr. Hampden the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. Good for Syracuse! And now both Walter and I are graduates of the same university; because in 1930 Syracuse University (I am proud to say) gave me the degree of D.S.T. (Doctor of Sacred Theology). Some of my friends thought it meant *Daylight Saving Time,* of which I am an uncompromising advocate. Detroit, Grand Rapids, Cleveland, Toledo, have daylight saving time throughout the year; and in New York and New England it should certainly be extended till December. The autumn is when we need it most.

From Margaret Ashun, of The National Arts Club, New York, comes this delightful information:

Not long ago, when I was doing some research in the British Museum, I went up to the Portrait Room to get some material. I said to one of the bright young men in attend-



ance, "I wish to see all the portraits of two families—the Coleridges and the Southeys."

"Very good, Madam," replied the attendant. "Are they American families?"

From Frederick T. Wright, of Douglas, Arizona:

Is there a book that you read over and over, year after year, either in toto or by snatches, one that you've thus been reading thirty or forty years, always with recurring pleasure? Leave out the classics; of course we all take shots at Homer and Shakespeare and Dickens frequently. I mean a book that stands outside the general list.

I have such a book. It is Stevenson's *The Wrecker.*

It came out serially about 1890, in SCRIBNER'S. Since that time I would be correct in saying that I have read it through once every year, and parts of it many times each year. You may well believe that I know it almost by heart. I know what's coming on the next page. And yet, my interest is perennial. The critics say it's not much of a story; it has some faults if you look for them. And yet! that's the book that has been, and will be, my stand-by through the years.

From Edward P. Eggleston, of New London, Conn., comes an illustrated article from the *New London Day,* headed

GROTON CAT CHEWS TOBACCO

and curiously enough, there is a cat, Lindy, who lives in Groton, close to New London, who chews tobacco regularly, and apparently with no evil results.

Mrs. Charles Raisig, of Coraopolis, Pa., commenting on Mr. McCarthy's letter on Dickens, says she has reread Dickens on an average of once every three years since she started reading him at the age of thirteen. I am interested also to see that she mentions a standard work on the diseases of the horse. This must be *The Horse and His Diseases* which used to be in almost every household.

Miss Marianne Durham, daughter of Professor Donald B. Durham, of Hamilton College, joins the FAERIE QUEENE CLUB, having finished the work just before her XIVth birthday. I salute her.

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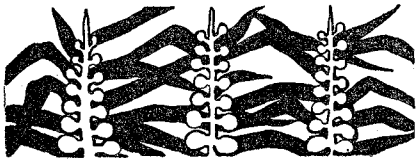
GADGE

And now I call upon all readers of this column to help me in finding the



word *gadge*. In Browning's *A Soul's Tragedy* occurs the passage

The glowing trip-hook, thumbscrews, and the gadge!

When Browning sent the MS. to his fiancée in 1846, she replied (April 5) "You wrote 'gag' . . . did you not? where the proof says 'gadge'—I did not alter it." To which he replied (April 6) "gadge is a real name (in Johnson, too) for a torturing iron."

Browning had a treacherous memory; it is impossible to place any reliance on things he "remembered." The word nowhere occurs in Johnson. And the great Oxford Dictionary is unable to find any trace of the word in the history of the English language, except Browning's unique use of it. The following letter has come from Roy B. Samron, Boise, Idaho:

It was the month of April in the year of our Lord 1930. You were discussing Browning. Suddenly you unsheathed a horrible word and made at us with it. Gadge! "We don't know what it is. But wouldn't you hate to have a man come at you with a gadge?" Those are your words. From that day until this moment, like the Old Sea Dog at the Admiral Bow Inn, I have been watching for that word with a spy-glass and living in mortal terror 'lest it should suddenly come upon me unawares. You advised us to search for the word and to wire you if we found it. Let me tell you about my search:

After graduating from the Divinity School in 1930, I went to San Francisco for a four months' vacation and to do some research work. One morning a news item in *The San Francisco Chronicle* brought me up with a jerk. A Mr. Clinton, restaurant magnate, had been arrested for boarding an old ship, that had been docked for dismantling, and had helped himself to some "gadgets." 'Gadge!' From the Atlantic to the Pacific that horrible word had trailed me! In desperation I decided to become a discoverer or a martyr. Down to the newspaper office I went. 'Who wrote that article using the word gadget?' I asked. The marine editor had done it. Seated in his office I began to apply the thumb-screws of inquisitiveness. 'Does gadget come from the word gadge?' 'Gadge?,' the editor asked. 'I never heard of that word. Gadge?' He hauled down some thick volumes, searched them and grew more perplexed and irritated. Finally he grabbed the telephone, called up several of his cohorts and put the question to them. Each in turn repeated that wicked word many times. 'Gadge? Gadge?' I left before the editor became violent. The next day I went down to the water front, boarded a huge freighter and asked for the Captain. 'Captain, do you know what a gadge is?' 'A Gadge? A Gadge? Oh, you mean a gadget! Well, now a gadget is—oh, a gadget is—' He turned toward a group of his men who were splicing a cable, 'Say, what is a gadget?' One bull-chested sailor spoke up, 'Why, a gadget, Captain is anything! You know! anything! If I am up there on the ladder and want you to hand me something, I say, Hand me up that gadget.' 'Yes,' the Captain agreed, 'that's it.—That's what a gadget is.' "But what is a gadge?" I asked. "Is it the same as a gadget?' With the ship's captain and his crew for an audience I taught my first class in Browning. 'Gadge?' the Captain muttered. 'Gadge?' the crew muttered, 'Hell, I don't know,' exploded the Captain as he viciously kicked a coil of rope and splattered the deck with amber. As I climbed over the ship's side I ventured a final glance at those perplexed faces and I heard one say, 'Who in hell ever heard of a gadge?' I caught the first trolley back to my hotel, rushed up to my room, pulled down the windows and rolled on the bed for almost an hour in uncontrolled laughter. I have spent many hours strolling along the docks talking to the old salts, the young salts, the smartly dressed officers and the crap-shooters in order to watch their faces when they are asked about Gadge.

Recently, I decided to try a new field for information. The reference librarian at the Carnegie Library of Boise. She is an alert, well-trained young woman from California. Browning is her favorite poet. I led up to it as gently as possible? 'Gadge?' Well, no, she didn't remember the word but of course she would find it immediately. I trailed along for half an hour as she searched book after book. She apologized for not being able to find it. A little more time and she would find it, she was sure. A week passed. Each day she searched. . . .

I have asked several librarians about that word. They fly to the hunt with eagerness. But time increases their perplexity. It is my purpose to increase the army of gadge-hunters as time goes on. However, the price I pay is a dear one. Each time a new seeker is enlisted I spend a week trying to avoid eating, thinking, dreaming and dodging gadgets! Each new recruit or 'victim' in this search has been told about the origin of the search after they have exhausted all available material. In every case the individual has thoroughly enjoyed the experience, forgives me and eagerly goes forth, armed with a Gadge, to attack some friend.

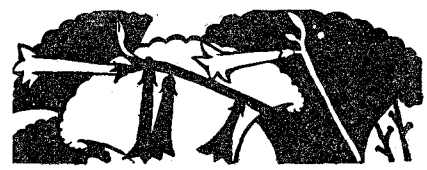
The following delightful letter from the distinguished scholar, Doctor Henshaw Ward, has filled me with pride and joy.

My dear Billy:

This afternoon, when I called on Professor C. A. Lloyd of the Biltmore Junior College, I was astonished to hear Mrs. Lloyd say, "Oh, here is William Lyon Phelps." Then a gray cat trotted from behind me, and I was amused.

But after I had heard the story of the name I realized that it is not amusing. It is an idyll—as I will show you. When this cat was a kitten and before he was christened, the boy who owned him happened to read some passage of yours in which you express your admiration for cats. The boy exclaimed, "Any one who can write so understandingly about cats ought to have one named after him." The boy was entirely serious. He loves his cat so much that he wanted him to have a great name. The animal is always called "Dr. Phelps" by the whole family. The respect and affection felt for you in this household is a fair sample of the feeling of tens of thousands of other good homes all over the country. That is an idyll—unless it's an epic.

I didn't confess to the Lloyds that I had any personal acquaintance with you, for I feared I might put a smooch of commonplaceness on the fair brightness of your reputation.



NEW BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE

The Book of Talbot. Violet Clifton. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.
The First World War. Laurence Stallings. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.
Presenting Lily Mars. Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.
Crowded Hours. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Scribners. $3.
George Lewes and George Eliot. Anna T. Kitchel. John Day. $2.50.
The Best Plays of 1932–1933. Burns Mantle. Dodd Mead. $3.
No Second Spring. Janet Beith. Stokes. $2.50.
One More River. John Galsworthy. Scribners. $2.50.

DR. PHELPS *in this place every month reviews books, expresses his opinions, and writes on numerous topics.*

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TENDER IS THE NIGHT

Continued from page 8

ness, a desperate humor that amused but puzzled her. Her serious nature distrusted its ability to make a supreme impression on him.

But Dick Diver—he was all complete there. Silently she admired him. His complexion was reddish and weather-burned, so was his short hair—a light growth of it rolled down his arms and hands. His eyes were of a bright, hard blue. His nose was somewhat pointed and there was never any doubt at whom he was looking or talking—and this is a flattering attention, for who looks at us?—glances fall upon us, curious or disinterested, nothing more. His voice, with some faint Irish melody running through it, wooed the world, yet she felt the layer of hardness in him, of self-control and of self-discipline, her own virtues. Oh, she chose him, and Nicole, lifting her head saw her choose him, heard the little sigh at the fact that he was married.

Toward noon the McKiscos, Mrs. Abrams, Mr. Dumphry, and Signor Campion came on the beach. They had brought a new umbrella that they set up with side glances toward the Divers, and crept under with satisfied expressions—all save Mr. McKisco, who remained derisively without. In his raking Dick had passed near them and now he returned to the umbrellas.

"The two young men are reading the *Book of Etiquette* together," he said in a low voice.

"Planning to mix with de quality," said Abe.

Mary North, the very tanned young woman whom Rosemary had encountered the first day on the raft, came in from swimming and said:

"So Mr. and Mrs. Neverquiver have arrived."

"They're this man's friends," Nicole reminded her, indicating Abe. "Why doesn't he go and speak to them? Don't you think they're attractive?"

"I think they're very attractive," Abe agreed. "I just don't think they're attractive, that's all."

"Well, I have felt there were too many people on the beach this summer," Nicole admitted. "*Our* beach that Dick made out of a pebble pile." She lowered her voice out of the range of the trio of nannies sitting back under another umbrella. "Still they're preferable to those English last summer who kept shouting: 'Isn't the sea blue? Isn't the sky white? Isn't little Nellie's nose red?' "

Rosemary thought she would not like to have Nicole for an enemy.

"But you didn't see the fight," Nicole continued. "The day before you came, the married man, the one with the name that sounds like a substitute for gasoline or butter——"

"McKisco?"

"Yes—well they were having words and she tossed some sand in his face. So naturally he sat on top of her and rubbed her face in the sand. We were—electrified. I wanted Dick to interfere."

"I think," said Dick Diver, staring down abstractedly at the straw mat, "that I'll go over and invite them to dinner."

"No, you won't," Nicole told him quickly.

"I think it would be a very good thing. They're here—let's adjust ourselves."

"We're very well adjusted," she insisted, laughing. "I'm not going to have *my* nose rubbed in the sand. I'm a mean, hard woman," she explained to Rosemary, and then raising her voice, "Children, put on your bathing suits! Time to go in."

Rosemary felt that this swim would become the typical one of her life, the one that would always pop up in her memory at the mention of swimming. Simultaneously the whole party moved toward the water, super-ready from the long, forced inaction, passing from the heat to the cool with the *gourmandise* of a stinging curry eaten with chilled white wine. She did not know that the Divers' day was spaced like the day of the older civilizations to yield the utmost from the materials at hand, and to give all the transitions their full value, and that there would be another transition presently from the utter absorption of the swim to the garrulity of the Provençal lunch hour. But again she had the sense that Dick was taking care of her, and she delighted in responding to the eventual movement as if it had been an order.

Nicole handed her husband the curious garment on which she had been working. He went into the dressing tent and inspired a general commotion by reappearing in a moment clad in transparent black lace drawers. A moment's inspection revealed that actually they were lined with flesh-colored cloth.

"Well, if that isn't a pansy's trick!" exclaimed Mr. McKisco contemptuously—then turning quickly to Mr. Dumphry and Mr. Campion, he added, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Rosemary bubbled with delight at the trunks. Her naïveté responded wholeheartedly to the expensive simplicity of the Divers, unaware of its complexity and its lack of innocence, unaware that it was all a selection of quality rather than quantity from the run of the world's bazaar; and that the simplicity of behavior also, the nursery-like peace and good will, the emphasis on the simpler virtues, was part of a most desperate bargain with the gods and had been attained through struggles she could not have guessed at. At that moment the Divers represented externally the exact furthermost evolution of a class, so that most people seemed awkward beside them—the inner truth that all things are in motion, that in reality a qualitative change had already set in was not at all apparent to Rosemary.

She stood with them as they took sherry and ate crackers. Dick Diver looked at her with his cold blue eyes, his kind, strong mouth, and said thoughtfully and deliberately:

"You're the only girl I've seen for a long time that actually did look like something blooming."

In her mother's lap afterward Rosemary cried and cried.

"I love him, Mother. I'm desperately in love with him—I never knew I could feel that way about anybody. And he's married and I like her too—it's just hopeless. Oh, I love him so!"

"I'm curious to meet him."

"She invited us to dinner Friday."

"If you're in love it ought to make you happy. You ought to laugh."

Rosemary looked up and gave a beautiful little shiver of her face and laughed. Her mother always had a great influence on her.

Rosemary went to Monte Carlo as

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nearly sulky as it was possible for her to be; she rode up the rugged hill to La Turbie, an old Gaumont lot in process of reconstruction, and as Rosemary stood by the grilled entrance waiting for an answer to the message on her card, she might have been looking into Hollywood. The bizarre debris of some recent picture, a decayed street scene in India, a great cardboard whale, a monstrous tree bearing cherries as large as basketballs, bloomed there by exotic dispensation, autochthonous as the pale amaranth, the mimosa, the cork oak or dwarfed pine. There were a quick lunch shack and two big barnlike stages and everywhere about the lot, groups of waiting, hopeful, painted faces.

After ten minutes a bareheaded young man hurried down to the gate.

"Come in, Miss Hoyt. Mr. Brady's on the set, but he's very anxious to see you. I'm sorry you were kept waiting, but you know some of these French dames are worse about pushing themselves in——"

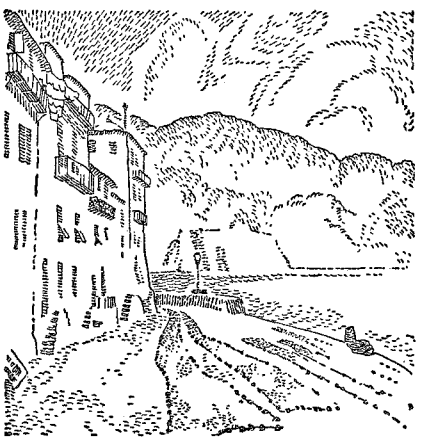
The studio manager opened a small door in the big blank wall of a stage building and with a sudden glad familiarity Rosemary followed him into its half darkness. Here and there figures spotted the twilight, figures that turned up ashen faces to her like souls in purgatory watching the passage of a mortal through. There were whispers and soft voices and, apparently from afar, the gentle tremolo of a small organ. Turning the corner made by some flats, they came upon the white crackling glow of a stage, where a French actor—his shirt front, collar, and cuffs tinted a brilliant pink—and an American actress stood motionless face to face. They stared at each other with tired dogged eyes, as though they had been in the same position for hours; and still for a long time nothing happened, no one moved. A bank of lights went off with a savage hiss, went on again; the plaintive tap of a hammer begged admission to nowhere in the distance; a blue face appeared among the blinding lights above and called something unintelligible into the upper blackness. Then the silence was broken by a voice in front of Rosemary.

"Baby, you don't take off the stockings, you can spoil ten more pairs. That dress is fifteen pounds."

Stepping backward the speaker ran against Rosemary, whereupon the studio manager said, "Hey, Earl—Miss Hoyt."

They were meeting for the first time. Brady was quick and strenuous as he took her hand. She saw him look her over from head to foot, a gesture she recognized and that made her feel at home, but gave her always a faint feeling of superiority to whoever made it. If her person was property she could exercise whatever advantage was inherent in its ownership.

"I thought you'd be along any day now," Brady said, in a voice that was



just a little too compelling for private life, and that trailed with it a faintly defiant cockney accent. "Have a good trip?"

"Yes, but we're glad to be going home."

"No-o-o!" he protested. "Stay awhile—I want to talk to you. Let me tell you that was some picture of yours—that 'Daddy's Girl.' I saw it in Paris and I wired the coast immediately to see if you were signed up."

"I just had—I was sorry."

"God, what a picture!"

Not wanting to smile in silly agreement Rosemary frowned.

"Nobody wants to be thought of forever for just one picture." she said.

"Sure—that's right. What're your plans?"

"Mother thought I needed a rest. When I get back we'll probably either sign up with First National or keep on with Famous."

"Who's we?"

"My mother. She decides all business matters. I couldn't do without her."

Again he looked her over completely, and, as he did, something in Rosemary went out to him. It was not liking, it was not at all the spontaneous admiration she had felt for the man on the beach this morning. It was a click. He desired her and, so far as her virginal emotions went, she contemplated with equanimity a surrender. Yet she knew she would forget him half an hour after she left him—like an actor kissed in a picture.

"Where are you staying?" Brady asked. "Oh, yes, at Gausse's. Well, my plans are made for this year too, but that letter I wrote you still stands. I'd rather make a picture with you than any girl since Connie Talmadge was a kid."

"I feel the same way about you. Why don't you come back to Hollywood?"

"I can't stand the damn place. I'm fine here. Wait till after this shot and I'll show you around."

Walking on to the set he began to talk to the French actor in a low, quiet voice.

Five minutes passed—Brady talked on, while from time to time the Frenchman shifted his feet and nodded. Abruptly Brady broke off the conversation and called something to the lights that startled them into a humming glare. California was loud about Rosemary now. Unappalled she moved again through the city of thin partitions, wanting to be back there. But she did not want to see Brady in the mood she sensed he would be in after he had finished. She left the lot with the spell still upon her. The Mediterranean world was less silent now that she knew Brady's studio was there. She liked the people on the streets and bought herself a pair of espadrilles on the way to the train.

Her mother was pleased that she had done so accurately what she was told to do, but she still wanted to launch her out and away. Mrs. Speers was fresh in appearance but she was tired; death beds make people tired indeed and she had watched beside a couple.

II

Feeling high from the rosy wine at lunch, Nicole Diver folded her arms so high that the artificial camellia on her shoulder almost touched her cheek, and went out into her lovely grassless garden. The garden was bounded on one side by the house, from which it flowed and into which it ran, on two sides by the old village, and on the last by the cliff falling by ledges to the sea.

Along the walls on the village side

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everything was dusty, the wriggling vines, the lemon and eucalyptus trees, the casual wheel-barrow, left only a moment since, but already grown into the path, atrophied and faintly rotten. Nicole was invariably somewhat surprised that by turning in the other direction past a bed of peonies she walked into an area so green and cool that the leaves and petals were curled with tender damp.

Knotted at her throat she wore a lilac scarf that even in the achromatic sunshine cast its color up to her face and down around her moving feet in a lilac shadow. Her face was hard, almost stern, save for the soft gleam of piteous doubt that looked from her green eyes. Her once fair hair had darkened, but she was lovelier now at twenty-four than she had been at eighteen, when her hair was brighter and prettier than she.

Following a walk marked by an intangible mist of bloom that followed the white border stones she came to a space overlooking the sea where there were lanterns asleep in the fig trees and a big table and wicker chairs and a great market umbrella from Sienna, all gathered about an enormous pine, the biggest tree in the garden. She paused there a moment, looking absently at a growth of nasturtiums and iris tangled at its foot, as though some one had carelessly thrown down a handful of seeds, and listening to the plaints and accusations of some nursery squabble in the house. When this died away on the summer air, she walked on, between kaleidoscopic peonies massed in pink clouds, black and brown tulips and fragile mauve-stemmed roses, transparent like sugar flowers in a confectioner's window—until, as if the scherzo of color could reach no further intensity, it broke off suddenly in mid-air, and moist steps went down to a level five feet below.

Here there was a well with the boarding around it dank and slippery even on the brightest days. She went up the stairs on the other side and into the vegetable garden; she walked rather quickly; she liked to be active, though at times she gave an impression of repose that was at once static and evocative. This was because she knew few words and believed in none, and in the world she was rather silent, contributing just her share of urbane humor with a precision that approached meagreness. But at the moment when strangers tended to grow uncomfortable in the presence of this economy she would seize the topic and rush off with it, feverishly surprised with herself—then bring it back and relinquish it abruptly, almost timidly, like an obedient retriever, having been adequate and something more.

As she stood in the fuzzy green light of the vegetable garden, Dick crossed the path ahead of her going to his work house. Nicole waited silently till he had passed; then she went on through lines of perspective salads to a little menagerie where pigeons and rabbits and a parrot made a medley of insolent noises at her. Descending to another ledge she reached a low, curved wall and looked down seven hundred feet to the Mediterranean Sea.

She stood in the ancient hill village of Tarmes. The villa and its grounds were made out of a row of peasant dwellings that abutted on the cliff—five small houses had been combined to make the house and four destroyed to make the garden. The exterior walls were untouched so that from the road far below it was indistinguishable from the violet gray mass of the town.

For a moment Nicole stood looking down at the Mediterranean but there was nothing she could do with that, even with her tireless hands. Presently Dick came out of his little house carrying a telescope and looked east toward Cannes. In a moment Nicole swam into his field of vision, whereupon he disappeared into his house and came out with a megaphone. He had many light mechanical devices.

"Nicole," he shouted, "I forgot to tell you that as a final apostolic gesture I invited Mrs. Abrams, the woman with the white hair."

"I suspected it. It's an outrage."

The ease with which her reply reached him seemed to belittle his megaphone, so she raised her voice and called, "Can you hear me?"

"Yes." He lowered the megaphone and then raised it stubbornly. "I'm going to invite some more people too. I'm going to invite the two young men."

"All right," she agreed placidly.

"I want to give a really *bad* party. I mean it. I want to give a party where there're brawls and seductions and people going home with their feelings hurt and women passed out in the *cabinet toilette*. You wait and see."

He went back into his house and Nicole saw that one of his most characteristic moods was upon him, the excitement that swept every one up into it and was inevitably followed by his own form of melancholy, which he never displayed but at which she guessed. This excitement about things reached an intensity out of proportion to their importance, generating a really extraordinary virtuosity with people. Save among a few of the tough-minded and perennially suspicious, he had the power of arousing a fascinated and uncritical love. The reaction came when he realized the waste and extravagance involved. He sometimes looked back with awe at the carnivals of affection he had given, as a general might gaze upon a massacre he had ordered to satisfy an impersonal blood lust.

But to be included in Dick Diver's world for a while was a remarkable experience and in the shadow of his charm people believed that he made special reservations about them, recognizing the proud uniqueness of their destinies, buried under the compromises of how many years. He won people quickly with an exquisite consideration and a politeness that moved so fast and intuitively that it could only be examined in its effect. Then, without caution, lest the first bloom of the relation wither, he opened the gate to his amusing and tender world. So long as they subscribed to it completely, their happiness was his pre-occupation, but at the first flicker of doubt as to its all-inclusiveness he evaporated, vanished before their eyes, leaving little communicable memory of what he had said or done.

At eight-thirty that evening he came out to meet his first guests, his coat carried rather ceremoniously, rather promisingly, in his hand, like a toreador's cape. It was characteristic that after greeting Rosemary and her mother he waited for them to speak first, as if to allow them the reassurance of their own voices in new surroundings.

Still under the spell of the climb to Tarmes and the fresher air, they looked about appreciatively. Just as the personal qualities of extraordinary people can make themselves plain in an unaccustomed change of expression, so the intensely calculated perfection of Villa Diana transpired all at once through

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such minute failures as the chance apparition of a maid in the back-ground or the perversity of a cork. While the first guests arrived bringing with them the excitement of the night, the domestic activity of the day receded past them gently, symbolized by the Diver children and their governess still at supper on the terrace under the open sky.

"What à beautiful garden!" Mrs. Speers exclaimed.

"Nicole's garden," said Dick. "She won't let it alone—she nags it all the time. She worries about its diseases. Any day now I expect to have her come down with Powdery Mildew or Fly Speck or Late Blight." He pointed his forefinger decisively at Rosemary, saying with a lightness that seemed to conceal a paternal interest, "I'm going to save your reason—I'm going to give you a hat to wear on the beach."

He turned them from the garden to the terrace, where he began to mix a cocktail. Earl Brady arrived, discovering Rosemary with surprise. His manner was softer than at the studio, and as if his differentness had been put on at the gate, and Rosemary, comparing him instantly with Dick Diver, swung sharply toward the latter. In comparison Earl Brady seemed faintly gross, faintly ill-bred, yet once more she felt an electric response to his person.

He spoke familiarly to the children who were getting up from their outdoor supper.

"Hello, Lanier, how about a song? Will you and Topsy sing me a song?"

"What shall we sing?" agreed the little boy, with the odd chanting accent of American children brought up in France.

"That song about 'Mon Ami Pierrot.' "

Brother and sister stood side by side without self-consciousness and their voices soared sweet and shrill upon the evening air.

"Au clair de la lune
Mon Ami Pierrot
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot
Ma chandelle est morte
Je n'ai plus de feu
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu"

The singing ceased and the children, their faces aglow with the late sunshine, stood smiling calmly at their success. Rosemary was thinking that the Villa Diana was the centre of the world. On such a stage so fortunately lighted, so brilliantly scented from the garden, some memorable thing was sure to happen. She lighted up higher as the gate tinkled open and the rest of the guests arrived in a body—the McKiscos, Mrs. Abrams, Mr. Dumphry, and Mr. Campion came up to the terrace.

Rosemary had a sharp feeling of disappointment—she looked quickly at Dick, as though to ask an explanation of this incongruous mingling of elements. But there was nothing unusual in his expression. He greeted his new guests with a masculine politeness, blended of a proud bearing and an obvious deference to their infinite and unknown possibilities. She believed in him so much now that presently she accepted the rightness of the McKiscos' presence as if she had expected to meet them all along.

The newcomers were in a whooped-up mood. They had had cocktails before leaving and their brasher characteristics were in evidence.

"I've met you in Paris," McKisco said to Abe North, who with his wife had

arrived on their heels, "in fact I've met you twice."

"Yes, I remember," Abe said.

"Then where was it?" demanded McKisco, not content to let well enough alone.

"Why, I think—" Abe got tired of the game, "I can't remember."

The interchange filled a pause and Rosemary's instinct was that something tactful should be said by somebody, but Dick made no attempt to break up the group formed by these late arrivals, not even to disarm Mrs. McKisco of her air of supercilious amusement. He did not solve this small social problem because he knew it was not of importance at the moment and would solve itself. He was saving his newness for a larger effort. He wanted a more significant moment for his guests to be conscious of a good time.

Rosemary stood beside Tommy Costello—he was in a particularly scornful mood and there seemed to be some special stimulus working upon him. He was leaving in the morning.

"Going home?"

"Home? I have no home. I am going to a war."

"What war?"

"What war? Any war. I haven't seen a paper lately but I suppose there's a war—there always is."

"Don't you care what you fight for?"

"Not at all, so long as I'm well treated. When I'm in a rut I come to see the Divers, because then I know that in a few weeks I'll want to go to war."

Rosemary stiffened.

"You like the Divers," she reminded him.

"Of course—especially her—but they make me want to go to war."

She considered this, to no avail. The Divers made her want to stay near them forever.

"You're half American," she said, as if that should solve the problem.

"Also I'm half French, I was educated in England and since I was eighteen I've worn the uniforms of eight countries. But I hope I did not give you the impression that I am not fond of the Divers—I am, especially of Nicole."

"How could any one help it?" she said simply.

She found herself feeling far apart from him. The undertone of his words repelled her and she withdrew her adoration for the Divers from the profanity of his bitterness. She was glad he was not next to her at dinner and she was still thinking of his words "especially her" as they moved toward the table in the garden.

For a moment now she was beside Dick Diver on the path. Alongside his hard, neat, fascinating brightness everything faded into the surety that he knew everything. For a year now, which was forever, she had had money and a certain celebrity and contact with the celebrated, and these latter had presented themselves merely as powerful enlargements of the people with whom the doctor's widow and her daughter had associated in a hotel-pension in Paris. Rosemary was a romantic and her career had not provided many satisfactory opportunities on that score. Her moth-

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er, with the idea of a career for Rosemary, would not tolerate any such spurious substitutes as the excitations available on all sides, and indeed Rosemary was already beyond that—she was in the movies but not at all at them. So when she had seen approval of Dick Diver in her mother's face it meant that he was "the real thing," and it meant permission to go as far as she could.

"I was watching you," he said, and she knew he meant it. "We've grown very fond of you."

"I fell in love with you the first time I saw you," she said quietly.

He pretended not to have heard, as if the compliment were purely formal.

"New friends," he said, as if it were an important point, "can often have a better time together than old friends. The point is to recognize the exact time when."

With that remark, which she did not understand precisely, she found herself at the table, picked out by slowly emerging lights against the dark dusk. A chord of delight struck inside her when she saw that Dick had taken her mother on his right hand; for herself she was between Luis Campion and Earl Brady.

Surcharged with her emotion she turned to Earl Brady with the intention of confiding in him, but at her first mention of Dick a hard-boiled sparkle in his eyes gave her to understand that he refused the fatherly office. In turn she was equally firm when he tried to monopolize her hand, so they talked shop or rather she listened while he talked shop, her polite eyes never leaving his face, but her mind was so definitely elsewhere that she felt he must guess the fact. Intermittently she caught the gist of his sentences and supplied the rest from her subconscious, as one picks up the striking of a clock in the middle with only the rhythm of the first uncounted strokes lingering in the mind.

In a pause she looked away and up the table where Nicole sat between Tommy Costello and Abe North, her chow's hair foaming and frothing in the candlelight. Rosemary listened, caught sharply by the rich clipped voice in infrequent speech:

"The poor man," she exclaimed. "Why did you want to saw him in two?"

"*Na*turally I wanted to see what was inside a waiter. Wouldn't you like to know what was inside a waiter?"

"Old menus," suggested Nicole with a short laugh. "Pieces of broken china and tips and pencil stubs."

"Exactly—but the thing was to prove it scientifically. And of course doing it with that musical saw would have eliminated any sordidness."

"Did you intend to play the saw while you performed the operation?" Tommy asked.

"We didn't get that far. We were alarmed at his screams. We thought he might rupture something."

"All sounds very peculiar to me," said Nicole. "Any musician that'll use another musician's saw to——"

They had been at table half an hour and a perceptible change had set in—person by person had given up something, a preoccupation, an anxiety, a suspicion, and now they were only their best selves and the Divers' guests. Not to have been friendly and interested would have seemed to reflect on the Divers, so now they were all trying, and seeing this, Rosemary liked every one—except Mr. McKisco, who had contrived to be the unassimilated member of the party. This was less from ill will than from his determination to sustain with wine the good spirits he had enjoyed on his arrival. Lying back in his place between Earl Brady, to whom he had addressed several withering remarks about the movies, and Mrs. Abrams, to whom he said nothing, he stared at Dick Diver with an expression of simply devastating irony, the effect being occasionally interrupted by his attempts to engage Dick in a catercornered conversation across the table.

"Aren't you a friend of Van Buren Denby?" he would say.

"I don't believe I know him."

"I thought you were a friend of his," he persisted irritably.

When the subject of Mr. Denby fell of its own weight, he essayed other equally irrelative themes, but each time the very deference of Dick's attention seemed to paralyze him, and after a moment's stark pause the conversation that he had interrupted would go on without him. He tried breaking into other dialogues, but it was like continually shaking hands with a glove from which the hand has been withdrawn—so finally, with a resigned air of being among children, he devoted his attention entirely to the champagne.

Rosemary's glance moved at intervals around the table, eager for the others' enjoyment since they had succumbed, as if they were her future step-children. A gracious table light, emanating from a bowl of spicy pinks, fell upon Mrs. Abrams' face, cooked to a turn in Veuve Cliquot and full of vigor, tolerance, adolescent good will; next to her sat Mr. Royal Dumphry, his girl's comeliness less startling in the pleasure world of evening. Then Violet McKisco, whose prettiness Dick Diver had piped to the surface of her, so that she ceased her struggle to make tangible to herself her shadowy position as the wife of an *arrivist* who had not arrived.

Then came Dick, with his arms full of the slack he had taken up from others, deeply merged in his own party.

Then her mother, forever perfect.

Then Costello, talking to her mother with urban fluency that made Rosemary like him again. Then Nicole. Rosemary watched her, seeing her suddenly in a new way and finding her one of the most beautiful people she had ever known. Her face, the face of a saint, a viking Madonna, shone through the faint motes that snowed across the candle-light, drawing down its flush from the wine-colored lanterns in the pine. She was still as still.

Abe North was talking to her about his moral code: "Of course I've got one," he insisted, "—a man can't live without a moral code. Mine is that I'm against the burning of witches. Whenever they burn a witch I get all hot under the collar." Rosemary knew from Brady that he was a musician who after a brilliant and precocious start had composed nothing for seven years.

Next was Luis Campion, managing somehow to restrain his most blatant effeminacy, and even visited upon those near him a certain disinterested motherliness. Then Mary North with her attractive, unrevealing laughter.

Finally Earl Brady, whose heartiness became, moment by moment, a social thing instead of a crude assertion and reassertion of his own mental health, and his preservation of it by a detachment from the frailties of others.

Rosemary, as dewy with belief as a child from one of Mrs. Burnett's vicious tracts, had a conviction of homecoming, of a return from the derisive

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and salacious improvisations of the frontier. There were fireflies riding on the dark air and a dog baying on some low and far-away ledge of the cliff. The table seemed to have risen a little toward the sky like a mechanical dancing platform, giving the people around it a sense of being alone with each other in the dark universe, nourished by its only food, warmed by its only lights. And, as if a curious hushed laugh from Mrs. McKisco were a signal that such a detachment from the world had been attained, the two Divers began suddenly to warm and glow and expand, as if to make up to their guests, already so subtly assured of their importance, so flattered with politeness, for anything they might still miss from that country well left behind. Just for a moment they seemed to speak to every one at the table, singly and together, assuring them of their friendliness, their affection. And for a moment the faces turned up toward them were like the faces of poor children at a Christmas tree. Then abruptly the table broke up—the moment when the guests had been daringly lifted above conviviality into the rarer atmosphere of sentiment, was over before it could be irreverently breathed, before they had half realized it was there.

The diffused magic of the hot sweet South had withdrawn into them suddenly—the soft-pawed night and the ghostly wash of the Mediterranean far below—the magic left these things and melted into the two Divers and became part of them. She watched Nicole pressing upon her mother a yellow evening bag she had admired, saying, "I think things ought to belong to the people that like them"—and then swept into it all the yellow articles she could find, a pencil, a lipstick, a little note book, "because they all go together."

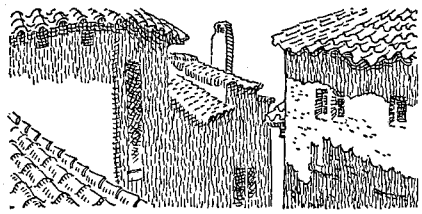
Nicole disappeared and presently Rosemary noticed that Dick was no longer there; the guests distributed themselves in the garden or drifted in toward the stone terrace where there was a magnetic light.

"Do you want," Violet McKisco asked Rosemary, "to go to the bathroom?"

Not at that precise moment.

"I want," insisted Mrs. McKisco, "to go to the bathroom."

As a frank outspoken woman she walked toward the house, dragging her secret after her, while Rosemary looked after with reprobation. Earl Brady proposed that they walk down to the sea wall but she felt that this was her time to have a share of Dick Diver when he reappeared, so she stalled, listening to McKisco quarrel with Costello.



"Why do you want to fight the soviets?" McKisco said. "The greatest experiment ever made by humanity? And the Riff? It seems to me it would be more heroic, if you want to be a hero, to fight on the just side."

"How do you find out which it is?" asked Costello dryly.

"Why—usually everybody intelligent knows."

"Are you a Communist?"

"I'm a Socialist," said McKisco, "I sympathize with Russia."

"Well, I'm a soldier," Costello answered pleasantly. "My business is to kill people. I fought against the Riff because I am a European, and I have fought the Communists because they want to take my property from me."

"Of all the narrow-minded excuses," McKisco looked around to establish a derisive liaison with some one else, but without success. He had no idea what he was up against in Costello, neither of the simplicity of the other man's bag of ideas nor of the complexity of his training. McKisco knew what ideas were, and as his mind grew he was able to recognize and sort an increasing number of them—but faced by a man whom he considered "dumb," one in whom he found no ideas he could recognize as such, and yet to whom he could not feel personally superior, he jumped at the conclusion that Costello was the end product of an archaic world, and as such, worthless. McKisco's contacts with the princely classes in America had impressed upon him their uncertain and fumbling snobbery, their delight in ignorance and their deliberate rudeness, all lifted from the English with no regard paid to factors that make English philistinism and rudeness purposeful, and applied in a land where a little knowledge and civility buy more than they do anywhere else—an attitude which reached its apogee in the "Harvard manner" of about 1900. He thought that this Costello was of that type, and being drunk rashly forgot that he was in awe of him—this led up to the trouble in which he presently found himself.

Feeling vaguely ashamed for McKisco, Rosemary waited placid but inwardly on fire for Dick Diver's return. From her chair at the deserted table with Costello, McKisco, and Abe she looked up along the path edged with shadowy myrtle and fern to the stone terrace, and falling in love with her mother's profile against a lighted door, was about to go there when Mrs. McKisco came hurrying down from the house.

She exuded excitement. In the very silence with which she pulled out a chair and sat down, her eyes staring, her mouth working a little, they all recognized a person crop-full of news, and her husband's "What's the matter, Vi?" came naturally, as all eyes turned toward her.

"My dear—" she said at large, and then addressed Rosemary, "my dear—it's nothing. I really can't say a word."

"You're among friends," said Abe.

"Well, upstairs I came upon a scene, my dears——"

Shaking her head cryptically she broke off just in time, for Tommy arose and addressed her politely but sharply:

"It's inadvisable to comment on what goes on in this house."

Violet breathed loud and hard once and with an effort brought another expression into her face.

—Me no like, Rosemary thought. What's keeping that man?

He came finally and she watched him straightening out this momentary angle of his party. With a sure instinct he separated Costello and McKisco and became excessively ignorant and inquisitive about literature with McKisco—thus giving the latter the moment of superiority which he needed as a man needs a drink. The others helped him carry lamps up—who would not be pleased at carrying lamps helpfully through the darkness?—yet he didn't ask Costello to carry one. Rosemary helped, meanwhile responding patiently to Royal Dumphry's inexhaustible curiosity about Hollywood.

—Now, she was thinking, I've earned a time alone with him. He must know

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that because his laws are like the laws my mother taught me.

Rosemary was right—presently he detached her from the company on the terrace with the unobtrusiveness of a man in motion taking a garment from a wardrobe, and they were alone together, borne away from the house toward the sea-side wall with what were more than steps, but rather irregularly spaced intervals through some of which she was pulled, through others blown.

They looked out over the Mediterranean. Far below, the last excursion boat from the Isles des Lerins floated across the bay like a Fourth of July balloon foot-loose in the heavens. Between the black isles it floated, softly parting the dark tide.

"I understand why you speak as you do of your mother," he said. "Her attitude toward you is very fine, I think. She has a sort of wisdom that's very rare in America."

"Mother is perfect," she prayed.

"I was talking to her about a plan I have—she told me that how long you both stayed in France depended on you."

On *you,* Rosemary all but said aloud.

"So since things are done down here——"

"Over?" she inquired.

"Well, this is over—this part of the summer is over. Last week Nicole's sister left, tomorrow Tommy Costello leaves, Monday Abe and Mary North are leaving. Maybe we'll have a lot more fun this summer but this particular fun is over. I want it to die violently instead of fading out sentimentally—that's why I gave this party. What I'm coming to is—Nicole and I are going up to Paris to see Abe North off for America—I wonder if you'd like to go with us."

"What did Mother say?"

"She seemed to think it would be fine. She doesn't want to go herself. She wants you to go alone."

"I haven't seen Paris since I've been grown," said Rosemary. "I'd love to see it with you."

"That's nice of you." Did she imagine that his voice was suddenly metallic? "Of course we've been excited about you from the moment you came on the beach. That vitality, we were sure it was professional—especially Nicole was. It could never use itself on any one person or group."

Her instinct cried out to her that he was passing her along slowly toward Nicole and she put her own brakes on, saying with an equal hardness:

"I wanted to know all of you too—especially you. I told you I fell in love with you the first time I saw you."

She was right going at it that way. But the space between heaven and earth had cooled his mind, destroyed the rare impulsiveness that had led him to bring her here, and made him aware of the too obvious appeal, the struggle with an unrehearsed scene and unfamiliar words.

He tried now to make her want to go back to the house and it was difficult, and he did not quite want to lose her. She felt only the cool draft blowing as he joked with her good-humoredly.

"You don't know what you want. You go and ask your mother what you want."

She was stricken. She touched him, feeling the smooth cloth of his dark coat as a pious altar boy might touch a chasuble. She seemed about to fall to her knees—from that position she delivered her last shot.

"I think you're the most wonderful person I ever met—except my mother."

His laughter swept them on up toward the terrace where he delivered her to Nicole. Men's women, they sat beside each other quietly and during the ebbs of conversation communicated by little testimonials of mutual approval. Then Tommy Costello pulled Nicole inside to the piano where Abe was playing and singing

"—But when asked how 'bout something to eat
They will answer with voices so sweet——"

McKisco, who had reached a state of inebriety that interfered with the general comfort, joined them at the piano and came in raucously on the chorus:

"You will eat—bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky
Work and pray—live on hay
There'll be pie in the sky when you die."

"How about Frankie and Johnny?" McKisco cried.

The Divers' imperturbable faces were hardening a little at McKisco. Too soon it had become time to go and they helped them all to go quickly. In the Divers' big Isotta there would be Tommy Costello and his baggage—he was spending the night at the hotel to catch an early train—with Mrs. Abrams, the McKiscos and Campion. Earl Brady was going to drop Rosemary and her mother on his way to Monte Carlo, and Royal Dumphry went with them because the Divers' car was crowded. Down in the garden lanterns still glowed over the table where they had dined, as the Divers stood side by side in the gate, Nicole blooming away and filling the night with graciousness, and Dick bidding good-by to every one by name. To Rosemary it seemed very poignant to drive away and leave them in their house.

It was a limpid black night, hung as in a basket from a single dull star. The horn of the car ahead was muffled by the resistance of the thick air. Brady's chauffeur drove slowly; the tail-light of the other car appeared from time to time at turnings—then not at all. But after ten minutes it came into sight again, drawn up at the side of the road. Brady's chauffeur slowed up behind but immediately it began to roll forward slowly and they passed it. In the instant they passed it they heard a blur of voices from behind the reticence of the limousine and saw that the Divers' chauffeur was grinning. Then they went on, going fast through the alternating banks of darkness and thin night, descending at last in a series of roller-coaster swoops, to the great bulk of Gausse's Hotel.

Rosemary dozed for three hours and then lay awake in the moonshine. Mrs. Speers had agreed that Dick possessed all the attractions claimed for him, remarking "I really believe you are in love this time," and then had gone calmly to sleep—leaving Rosemary suspended in the soft night. Any one without her enormous confidence might have scanned the horizons ahead, but she preferred to look no further than the rosy and immediate future. In the erotic darkness she exhausted the future quickly, with all the eventualities that might lead up to a kiss, but with the kiss itself as blurred and sometimes as unpleasant as some kisses in pictures. She changed position in bed deliberately, the first sign of insomnia she had ever had, and tried to think with her mother's mind about the question. In this she was often accurate beyond her experience, with remembered things from old conversations that had gone into her half-heard.

Rosemary had been brought up with

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the idea of work. Mrs. Speers had spent the slim leavings of the men who had widowed her on her daughter's education and then when she blossomed out at sixteen with that extraordinary hair, rushed her to Aix-les-Bains and marched her unannounced into the suite of an American producer who was recuperating there. When the producer went to New York they went too.

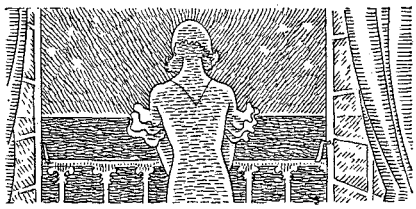
Thus Rosemary had passed her entrance examinations. With the ensuing success and the promise of comparative stability that followed, Mrs. Speers might be said to have tacitly implied tonight:

"You were brought up to work—not especially to marry. Now you've found your first nut to crack and it's a good nut—go ahead and put whatever happens down to experience. Wound yourself or him, or play it in a minor—whatever happens it can't spoil you because economically you're a boy, not a girl."

Rosemary had never done much thinking, save about the illimitability of her mother's perfections, so this final severance of the umbilical cord kept disturbing her sleep. A false dawn sent the sky pressing through the tall French windows, and getting up she walked out on the terrace, warm to her bare feet. There were secret noises in the air, an insistent bird achieved an ill-natured triumph with regularity in the trees above the tennis court and she thought it might be a nightingale; footfalls approached a round drive in the rear of the hotel, taking their tone in turn from the dust road, the crushed-stone walk, the cement steps, and then reversing the process in going away. Beyond the inky sea and far up that high, black shadow of a hill lived the Divers. She thought of them both together, heard them still singing faintly a song like rising smoke, like a hymn, very remote in time and far away. Their children slept, their gate was shut for the night.

She went inside and dressing in a light gown and espadrilles went out her window again and along the continuous terrace toward the front door, going fast as she found that other private rooms, exuding sleep, gave upon it. She stopped at the sight of a figure seated on the wide white stairway of the formal entrance—then she saw that it was Luis Campion and that he was weeping.

He was weeping hard and quietly and shaking in the same parts as a weeping woman. A scene in a rôle she had played last year swept over her irresistibly and advancing she touched him on the shoulder. He gave a little yelp before he recognized her.



"What is it?" Her eyes were level and kind and not slanted into him with hard curiosity. "Can I help you?"

"Nobody can help me. I knew it. I have only myself to blame. It's always the same."

"What is it—do you want to tell me?"

He looked at her to see.

"No," he said. "When you're older you'll know what people who love suffer. The agony. It's better to be cold and young than to love. It's happened to me before but never like this—so accidental—just when everything was going well."

His face was repulsive in the quickening light. Not by a flicker of her personality, a movement of the smallest muscle, did she betray her sudden disgust with whatever it was. But Campion's sensitivity realized her fineness and her youth and he acted like a nice woman, changing the subject rather suddenly.

"Abe North is around here somewhere."

"Why, he's at Divers'!"

"Yes, but he's up—don't you know what happened?"

A shutter opened suddenly in a room two stories above and an English voice spat distinctively:

"Will you kaindlay stup tucking!"

Rosemary and Luis Campion went humbly down the steps and to a bench beside the road to the beach.

"Then you have no idea what's happened? My dear, the most extraordinary thing—" He was warming up now, hanging on to his revelation. "I've never seen a thing come so suddenly—I have always avoided violent people—they upset me so I sometimes have to go to bed for days."

He looked at her triumphantly. She had no idea what he was talking about.

"My dear," he burst forth, leaning toward her with his whole body as he touched her on the upper leg, to show it was no mere irresponsible venture of his hand—he was so sure of himself. "There's going to be a duel."

"Wh-at?"

"A duel with—we don't know what yet."

"Who's going to duel?"

"I'll tell you from the beginning." He drew a long breath and then said, as if it were rather to her discredit but he wouldn't hold it against her. "Of course, you were in the other automobile. Well, in a way you were lucky—I lost at least two years of my life, it came so suddenly."

"What came?" she demanded.

"I don't know what began it. First she began to talk——"

"Who?"

"Violet McKisco." He lowered his voice as if there were people under the bench. "But don't mention the Divers because he made threats against anybody who mentioned it."

"Who did?"

"Tommy Costello, so don't say I so much as mentioned them. None of us ever found out anyhow what it was Violet had to say because he kept interrupting her, and then her husband got into it and now, my dear, we have the duel. This morning—at five o'clock—in an hour." He sighed suddenly thinking of his own griefs. "I almost wish it were I. I might as well be killed now I have nothing to live for." He broke off and rocked to and fro with sorrow.

Again the iron shutter parted above and the same British voice said:

"Rilly, this must stup immejetly."

Simultaneously Abe North, looking somewhat distracted, came out of the hotel, perceived them against the sky, white over the sea. Rosemary shook her head warningly before he could speak and they moved another bench further down the road. Rosemary saw that Abe was a little tight.

"What are *you* doing up?" he demanded.

"I just got up." She started to laugh, but remembering the voice above, she restrained herself.

"Plagued by the nightingale," Abe suggested, and repeated, "probably plagued by the nightingale. Has this sewing-circle member told you what happened?"

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Campion said with dignity:

"I only know what I heard with my own ears."

He got up and walked swiftly away; Abe sat down beside Rosemary.

"Why did you treat him so badly?"

"Did I?" he asked surprised. "He's been weeping around here all morning."

"Well, maybe he's sad about something."

"Say, maybe he is."

"What about a duel? Who's going to duel? I thought there was something strange in that car. Is it true?"

"It certainly is coo-coo but it seems to be true."

—The trouble began at the time Earl Brady's car passed the Divers' car stopped on the road—said Abe, rambling along—Violet McKisco was telling Mrs. Abrams something about the Divers—she had gone upstairs in their house and she had come upon something there which had made a great impression on her. But Tommy is really a watch-dog about the Divers, especially Nicole; though, of course, as a rule it's got to be the fashion among their friends to see her as this monumental character and Dick as something who just dances around her and throws flowers. Men lean across him and find this great platonic ecstasy in her. As a matter of fact she is inspiring and formidable—but it's a mutual thing between them that they both give out, and the fact of the Divers is more important to their friends than any of them admit except me. Of course it's all done at a certain sacrifice—sometimes they seem only just rather charming figures in a ballet, worth just the attention you'd give a ballet but it's more than that—you'd have to know the story. Anyhow Tommy is one of those men that Dick's passed along to Nicole and when Mrs. McKisco kept hinting at her story and her husband began a big Chicago analysis he called them on it. He said:

"Mrs. McKisco, kindly don't talk about the Divers that way."

"I wasn't talking to you," she objected.

"I think it's better to leave them out."

"Are they so sacred?"

"Leave them out. Talk about something else."

He was sitting on one of the two little seats beside Dumphry. Dumphry told me the story.

"Well, you're pretty high-handed," she came back.

You know how conversations are in cars late at night, some people murmuring and some not caring, giving up after the party, or bored or asleep. Well, none of them knows just what happened until the car stopped and Costello cried in a voice that shook everybody, a voice for cavalry.

"Do you want to step out here—we're only a mile from the hotel and you can walk it or I'll drag you in afterwards. *You've got to shut up and shut your wife up!*"

"You're a bully," said McKisco. "You know you're stronger muscularly than I am. But I'm not afraid of you—what they ought to have is the code duello——"

There's where he made his mistake because Tommy, being French, leaned over and clapped him one, and then the chauffeur drove on. That was where you passed them. Then the women began. That was still the state of things when the car got to the hotel.

Tommy telephoned some man in Cannes to act as second and McKisco said he wasn't going to be seconded by Dumphry, who wasn't crazy for the job anyhow, so he telephoned me not to say anything but to come right down. Violet McKisco collapsed and Mrs. Abrams took her to her room and gave her a bromide whereupon she fell comfortably asleep on the bed. When I got there I tried to argue with Tommy but the latter wouldn't accept anything short of an apology and McKisco rather spunkily wouldn't give it.

When he had finished Rosemary asked thoughtfully:

"Do the Divers know it was about them?"

"No—and they're not ever going to know they had anything to do with it. That damn Campion had no business talking to you about it, but since he did — We told the chauffeur we'd get out the old musical saw if he opened his mouth about it. This fight's between two men—what Tommy needs is a good war."

"I hope the Divers don't find out," Rosemary said.

Abe peered at his watch with flushed eyes.

"I've got to go up and see McKisco—do you want to come?—he feels sort of friendless—I bet he hasn't slept."

Rosemary had a vision of the desperate vigil that high-strung, badly organized man had probably kept. After a moment balanced between pity and repugnance she agreed, and fresh as the morning bounced up the steps of the hotel beside Abe.

McKisco was sitting on his bed with his alcoholic combativeness vanished in spite of the glass of champagne in his hand; he seemed very puny and cross and white. Evidently he had been writing and drinking all night. He stared confusedly at Abe and Rosemary and asked:

"Is it time?"

"No, not for half an hour."

The table was covered with papers which he assembled with some difficulty into a long letter; the writing on the last pages was very large and illegible. He scrawled his name at the bottom, crammed it into an envelope and handed it to Abe. "For my wife."

"You better souse your head in cold water," Abe suggested.

"You think I'd better?" inquired McKisco doubtfully. "I don't want to get too sober."

"Well, you look terrible now."

Obediently McKisco went into the bathroom.

"I'm leaving everything in an awful mess," he called. "I don't know how Violet will get back to America. I don't carry any insurance. I never got around to it."

"Don't talk nonsense, you'll be right here eating breakfast in an hour."

"Sure, I know." He came back with his hair wet and looked at Rosemary as if he saw her for the first time. Suddenly tears stood in his eyes. "I never have finished my novel. That's what makes me so sore. You don't like me," he said to Rosemary, "but that can't be helped. I'm primarily a literary man." He made a vague discouraged sound and shook his head helplessly. "I've made lots of mistakes in my life—many of them. But I've been one of the most prominent—in some ways——"

He gave this up and puffed at a dead cigarette.

"I do like you," said Rosemary, "but I don't think you ought to fight a duel."

"Yeah, I should have tried to beat him up, but it's done now. I've let myself be drawn into something that I had no right to be. I have a very violent

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temper—" He looked closely at Abe as if he expected the statement to be challenged. Then with an aghast laugh he raised the cold cigarette butt toward his mouth. His breathing quickened.

"The trouble was I suggested the duel—if Violet had only kept her mouth shut I could have fixed it. Of course even now I can just leave or sit back and laugh at the whole thing—but I don't think Violet would ever respect me again."

"Yes, she would," said Rosemary. "She'd respect you more."

"No—you don't know Violet. She's very hard when she gets an advantage over you. We've been married twelve years, we had a little girl seven years old and she died and after that you know how it is. We both played around on the side a little, nothing serious but drifting apart—she called me a coward out there tonight."

Troubled, Rosemary didn't answer.

"Well, we'll see there's as little damage done as possible," said Abe. He opened the leather case. "These are Costello's duelling pistols—I borrowed them so you could get familiar with them. He carries them in his suitcase." He weighed one of the archaic weapons in his hand. Rosemary gave an exclamation of uneasiness and McKisco looked at the pistols anxiously.

"Well—it isn't as if we were going to stand up and pot each other with forty-fives," he said.

"I don't know," said Abe cruelly; "the idea is you can sight better with a long barrel."

"How about distance?" asked McKisco.

"I've inquired about that. If one or the other parties has to be definitely eliminated they make it eight paces, if they're just good and sore it's twenty paces, and if it's only to vindicate their honor it's forty paces. His second agreed with me to make it forty."

"That's good."

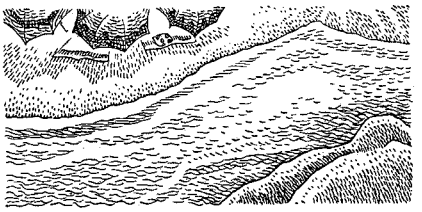
"There's a wonderful duel in a novel of Pushkin's," recollected Abe. "Each man stood on the edge of a precipice, so if he was hit at all he was done for."

This seemed very remote and academic to McKisco, who stared at him and said, "What?"

"Do you want to take a quick dip and freshen up?"

"No—no, I couldn't swim." He sighed. "I don't see what it's all about," he said helplessly. "I don't see why I'm doing it."

It was the first thing he had ever done in his life. Actually he was one of those for whom the sensual world does not exist, and faced with a concrete fact he brought to it a vast surprise.



"We might as well be going," said Abe, seeing him fail a little.

"All right." He drank off a stiff drink of brandy, put the flask in his pocket, and said with almost a savage air: "What'll happen if I kill him—will they throw me in jail?"

"I'll run you over the Italian border."

He glanced at Rosemary—and then said apologetically to Abe:

"Before we start there's one thing I'd like to see you about alone."

"I hope neither of you gets hurt," Rosemary said. "I think it's very foolish and you ought to try to stop it."

She found Campion downstairs in the deserted lobby. It occurred to her that she still didn't know the cause of his recent tears.

"I saw you go upstairs," he said excitedly. "Is he all right? When is the duel going to be?"

"I don't know." She resented his speaking of it as a circus, with McKisco the tragic clown.

"Will you go with me?" he demanded, with the air of having seats. "I've hired the hotel car."

"I don't want to go."

"Why not? I imagine it'll take years off my life but I wouldn't miss it for words. We could watch it from quite far away."

"Why don't you get Mr. Dumphry to go with you?"

His face fell but he drew himself up.

"I never want to see him again."

"Well, I'm afraid I can't go. Mother wouldn't like it."

As Rosemary entered her room Mrs. Speers stirred sleepily and called to her:

"Where've you been?"

"I just couldn't sleep. You go back to sleep, Mother."

"Come in my room." Hearing her sit up in bed, Rosemary went and told her what had happened.

"Why don't you go and see it?" Mrs. Speers suggested. "You needn't go up close and you might be able to help afterwards."

Rosemary did not like the picture of herself looking on and she demurred, but Mrs. Speers's consciousness was still clogged with sleep and she was reminded of night calls to death and calamity when she was the wife of a doctor. "I like you to go places and do things on your own initiative without me—you did much harder things for Rainy's publicity stunts."

Still Rosemary did not see why she should go, but she obeyed the sure, clear voice that had sent her into the stage entrance of the Odeon in Paris when she was twelve and greeted her when she came out again.

She thought she was reprieved when from the steps she saw Abe and McKisco drive away—but after a moment the hotel car came around the corner. Squealing delightedly Luis Campion pulled her in beside him.

"I hid there because they might not let us come. I've got my movie camera, you see."

She laughed helplessly. He was so terrible that he was no longer terrible, simply dehumanized.

"I wonder why Mrs. McKisco didn't like the Divers?" she said. "They were very nice to her."

"Oh, it wasn't that. It was something she saw when she went upstairs to the bathroom. We never did find exactly what it was because of Costello."

"Then that wasn't what made you so sad."

"Oh, no," he said, his voice breaking, "that was something else that happened when we got back to the hotel. But now I don't care—I wash my hands of it completely."

They followed the other car east along the shore past Juan les Pins, where the skeleton of the new Casino was rising. It was past four and under a blue gray sky the first fishing boats were creaking out into a glaucous sea. Then they turned off the main road and into the back country.

"It's the golf course," cried Campion. "I'm sure that's where it's going to be."

He was right. When Abe's car pulled up ahead of them the east was crayoned red and yellow, promising a sultry

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day. Ordering the hotel car into a grove of pines Rosemary and Campion kept in the shadow of a wood and skirted the bleached fairway where Abe and McKisco were walking up and down, the latter raising his head at intervals like a rabbit scenting the air. Presently there were moving figures over by a farther tee and the watchers made out Costello and his French second—the latter carried the box of pistols under his arm.

Somewhat appalled, McKisco slipped behind Abe and took a long swallow of brandy. He walked on choking and would have marched directly up into the other party, but Abe stopped him and went forward to talk to the Frenchman. The sun was over the horizon.

Campion grabbed Rosemary's arm.

"I can't stand it," he squeaked, almost voiceless. "It's too much. This will cost me——"

"Let go," Rosemary said peremptorily. She breathed a frantic prayer in French.

The principals faced each other, Costello with the sleeve rolled up from his arm. His eyes gleamed restlessly in the sun, but his motion was deliberate as he wiped his palm on the seam of his trousers. McKisco, reckless with brandy, pursed his lips in a whistle and pointed his long nose about nonchalantly, until Abe stepped forward with a handkerchief in his hand. The French second stood with his face turned away. Rosemary caught her breath in terrible pity and gritted her teeth with hatred for Costello; then:

"One—two—three!" Abe counted in a strained voice.

They fired at the same moment. McKisco swayed but recovered himself. Both shots had missed.

"Now, that's enough!" cried Abe.

The duellists walked in, and every one looked at Costello inquiringly.

"I declare myself unsatisfied."

"What? Sure you're satisfied," said Abe impatiently. "You just don't know it."

"Your man refuses another shot?"

"You're damn right, Tommy. You insisted on this and my client went through with it."

Tommy laughed scornfully.

"The distance was ridiculous," he said. "I'm not accustomed to such farces—your man must remember he's not now in America."

"No use cracking at America," said Abe rather sharply. And then, in a more conciliatory tone, "This has gone far enough, Tommy." They parleyed briskly for a moment—then Costello nodded and bowed coldly to his late antagonist.

"No shake hand?" suggested the French doctor.

"They already know each other," said Abe.

He turned to McKisco.

"Come on, let's get out."

As they strode off, McKisco, in exultation, gripped his arm.

"Wait a minute!" Abe said. "Tommy wants his pistol back. He might need it again."

McKisco handed it over.

"To hell with him," he said in a tough voice. "Tell him he can——"

"Shall I tell him you want another shot?"

"Well, I did it," cried McKisco, as they went along. "And I did it pretty well, didn't I? I wasn't yellow."

"You were pretty drunk," said Abe bluntly.

"No, I wasn't."

"All right, then, you weren't."

"Why would it make any difference if I had a drink or so?"

As his confidence mounted he looked resentfully at Abe.

"What difference does that make?" he repeated.

"If you can't see it, there's no use going into it."

"Don't you know everybody was drunk all the time during the war?"

"Well, let's forget it."

But the episode was not quite over. There were urgent footsteps in the heather behind them and the doctor drew up along side.

"Pardon, Messieurs," he panted. "Voulez-vous régler mes honoraires? Naturellement c'est pour soins médicaux seulement. M. Costello n'a qu'un billet de mille et ne peut pas les régler et l'autre a laissé son porte-monnaie chez lui."

"Trust a Frenchman to think of that," said Abe, and then to the doctor. "Combien?"

"Let me pay this," said McKisco.

"No, I've got it. We were all in about the same danger."

Abe paid the doctor while McKisco suddenly turned into the bushes and was sick there. Then paler than before he strutted on with Abe toward the car through the now rosy morning.

Campion lay gasping on his back in the shrubbery, the only casualty of the duel, while Rosemary suddenly hysterical with laughter kept kicking at him with her espadrille. She did this persistently until she roused him—the only matter of importance to her now was that in a few hours she would see the person whom she still referred to in her mind as "the Divers," on the beach.

III

They were at Voisins waiting for Nicole, six of them, Rosemary, the Norths, Dick Diver and two young French musicians. They were looking over the other patrons of the restaurant to see if they had repose—Dick said no American men had any repose, except himself, and they were seeking an example to confront him with. Things looked black for them—not a man had come into the restaurant for ten minutes without raising his hand to his face.

"We ought never to have given up waxed mustaches," said Abe. "Nevertheless Dick isn't the *only* man with repose——"

"Oh, yes, I am."

"—but he may be the only sober man with repose."

A well-dressed American had come in with two women who swooped and fluttered unselfconsciously around a table. Suddenly, he perceived that he was being watched—whereupon his hand rose spasmodically and arranged a phantom bulge in his necktie. In another unseated party a man endlessly patted his shaven cheek with his palm, and his companion mechanically raised and lowered the stub of a cold cigar. The luckier ones fingered eyeglasses and facial hair, the unequipped stroked blank mouths, or even pulled desperately at the lobes of their ears.

A well-known general came in, and Abe, counting on the man's first year at West Point—that year during which no cadet can resign and from which none ever recovers—made a bet with Dick of five dollars.

His hands hanging naturally at his sides, the general waited to be seated. Once his arms swung suddenly backward like a jumper's and Dick said, "Ah!" supposing he had lost control, but the general recovered and they breathed again—the agony was nearly over, the garçon was pulling out his chair . . .

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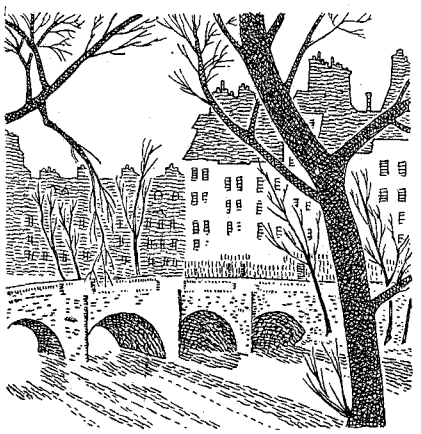
With a touch of fury the conqueror shot up his hand and scratched his gray immaculate head.

"You see," said Dick smugly, "I'm the only one."

Rosemary was quite sure of it and Dick, realizing that he had never had such an audience, made the group into so bright a unit that Rosemary felt an impatient disregard for all who were not at their table. They had been two days in Paris but actually they were still under the beach umbrella. When, as at the ball of the *Corps des Pages* the night before, the surroundings seemed formidable to Rosemary, who had yet to attend a Mayfair party in Hollywood, Dick would bring the scene within range by greeting a few people, a sort of selection—the Divers seemed to have a large acquaintance, but it was always as if the person had not seen them for a long, long time, an incredible time, and was utterly bowled over, "Why, where do you *keep* yourselves?"—and then recreate the unity of his own party by destroying the outsiders softly but permanently with an ironic *coup de grâce*. Presently Rosemary seemed to have known those people herself in some deplorable past, and then got on to them, rejected them, discarded them.

Even nationality did not seem a permanent shackle to Dick's personally conducted tour, for sometimes they were overwhelmingly American and sometimes scarcely American at all. It was themselves he gave back to them, blurred by the compromises of how many years.

Into the dark, smoky restaurant, smelling of the rich raw foods on the buffet, slid Nicole's sky-blue suit like a stray segment of the weather outside. Seeing from their eyes how beautiful she was, she thanked them with a smile of radiant appreciation. They were all very nice people for a while, very courteous and all that. Then they grew tired of it and they were funny and bitter, and finally they made a lot of plans. They laughed at things that they would not remember clearly afterwards—laughed a lot and the men drank three bottles of wine. The trio of women at the table were representative of the enormous flux of American life. Nicole was the granddaughter of a self-made American capitalist and the granddaughter of a Count of the House of Lippe Weissenfeld. Mary North was the daughter of a journeyman paper-hanger and a descendant of President Tyler. Rosemary was from the middle of the middle class, catapulted by her mother onto the uncharted heights of Hollywood. Their point of resemblance to each other and their difference from so many American women, lay in the fact that they were all happy to exist in a man's



world—they preserved their individuality through men and not by opposition to them. They would all three have made alternatively good courtesans or good wives not by the accident of birth but through the greater accident of finding their man or not finding him.

So Rosemary found it a pleasant party, that luncheon, nicer in that there were only seven people, the limit of a good party. Perhaps, too, the fact that she was new to their world acted as a sort of catalytic agent to precipitate out all their old reservations about one another. Dick not only knew why new friends often have a better time together than old friends but he was usually able to put his finger on the exact moment in any relation when things would never be any better.

After the table broke up a waiter directed Rosemary back into the dark hinterland of all French restaurants where she looked up a phone number by a dim orange bulb, and called Franco-American Films. Sure, they had a print of "Daddy's Girl"—it was out for the moment but they would run it off later in the week for her at 341 Rue des Saintes Anges—ask for Mr. Crowder.

The semi-booth gave on the *vestiaire* and as Rosemary hung up the receiver she heard two low voices not five feet from her on the other side of a row of coats.

"—So you love me?"

"Oh, *do* I!"

It was Nicole—Rosemary hesitated in the door of the booth—then she heard Dick say:

"I want you terribly—let's go to the hotel now." Nicole gave a little gasping sigh. For a moment the words conveyed nothing at all to Rosemary—but the tone did. The vast secretiveness of it vibrated to herself.

"I want you."

"I'll be at the hotel at four."

Rosemary stood breathless as the voices moved away. She was at first even astonished—she had seen them in their relation to each other as people without personal exigencies—as something cooler. Now a strong current of emotion flowed through her, profound and unidentified. She did not know whether she was attracted or repelled, but only that she was deeply moved. It made her feel very alone as she went back into the restaurant, but it was touching to look in upon, and the passionate gratitude of Nicole's "Oh, *do* I!" echoed in her mind. The particular mood of the passage she had witnessed lay ahead of her; but however far she was from it her stomach told her it was all right—she had none of the aversion she had felt in the playing of certain love scenes in pictures.

Being far away from it she nevertheless irrevocably participated in it now, and shopping with Nicole she was much more conscious of the assignation than Nicole herself. She looked at Nicole in a new way, estimating her attractions. Certainly she was the most attractive woman Rosemary had ever met—with her hardness, her devotions and loyalties, and a certain elusiveness, which Rosemary, thinking now through her mother's middle-class mind, associated with her attitude about money. Rosemary spent money she had earned—she was here in Europe due to the fact that she had gone in the pool six times that January day with her temperature roving from 99° in the early morning to 103°, when her mother stopped it.

With Nicole's help Rosemary bought two dresses and two hats and four pairs of shoes with her money. Nicole bought from a great list that ran two pages, and bought the things in the windows besides. Everything she liked that she couldn't possibly use herself, she bought as a present for a friend. She bought colored beads, folding beach cushions, artificial flowers, honey, a guest bed, bags,

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scarfs, love birds, miniatures for a doll's house and three yards of some new cloth the color of prawns. She bought a dozen bathing suits, a rubber alligator, a travelling chess set of gold and ivory, big linen handkerchiefs for Abe, two chamois leather jackets of kingfisher blue and autumnal red from Hermes—bought all these things not a bit like a high-class courtesan buying underwear and jewels, which were after all professional equipment and insurance—but with an entirely different point of view. Nicole was the product of much ingenuity and toil. For her sake trains began their run at Chicago and traversed the round belly of the continent to California; chicle factories fumed and link belts grew link by link in factories; men mixed toothpaste in vats and drew mouthwash out of copper hogsheads; girls canned tomatoes quickly in August or worked rudely at the Five-and-Tens on Christmas Eve; half-breed Indians toiled on Brazilian coffee plantations and dreamers were muscled out of patent rights in new tractors—these were some of the people who gave a tithe to Nicole, and as the whole system swayed and thundered onward it lent a feverish bloom to such processes of hers as wholesale buying, like the flush of a fireman's face holding his post before a spreading blaze. She illustrated very simple principles, containing in herself her own doom, but illustrated them so accurately that there was grace in the procedure, and presently Rosemary would try to imitate it.

It was almost four. Nicole stood in a shop with a love bird on her shoulder, and came out with one of her infrequent outbursts of speech.

"Well, what if you hadn't gone in that pool that day—I sometimes wonder about such things. Just before the war we were in Berlin—I was thirteen, it was just before Mother died. My sister was going to a court ball and she had three of the royal princes on her dance card, all arranged by a chamberlain and everything. Half an hour before she was going to start she had a side ache and a high fever. The doctor said it was appendicitis and she ought to be operated on. But Mother had her plans made, so Baby went to the ball and danced till two with an ice pack strapped on under her evening dress. She was operated on at seven o'clock next morning."

It was good to be hard, then; all nice people were hard on themselves. But it was four o'clock and Rosemary kept thinking of Dick waiting for Nicole now at the hotel. She must go there, she must not make him wait for her. She kept thinking, "Why don't you go?" and then suddenly, "Or let me go if you don't want to." But Nicole went to one more place to buy corsages for them both and sent one to Mary North. Only then she seemed to remember and with sudden abstraction she signalled for a taxi.

"Good-bye," said Nicole. "We had fun, didn't we?"

"Loads of fun," said Rosemary. It was more difficult than she thought and her whole self protested as Nicole drove away.

Dick turned the corner of the traverse and continued along the trench walking on the duckboard. He came to a periscope, looked through it a moment, then he got up on the step and peered over the parapet. In front of him beneath a dingy sky was Beaumont Hamel; to his left the tragic hill of Thiepval. Dick stared at them through his field glasses, his throat straining with sadness.

He went on along the trench, and found the others waiting for him in the next traverse. He was full of excitement and he wanted to communicate it to them, to make them understand about this, though actually Abe North had seen battle service and he had not.

"This land here cost twenty lives a foot that summer," he said to Rosemary. She looked out obediently at the rather bare green plain with its low trees of six years' growth. If Dick had added that they were now being shelled she would have believed him that afternoon. Her love had reached a point where now at last she was beginning to be unhappy, to be desperate. She didn't know what to do—she wanted to talk to her mother.

"There are lots of people dead since and we'll all be dead soon," said Abe consolingly.

Rosemary waited tensely for Dick to continue.

"See that little stream—we could walk to it in two minutes. It took the British a month to walk to it—a whole empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing forward behind. And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rugs. No Europeans will ever do that again in this generation."

"Why, they've only just quit over in Turkey," said Abe. "And in Morocco——"

"That's different. This western-front business couldn't be done again, not for a long time. The young men think they could do it but they couldn't. They could fight the first Marne again but not this. This took religion and years of plenty and tremendous sureties and the exact relation that existed between the classes. The Russians and Italians weren't any good on this front. You had to have a whole-souled sentimental equipment going back further than you could remember. You had to remember Christmas, and postcards of the Crown Prince and his fiancée, and little cafés in Valence and beer gardens in Unter den Linden and weddings at the *mairie,* and going to the derby, and your grandfather's whiskers."

"General Grant invented this kind of battle at Petersburg in sixty-five."

"No, he didn't—he just invented mass butchery. This kind of battle was invented by Lewis Carroll and Jules Verne and whoever wrote *Undine,* and country deacons bowling and *marraines* in Marseille and girls seduced in the country lanes of Wurtemburg. This was a love battle—there was a century of middle-class love spent here. This was the last love battle."

"You want to hand over this battle to D. H. Lawrence," said Abe. Then sinking his voice in deference to Rosemary: "The Lay heard round the world."

"All my beautiful lovely safe world blew itself up here with a great gust of high explosive love," Dick mourned persistently. "Isn't that true, Rosemary?"

"I don't know," she answered with a grave face. "You know everything."

They dropped behind the others. Suddenly a shower of earth gobs and pebbles came down on them and Abe yelled from the next traverse:

"The war spirit's getting into me again. I have a hundred years of Ohio love behind me and I'm going to bomb out this trench." His head popped up over the embankment. "Hey, you're dead—don't you know the rules? That was a grenade."

Rosemary laughed and Dick picked up a retaliatory handful of stones and then put them down.

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"I couldn't kid here," he said rather apologetically. "The silver cord is cut and the golden bowl is broken and all that, but an old romantic like me can't do anything about it."

"I'm romantic too."

They came out of the neat restored trench and faced a memorial to the Newfoundland dead. Reading the inscription Rosemary burst into sudden tears. Like most women she liked to be told how she should feel, and she liked Dick's telling her which things were ludicrous and which things were sad. But most of all she wanted him to know how she loved him, now that the fact was upsetting everything, now that she was walking over the battle-field in a thrilling dream.

After that they got in their car and started back toward Amiens. A thin warm rain was falling on the new scrubby woods and underbrush and they passed great funeral pyres of sorted duds, shells, bombs, grenades, and equipment, helmets, bayonets, gun stocks and rotten leather, abandoned six years in the ground. And suddenly around a bend the white caps of a great sea of graves. Dick asked the chauffeur to stop.

"There's that girl—and she still has her wreath."

They watched as he got out and went over to the girl, who stood uncertainly by the gate with a wreath in her hand. Her taxi waited. She was a red-haired girl from Tennessee whom they had met on the train this morning, come from Knoxville to lay a memorial on her brother's grave. There were tears of vexation on her face.

"The War Department must have given me the wrong number," she whimpered. "It had another name on it. I been lookin' for it since two o'clock, and there's so many graves."

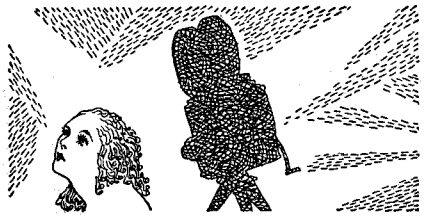
"Then if I were you I'd just lay it on any grave without looking at the name," Dick advised her.

"You reckon that's what I ought to do?"

"I think that's what he'd have wanted you to do."

It was growing dark and the rain was coming down harder. She left the wreath on the first grave inside the gate, and accepted Dick's suggestion that she dismiss her taxi-cab and ride back to Amiens with them.

Rosemary shed tears again when she heard of the mishap—altogether it had been a watery day, but she felt that she had learned something, though exactly what it was she did not know. They had all had pleasure together, though they had not had "a good time." One was not supposed to have a good time—one could have pleasure, that is to say a carefully calculated indulgence of various appetites, but to expect a good time, an



extension of the fun of our childhood, the waiting for the magician to arrive—that was to contribute nothing. Later she remembered all the hours of the afternoon as happy—one of those uneventful times that seem at the moment only a link between past and future pleasure but turn out to have been the pleasure itself.

Amiens was an echoing purple town, still sad with the war, like some railroad stations were: the Gare du Nord and Waterloo station in London. In the daytime one is deflated by such towns, with their little trolley cars of twenty years ago crossing the great gray cobblestoned squares in front of the cathedral, and the very weather seems to have a quality of the past, faded weather like that of old photographs. But after dark all that is most satisfactory in French life swims back into the picture—the sprightly tarts, the men arguing with a hundred Voilàs in the cafés, the couples drifting, head to head, toward the satisfactory inexpensiveness of nowhere. Waiting for the train they sat in a big arcade on the Italian style, tall enough to release the smoke and chatter and music upward. As they sat down the orchestra launched into "Yes, We Have No Bananas," and they clapped resignedly because the leader looked so pleased with himself. The Tennessee girl forgot her sorrow and enjoyed herself, even began flirtations of tropical eye-roolings and pawings, with Dick and Abe. They teased her gently, drawing forth absurd clichés about Paris and agreeing with them so soberly that she didn't know she was being teased.

Then, leaving infinitesimal sections of Wurtemburgers, Prussian Guards, Chasseurs Alpines, Manchester mill hands and old Etonians to pursue their eternal dissolution under the warm rain, they took the train for Paris. They ate sandwiches of mortadel sausage and bel paese cheese made up in the station restaurant, and drank Beaujolais. Nicole was abstracted, biting her lip restlessly and reading over the guidebooks to the battle-field that Dick had brought along—indeed, he had made a quick study of the whole affair, simplifying it always until it bore a faint resemblance to one of his own parties. When they reached Paris Nicole was too tired to go on to the grand illumination at the Decorative Art Exposition as they had planned. They left her at the Hotel Roi George, and as she disappeared between the intersecting planes made by lobby lights of the glass doors, Rosemary's oppression lifted. Nicole was a force—not necessarily well disposed or predictable like her mother—an incalculable force. Rosemary was somewhat afraid of her.

At eleven she sat with Dick and the Norths at a houseboat café just opened on the Seine. The river shimmered with lights from the bridges and later cradled many cold moons; it seemed as enclosed as the "old mill" of an amusement park. On Sundays sometimes when Rosemary and her mother had lived in Paris they had taken the little steamer up to Suresnes and talked about plans for the future. They had little money but Mrs. Speers was so sure of Rosemary's beauty and had implanted in her so much ambition, that she was willing to gamble the money on "advantages"; Rosemary in turn was to repay her mother when she got her start. . . .

Since reaching Paris Abe North had had a thin vinous fur over him; his eyes were bloodshot from sun and wine. Rosemary realized for the first time that he was always stopping in places to get a drink, and she wondered how Mary North liked it. Mary was quiet, so quiet save for her frequent laughter that Rosemary had learned nothing about her. She liked the straight dark hair brushed back until it met some sort of natural cascade that took care of it—from time to time it eased with a jaunty slant over the corner of her temple, until it was almost in her eye when she tossed her head and caused it to fall sleek into place once more.

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"We'll turn in early tonight, Abe, after this drink." Mary's voice was light but it held a little flicker of anxiety. "You don't want to be poured on the boat."

"It's pretty late now," Dick said. "We'd all better go."

The noble dignity of Abe's face took on a certain stubbornness, and he remarked with determination:

"Oh, no." He paused gravely. "Oh, no, not yet. We'll have another bottle of champagne."

"No more for me," said Dick.

"It's Rosemary I'm thinking of. She's a natural alcoholic—keeps a bottle of gin in the bathroom and all that—her mother told me."

He emptied what was left of the first bottle into Rosemary's glass. She had made herself quite sick the first day in Paris with quarts of lemonade; after that she had taken nothing with them, but now she raised the champagne and drank at it.

"But what's this?" exclaimed Dick. "You told me you didn't drink."

"I didn't say I was never going to."

"What about your mother?"

"I'm just going to drink this one glass." She felt some necessity for it. Dick drank, not too much, but he drank, and perhaps it would bring her closer to him, be a part of the equipment for what she had to do. She drank it quickly, choked and then said, "Besides, yesterday was my birthday—I was eighteen."

"Why didn't you tell us?" they said indignantly.

"I knew you'd make a fuss over it and go to a lot of trouble." She finished the champagne. "So this is the celebration."

"It most certainly is not," Dick assured her. "The dinner tomorrow night is your birthday party and don't forget it. Eighteen—why that's a terribly important age."

"I used to think until you're eighteen nothing matters," said Mary.

"That's right," Abe agreed. "And afterwards it's the same way."

"Abe feels that nothing matters till he gets on the boat," said Mary. "This time he really has got everything planned out when he gets to New York." She spoke as though she were tired of saying things that no longer had a meaning for her, as if in reality the course that she and her husband followed, or failed to follow, had become merely an intention.

"He'll be writing music in America and I'll be working at singing in Munich, so when we get together again there'll be nothing we can't do."

"That's wonderful," agreed Rosemary, feeling the champagne.

"Meanwhile, another touch of champagne for Rosemary. Then she'll be more able to rationalize the acts of her lymphatic glands. They only begin to function at eighteen."

Dick laughed indulgently at Abe, whom he loved, and in whom he had long lost hope: "That's medically incorrect and we're going." Catching the faint patronage Abe said lightly:

"Something tells me I'll have a new score on Broadway long before you've finished your scientific treatise."

"I hope so," said Dick evenly. "I hope so. I may even abandon what you call my 'scientific treatise.'"

"Oh, Dick!" Mary's voice was startled, was shocked. Rosemary had never before seen Dick's face utterly expressionless; she felt that this announcement was something momentous and she was inclined to exclaim with Mary "Oh, Dick!"

But suddenly Dick laughed again, added to his remark "—abandon it for another one," flapped his hand lightly on Abe's shoulder and got up from the table.

"But Dick, sit down. I want to know ——"

"I'll tell you sometime. Good night, Abe. Good night, Mary."

"Good night, dear Dick." Mary smiled as if she were going to be perfectly happy sitting there on the almost deserted boat. She was a brave, hopeful woman and she was following her husband somewhere, changing herself to this kind of person or that, without being able to lead him a step out of his path, and sometimes realizing with discouragement how deep in him the guarded secret of her direction lay. And yet an air of luck clung about her, as if she were a sort of token. . . .

"What is it you are giving up?" demanded Rosemary, facing Dick earnestly in the taxi.

"Nothing of importance."

"Are you a scientist?"

"I'm a doctor of medicine."

"Oh-h!" She smiled delightedly. "My father was a doctor too. Then why don't you—" she stopped.

"There's no mystery. I didn't disgrace myself at the height of my career, and hide away on the Riviera. I'm just—not practising. You can't tell, I'll probably practise again some day."

Rosemary put up her face quietly to be kissed. He looked at her for a moment as if he didn't understand. Then holding her in the hollow of his arm he rubbed his cheek against her cheek's softness, and then looked down at her for another long moment.

"Such a lovely child," he said gravely.

She smiled up at him; her hands playing conventionally with the lapels of his coat. "I had a wonderful day with you," she said. "I'm in love with you and Nicole. Actually that's my secret—I can't even talk about you to anybody because I don't want any more people to know how wonderful you are. Honestly—I love you and Nicole—I do."

—So many times he had heard this—even the formula was the same.

Suddenly she came toward him, her youth vanishing as she passed inside the focus of his eyes and he had kissed her breathlessly as if she were any age at all. Then she lay back against his arm and sighed.

"I've decided to give you up," she said.

Dick started—had he said anything to imply that she possessed any part of him?

"But that's very mean," he managed to say lightly, "just when I was getting interested."

"I've loved you so—" As if it had been for years. She was weeping a little now. "I've loved you so-o-o."

Then he should have laughed, but he heard himself saying, "Not only are you beautiful but you are somehow on the grand scale. Everything you do, like pretending to be in love or—or pretending to be self-conscious gets across."

In the dark cave of the taxi, fragrant with the perfume Rosemary had bought with Nicole, she came close again, clinging to him. He kissed her without enjoying it. He knew that there was passion there but there was no shadow of it in her eyes or on her mouth; there was a faint spray of champagne on her breath. She clung nearer desperately and once more he kissed her and was chilled by the innocence of her kiss, by the glance that at the moment of contact

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looked beyond him out into the darkness of the night, the darkness of the world. She did not know yet that splendor is something in the heart; at the moment when she realized that and melted into the passion of the universe he could take her without question or regret.

Her room in the hotel was diagonally across from theirs and nearer the elevator. When they reached the door she said suddenly:

"I know you don't love me—I don't expect it. But you said I should have told you about my birthday. Well, I did, and now for my birthday present I want you to come into my room a minute while I tell you something. Just one minute."

They went in and he closed the door, and Rosemary stood close to him, not touching him. The night had drawn the color from her face—she was pale as pale now, she was a white carnation left after a dance.

"When you smile—" He had recovered his paternal attitude, perhaps because of Nicole's silent proximity, "I always think I'll see a gap where you've lost some baby teeth."

But he was too late—she came close up against him with a forlorn whisper.

"Take me."

"Take you where?"

Astonishment froze him rigid.

"Go on," she whispered. "Oh, please go on, whatever they do. I don't care if I don't like it—I never expected to—I've always hated to think about it but now I don't. I want you to."

She was astonished at herself—she had never imagined she could talk like that. She was calling on things she had read, seen, dreamed through a decade of convent hours. Suddenly she knew too that it was one of her greatest rôles and she flung herself into it more passionately.

"This is not as it should be," Dick deliberated. "Isn't it just the champagne? Let's more or less forget it."

"Oh, no, *now*. I want you to do it now, take me, show me, I'm absolutely yours and I want to be."

"For one thing, have you thought how much it would hurt Nicole?"

"She won't know—this won't have anything to do with her."

He continued kindly.

"Then there's the fact that I love Nicole."

"But you can love more than just one person, can't you? Like I love mother and I love you—more. I love you more now."

"—the fourth place you're not in love with me but you would be afterwards, and that would begin your life with a terrible mess."

"No, I promise I'll never see you again. I'll get mother and go to America right away."

He dismissed this. He was remembering too vividly the youth and freshness of her lips. He took another tone.

"You're just in that mood."

"Oh, please, I don't care even if I had a baby. I could go into Mexico like a girl at the studio. Oh, this is so different from anything I ever thought—I used to hate it when they kissed me seriously." He saw she was still under the impression that it must happen. "Some of them had great big teeth that would bite you, but you're all different and beautiful. I want you to do it."

"I believe you think people just kiss some way and you want me to kiss you."

"Oh, don't tease me—I'm not a baby."

"Yes, you are." Dick hated his position more, moment by moment, "—and in the fifth place I love you, Rosemary, but I'm not in love with you."

"I know you're not." She was suddenly humble and quiet. "I didn't expect that much. I know I must seem just nothing to you."

"Nonsense. But you seem young to me." His thoughts added, "—there'd be so much to teach you."

Rosemary waited, breathing eagerly till Dick said: "And lastly things aren't arranged so that this could be as you want."

Her face drooped with dismay and disappointment and Dick said automatically, "We'll have to simply—" He stopped himself, followed her to the bed, sat down beside her while she wept. He was suddenly confused, not about the ethics of the matter, for the impossibility of it was sheerly indicated from all angles, but simply confused, and for a moment his usual grace, the tensile strength of his balance, was absent.

"I knew you wouldn't," she sobbed. "It was just a forlorn hope."

He stood up.

"Good night, child. This is all a damn shame. Let's drop it right out of the mise en scène." He gave her two lines of hospital patter to go to sleep on. "So many people are going to love you and it might be nice to meet your first love all intact, emotionally too. That's an old-fashioned idea, isn't it?"

She looked up at him as he took a step toward the door; she looked at him without the slightest idea as to what was in his head, she saw him take another step in slow motion, turn and look at her again, and she wanted for a moment to hold him and devour him, wanted his mouth, his ears, his coat collar, wanted to surround him and engulf him; she saw his hand fall on the doorknob. Then she gave up and sank back on the bed. When the door closed she got up and went to the mirror, where she began brushing her hair, sniffling a little. One hundred and fifty strokes Rosemary gave it, as usual, then a hundred and fifty more. She brushed it until her arm ached, then she changed arms and went on brushing. . . .

She woke up cooled and shamed. The sight of her beauty in the mirror did not reassure her but only awakened the ache of yesterday and a letter, forwarded by her mother, from the boy who had taken her to the Yale prom last fall, which announced his presence in Paris was no help—all that seemed far away. She emerged from her room for the ordeal of meeting the Divers weighted with a double trouble. But it was hidden by a sheath as impermeable as Nicole's when they met and went together to a series of fittings. It was consoling, though, when Nicole remarked, apropos of a distraught saleswoman: "Most people think everybody feels about them much more violently than they do actually—they think other people's opinions of them swing through great arcs of approval or disapproval." Yesterday in her expansiveness Rosemary would have resented that remark—today in her desire to minimize what had happened she welcomed it eagerly. She admired Nicole for her beauty and her wisdom, and also for the first time in her life she was jealous. Just before leaving Gausse's hotel her mother had said in that casual tone, which Rosemary knew concealed her most significant opinions, that Nicole was a great beauty, with the frank implication that Rosemary was not. This did not bother Rosemary, who had only recently been allowed to learn that she was even per-

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sonable; so that her prettiness never seemed exactly her own but rather an acquirement, like her French. Nevertheless, in the taxi she looked at Nicole, matching herself against her. There were all the potentialities for romantic love in that lovely body and in the delicate mouth, sometimes tight, sometimes expectantly half open to the world. Nicole had been a beauty as a young girl and she would be a beauty later when her skin stretched tight over her high cheek-bones—the essential structure was there. She had been white Saxon-blonde but she was more beautiful now that her hair had darkened than when it had been like a cloud and more beautiful than she.

"We lived there," Rosemary suddenly pointed to a building in the Rue des Saints Pères.

"That's strange. Because when I was twelve mother and Baby and I once spent a winter there," and she pointed to a hotel directly across the street. The two dingy fronts stared at them, gray echoes of girlhood.

"We'd just built our Lake Forest house and we were economizing," Nicole continued. "At least Baby and I and the governess economized and Mother travelled."

"We were economizing too," said Rosemary, realizing that the word meant different things to them.

"Mother always spoke of it very carefully as a small hotel—" Nicole gave her quick magnetic little laugh, "—I mean instead of saying a 'cheap' hotel. If any swanky friends asked us our address we'd never say, 'We're in a dingy little hole over in the apache quarter where we're glad of running water,'—we'd say 'We're in a small hotel.' As if all the big ones were too noisy and vulgar for us. Of course the friends always saw through us and told every one about it, but Mother always said it showed we knew our way around Europe. She did, of course: she was born a German citizen. But her mother was American, and she was brought up in Chicago, and she was more American than European."

They were meeting the others in two minutes, and Rosemary reconstructed herself once more as they got out of the taxi in the Rue Guynemer, across from the Luxembourg Gardens. They were lunching in the Norths' already dismantled apartment and upstairs they found that Dick had not yet arrived.

"It isn't any trouble," Mary assured them, "I just drop a dozen knives, forks, and spoons in my bag and we're moved."

Looking down from the high apartment through the dark-green mass of leaves was like searching for Dick's arrival through billowing clouds. Because of this, and because of the people who kept arriving for the farewell luncheon, the day seemed different to Rosemary from the day before—this was no unrestful shadow of a tent; it was temperate light, with the will cold and free. When the bell rang she had a confused moment—then she saw him face to face and their eyes met and brushed like birds' wings. After that everything was all right, everything was wonderful, she knew that he was beginning to fall in love with her. She felt wildly happy, heard her heart pump, felt the warm sap of emotion being pumped out and racing through her body. She wanted to cry but she knew that now was the time to be an actress, now that things were *right* was the time to keep them that way. A cool, clear confidence deepened and sang in her and all through luncheon she joined in the subtle cheering up and reassuring of Mary North, which was the particular problem. She scarcely looked at Dick but she knew everything was all right.

After luncheon the Divers and the Norths and Rosemary went to the Franco-American Films, to be joined by Collis Clay, her young man from New Haven, to whom she had telephoned. He was a Georgian, with the peculiarly regular, even stencilled ideas of southerners who are educated in the North. Last winter she had thought him attractive—once they held hands in an automobile going from New Haven to New York; now he no longer existed for her.

In the projection room she sat between Collis Clay and Dick while the mechanic mounted the reels of *Daddy's Girl* and a French executive fluttered about her trying to talk American slang. "Yes, boy," he said when there was trouble with the projector, "I have not any benenas." Then the lights went out, there was the sudden click and a flickering noise and she was alone with Dick at last. They looked at each other in the half darkness.

"Dear Rosemary," he murmured. Their shoulders touched. Nicole stirred restlessly at the end of the row and Abe coughed convulsively and blew his nose; then they all settled down and the picture ran.

There she was—the school girl of a year ago, hair down her back and rippling out stiffly like the solid hair of a tanagra figure; there she was—so young and innocent—the product of her mother's loving care; there she was—embodying all the immaturity of the race, cutting a new cardboard paper doll to pass before its empty harlot's mind. She remembered how she had felt in that dress, especially fresh and new under the fresh young silk.

Daddy's girl. Was it a 'itty-bitty bravekins and did it suffer? Ooo-ooo-tweet, de tweetest thing, wasn't she dest too tweet? Before her tiny fist the forces of lust and corruption rolled away; nay, the very march of destiny stopped; inevitability became evitable, syllogism, dialectic, all rationality fell away. Women forgot the dirty dishes at home and wept, even within the picture one woman wept so long that she almost stole the film away from Rosemary. She wept all over a set that cost a fortune, in a Duncan Phyfe dining-room, in an aviation port, and on a veranda that was only used in two flashes, in a subway and finally, with breath-taking realism, in a bathroom. But Rosemary triumphed. Her eyes, when she was hurt, and the lashes that sprang from them like emanations from a flower, glistened with tears; the fineness of character so indicated, the courage and steadfastness intruded upon by the vulgarity of the world, and Rosemary showing what it took with a face that had not yet become mask-like—it was all so moving that the emotions of the whole row of people went out to her at intervals during the picture. There was a break once and the light went on and after the chatter of applause Dick said to her sincerely: "I'm simply astounded. You're going to be one of the best actresses on the stage."

Then back to *Daddy's Girl:* happier days now, and a lovely shot of Rosemary and her parent united at the last in a father complex so apparent that Dick winced for all psychologists at the vicious sentimentality. The screen vanished, the lights went on, the moment had come.

"I've arranged one other thing," announced Rosemary to the company at

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large, "I've arranged a test for Dick."

"A what?"

"A screen test, they'll take one now."

There was an awful silence—then an irrepressible chortle from the Norths. Rosemary watched Dick comprehend what she meant, his face moving first in an Irish way; simultaneously she realized that she had made some mistake in the playing of her trump and still she did not suspect that the card was at fault.

"I don't want a test," said Dick firmly; then, seeing the situation as a whole, he continued lightly, "Rosemary, I'm disappointed in you. The pictures make a fine career for a woman—but my God, they can't photograph me. I'm an old scientist all wrapped up in his private life."

Nicole and Mary urged him ironically to seize the opportunity; they were both faintly annoyed at not having been asked for a sitting. But Dick closed the subject with a somewhat tart discussion of actors: "The strongest guard is placed at the gateway to nothing," he said. "Probably because the condition of emptiness is too shameful to be divulged."

In the taxi with Dick and Collis Clay—they were dropping Collis, and Dick was taking Rosemary to a tea from which Nicole and the Norths had resigned in order to do all the things that Abe had left undone till the last—in the taxi Rosemary reproached him.

"I thought if the test turned out to be good I could take it to California with me. And then maybe if they liked it you'd come out and be my leading man in a picture."

He was overwhelmed. "It was a darn sweet thought, but I'd rather look at *you*. You were about the nicest sight I ever looked at."

"That's a great picture," said Collis. "I've seen it four times. I know one boy at New Haven who's seen it a dozen times—he went all the way to Hartford to see it one time. And when I brought Rosemary up to New Haven he was so shy he wouldn't meet her. Can you beat that? This little girl knocks them cold."

"She knocked me cold," Dick admitted.

Dick and Rosemary looked at each other, wanting to be alone, but Collis failed to understand.

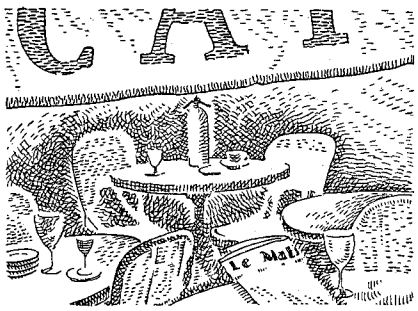
"I'll drop you where you're going," he suggested. "I'm staying at the Lutetia."

"We'll drop you," said Dick.

"It'll be easier for me to drop you. No trouble at all."

Dick looked at him and said in a voice that was firm and polite, unargumentative and final, putting Collis in his place without humiliating him.

"I think it will be better if we drop you."



"But—" began Collis; he grasped the situation at last and began discussing with Rosemary when he would see her again.

Finally, he was gone, with the shadowy unimportance but the offensive bulk of the third party.

They looked at each other at last, murmuring names that were a spell. Softly the two names lingered on the air, died away more slowly than other words, other names, slower than music in the mind.

"I don't know what came over me last night," Rosemary said. "That glass of champagne? I've never done anything like that before."

"You simply said you loved me."

"I do love you—I can't change that." It was time for Rosemary to cry, so she cried a little in her handkerchief.

"I'm afraid I'm in love with you," said Dick, "and that's not the best thing that could happen."

Again the names—then they lurched together as if the taxi had swung them. Her breasts crushed flat against him, her mouth was all new and warm, owned in common. They stopped thinking with an almost painful relief, stopped seeing; they only breathed and sought each other. They were both in the gray gentle world of a mild hangover of fatigue when the nerves relax in bunches like piano strings, and crackle suddenly like wicker chairs. Nerves so raw and tender must surely join other nerves, lips to lips, breast to breast. . . .

The car stopped unexpectedly, unsatisfactorily, at the address Dick had given. He drew a long breath.

"Shall we go in?"

"I don't care," Rosemary said. "I'll do anything you want."

He considered.

"I almost have to go in—she wants to buy some pictures from a friend of mine who needs the money."

Rosemary smoothed the brief expressive disarray of her hair.

"We'll stay just five minutes," he decided. "You're not going to like these people."

She assumed that they were dull and stereotyped people, or gross and drunken people, or tiresome, insistent people, or any of the sorts of people that the Divers avoided. She was entirely unprepared for the impression that the scene made on her.

It was a house hewn from the cadre of Cardinal de Retz's palace in the Rue Monsieur, but once inside the door there was nothing of the past, nor of any present that Rosemary knew. The outer shell, the masonry, seemed rather to enclose the future so that it was an electric-like shock, a definite nervous experience, perverted as a breakfast of oatmeal and hashish, to cross that threshold, if it could be so called, into the long hall of blue steel, silver-gilt, and the myriad facets of many oddly bevelled mirrors. The effect was unlike that of any part of the Decorative Arts Exhibition—for there were people *in* it, not in front of it. Rosemary had the detached false-and-exalted feeling of being on a set and she guessed that every one else present had that feeling too.

There were about thirty people, mostly women, and all fashioned by Louisa M. Alcott or Madame de Ségur; and they functioned on this set as cautiously, as precisely, as does a human hand picking up jagged broken glass. Neither individually nor as a crowd could they be said to dominate the environment, as one comes to dominate a work of art he may possess, no matter how esoteric—as, say, a Victorian might dominate a Moorish chamber, caressing the very tips of the scimitars—no one knew what this room meant because it was evolving into something else, becoming everything a room was not; to exist in it was as difficult as walking on a highly polished moving stairway, and no one could succeed at all save with the aforementioned qualities of a hand moving

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among broken glass—which qualities limited and defined the majority of those present.

These were of two sorts. There were the Americans and English who had been dissipating all spring and summer, so that now everything they did had a purely nervous inspiration. They were very quiet and lethargic at certain hours and then they exploded into sudden quarrels and breakdowns and seductions. The other class, who might be called the exploiters, was formed by the sponges, who were sober, serious people by comparison, with a purpose in life and no time for fooling. These kept their balance best in that environment, and what tone there was, beyond the apartment's novel organization of light values, came from them.

The Frankenstein took down Dick and Rosemary at a gulp—it separated them immediately and Rosemary suddenly discovered herself to be an insincere little person, living all in the upper registers of her throat and wishing the director would come. There was however such a wild beating of wings in the room that she did not feel her position was more incongruous than any one else's. In addition, her training told and after a series of semi-military turns, shifts, and marches she found herself presumably talking to a neat, spick girl with a lovely boy's face, but actually absorbed by a conversation taking place on a sort of gun-metal ladder diagonally opposite her and four feet away.

There were three girls sitting on the bench. They were all tall and slender with small heads groomed like manikins' heads, and as they talked the heads waved gracefully about above their dark tailored suits, rather like long-stemmed flowers and rather like cobras' hoods.

"Oh, they give a good show," said one of them, in a deep rich voice. "Practically the best show in Paris—I'd be the last one to deny that. But after all—" She sighed. "Those phrases he uses over and over—'Oldest inhabitant gnawed by rodents.' You laugh once."

"I prefer people whose lives have more corrugated surfaces," said the second, "and I don't like her."

"I've never really been able to get very excited about them, or their entourage either. Why, for example, the entirely liquid Mr. North."

"He's out," said the first girl. "But you must admit that the party in question can be one of the most charming human beings you have ever met."

It was the first hint Rosemary had had that they were talking about the Divers, and her body grew tense with indignation. But the girl talking to her, in the starched blue shirt with the bright blue eyes and the red cheeks and the very gray suit, a poster of a girl, had begun to play up. Desperately she kept sweeping things from between them, afraid that Rosemary couldn't see her, sweeping them away until presently there was not so much as a veil of brittle humor hiding the girl, and with distaste Rosemary saw her plain. In Hollywood last year there had been an unpleasant incident. . . .

"Couldn't you have lunch, or maybe dinner, or lunch the day after?" begged the girl. Rosemary looked about for Dick, finding him with the hostess, to whom he had been talking since they came in. Their eyes met and he nodded slightly, and simultaneously the three cobra women noticed her; their long necks darted toward her and they fixed finely critical glances upon her. She looked back at them defiantly, acknowledging that she had heard what they said. Then she threw off her exigent *vis-à-vis* with a polite but clipped parting that she had learned from Dick, and went over to join him. The hostess—she was another tall rich American girl, promenading insouciantly upon the national prosperity—was asking Dick innumerable questions about Gausse's Hotel, whither she evidently wanted to come, and battering persistently against his reluctance. Rosemary's presence reminded her that she had been recalcitrant as a hostess and glancing about she said: "Have you met any one amusing, have you met Mr. —" Her eyes groped for a male who might interest Rosemary, but Dick said they must go. They left immediately, moving over the brief threshold of the future to the sudden past of the stone façade without.

"Wasn't it terrible?" he said.

"Terrible," she echoed.

"I hope she doesn't bring a mob down to the Riviera—last summer she laughed at us for going."

Kissing and clinging in the taxi they felt the warm sap of emotion flow from their hearts and course through their bodies

"Rosemary?"

She murmured, "What?" in an awed voice.

"I'm in love with you and I feel terribly about it."

She was shaken with audibly painful sobs. "Have you got a handkerchief?" she faltered. But there was little time to cry, and lovers now they fell ravenously on the quick seconds while outside the taxi windows the green and cream twilight faded, and the fire-red, gas-blue, ghost-green signs began to shine smokily through the tranquil rain. It was nearly six, the streets were in movement, the bistros gleamed, the Place de la Concorde moved by in pink majesty as the cab turned north.

They were still in the happier stage of love. They were full of brave illusions about each other, tremendous illusions, so that the communion of self with self seemed to be on a plane where no other human relations mattered. They both seemed to have arrived there with an extraordinary innocence as though a series of pure accidents had driven them together, so many accidents that at last they were forced to conclude that they were for each other. They had arrived with clean hands, or so it seemed, after no traffic with the merely curious and clandestine.

But for Dick that portion of the road was short; the turning came before they reached the hotel.

"There's nothing to do about it," he said, with a feeling of panic. "I'm in love with you but it doesn't change what I said last night."

"That doesn't matter now. I just wanted to make you love me—if you love me everything's all right."

"Unfortunately I do. But Nicole mustn't know—she mustn't suspect even faintly. Nicole and I have got to go on together. In a way that's more important than just wanting to go on."

"Because she has the money," said Rosemary calmly.

"What?" He laughed in a startled way. "So you could think that and not think any the worse of me."

"People have to have money."

"In Hollywood they do. Anyhow I've got some money—only about a fifth of what Nicole has but enough so that money isn't the point. It might be if we were all three poor."

"Kiss me once more."

He kissed her, but momentarily he had left her.

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"Nicole mustn't suffer—she loves me and I love her—you understand that."

She did understand—it was the sort of thing she understood well, not hurting people. She knew the Divers loved each other because it had been her primary assumption. She had thought however that it was a rather cooled relation, and actually rather like the love of herself and her mother. When people have so much for outsiders didn't it indicate a lack of inner intensity?

"And I mean love," he said, guessing her thoughts. "Active love—it's more complicated than I can tell you. It was responsible for that crazy duel."

"How did you know about the duel? I thought we were to keep it from you."

"Do you think Abe can keep a secret?" He spoke with incisive irony. "Tell a secret over the radio, publish it in a tabloid, but never tell it to a man who drinks more than three or four a day."

She laughed in agreement, staying close to him.

"So you understand my relations with Nicole are complicated. She's not very strong—she looks strong but she isn't. And this makes rather a mess."

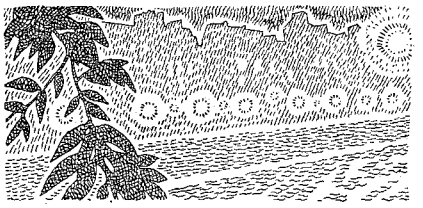
"Oh, say that later! But kiss me now—love me now. I'll love you and never let Nicole see."

"You darling."

They reached the hotel and Rosemary walked a little behind him, to admire him, to adore him. His step was alert as if he had just come from some great doings and was hurrying on toward others. Organizer of private gaiety, curator of a richly incrusted happiness. His hat was a perfect hat and he carried a heavy stick and yellow gloves. She thought what a good time they would all have being with him tonight.

They walked upstairs—five flights. At the first landing they stopped and kissed; she was careful on the next landing, on the third more careful still. On the next—there were two more—she stopped half way and kissed him fleetingly good-bye. At his urgency she walked down with him to the one below for a minute—and then up and up. Finally it was good-bye with their hands stretching to touch along the diagonal of the banister and then the fingers slipping apart. Dick went back downstairs to make some arrangements for the evening—Rosemary ran to her room and wrote a letter to her mother; she was conscience-stricken because she did not miss her mother at all.

Although the Divers were honestly apathetic to organized society, they were nevertheless too acute to abandon its contemporaneous rhythm and beat



—Dick's parties were all concerned with excitement instead of pleasure, and a chance breath of fresh night air was the more precious for being experienced in the intervals of the excitement.

The party that night moved with the speed of a slapstick comedy. They were twelve people, they were sixteen, they were quartets in separate motors bound on a quick Odyssey over Paris. Everything had been foreseen. People joined them as if by magic, accompanied them as specialists, almost guides, through a phase of the evening, dropped out and were succeeded by other people, so that it appeared as if the freshness of each one had been husbanded for them all day. Rosemary appreciated how different it was from any party in Hollywood, no matter how splendid in scale. The most famous of young Englishmen, lingering temporarily amongst them, was not merely a celebrity, he was the British Empire—and there was, among many diversions, the car of the Shah of Persia.

Where Dick had commandeered this vehicle, what bribery was employed, these were facts of irrelevance. Rosemary accepted it as merely a new facet of the fabulous, which for two years had filled her life. The car had been built on a special chassis in America. Its wheels were of silver, so was the radiator. The inside of the body was inlaid with innumerable brilliants which would be replaced with true gems by the court jeweller when the car arrived in Teheran the following week. There was only one real seat in back because the Shah must ride alone, so they took turns riding in it and sitting on the marten fur that covered the floor.

But always there was Dick. Rosemary assured the image of her mother, always carried with her, that never, never had she known any one so nice, so thoroughly nice as Dick was that night. She compared him with the two Englishmen, Major Hengest and with Mr. Horsa, and with the heir to a Scandinavian throne and the novelist just back from Russia, and with Abe, who was desperate and witty, and with Collis Clay, who joined them somewhere and stayed along—and there was no comparison. The enthusiasm, the unselfishness behind the whole performance ravished her, the technic of moving many varied types, each as immobile, as dependent on supplies of attention as an infantry battalion is dependent on rations, appeared so effortless that he still had pieces of his own most personal self for every one. Rosemary had once gone to a party in Hollywood the culmination of which had been the parade of the celebrated hostess in a wheel chair, followed by all the guests in single file shouting "Hurray for ——! Hurray for ——!" A sterile party that had begotten only drunkenness. Here were less pretentious materials, dignified by a touch of creative imagination.

—Afterwards she remembered the times when she had felt the happiest. The first time was when she and Dick danced together and she felt her beauty sparkling bright against his tall, strong form as they floated, hovering like people in an amusing dream—he turned her here and there with such a delicacy of suggestion that she was like a bright bouquet, a piece of precious cloth being displayed before fifty eyes. Sometime in the early morning they were alone, and her damp powdery young body came up close to him in a crush of tired cloth, and stayed there, crushed against a background of other people's hats and wraps, clinging together.

The time she laughed most was later, when six of them, the best of them, noblest relics of the evening, stood in the dusky front lobby of the Ritz telling the night concierge that General Pershing was outside and wanted caviare and champagne. "He brooks no delay. Every man, every gun is at his service." Frantic waiters emerged from nowhere, a table was set in the lobby, and Abe came in representing General Pershing while they stood up and sang *The Rose of No Man's Land*. In the waiters' injured reaction to this anti-climax they found themselves neglected, so they built a waiter trap—a huge and fantastic device constructed of all the fur-

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niture in the lobby and functioning like one of the bizarre machines of a Goldberg cartoon. Abe shook his head doubtfully at it.

"Perhaps it would be better to steal a musical saw and——"

"That's enough," Mary interrupted. "When Abe begins bringing up that it's time to go home. That little notion cost him a hundred dollars in Cannes."

"—only to be sure of what's inside him," Abe persisted. "Maybe there'd be a hundred dollars—then it wouldn't cost anything. The goose that laid the golden egg and all that. Why, I'll bet that's just what's inside these waiters—exactly one hundred dollars."

Rosemary took a glass of champagne, and Mary North talked to her in a corner.

"I've got to get Abe home," she said anxiously. "His boat train leaves at eleven. It's so important—I feel the whole future depends on his catching it, and whenever I argue with him he does the exact opposite."

"I'll try and persuade him," offered Rosemary.

"Would you?" Mary said doubtfully. "Maybe you could."

Then Dick came up to Rosemary:

"Nicole and I are going home and we thought you'd want to go with us."

Her face was pale with fatigue in the false dawn. Two wan dark spots in her cheek marked where the color was by day.

"I can't," she said. "I promised Mary North to stay along with them—or Abe'll never go to bed. Maybe you could do something."

"Don't you know you can't do anything about people?" he advised her. "If Abe was my room-mate in college, tight for the first time, it'd be different. Now there's nothing to do."

"Well, I've got to stay. He says he'll go to bed if we only come to the Halles with him," she said, almost defiantly.

He kissed the inside of her elbow quickly.

"Don't let Rosemary go home alone," Nicole called to Mary as they left. "We feel responsible to her mother."

—Later Rosemary and the Norths and a manufacturer of dolls' voices from Newark and Collis Clay and a big splendidly dressed oil Indian named George T. Horseprotection were riding along on top of thousands of carrots in a market wagon. The earth in the carrot beards was fragrant and sweet in the darkness and Rosemary was so high up in the load that she could hardly see the others in the long shadow between infrequent street lamps. Their voices came from far away as if they were having experiences different from hers, different and far away, for she was with Dick in her heart, sorry she had come with the Norths, wishing she was at the hotel and him asleep across the hall, or that he was here beside her with the warm darkness streaming down.

"Don't come up," she called to Collis, "the carrots will all roll." She threw one at Abe who was sitting beside the driver, stiffly like an old man. . . .

Later she was homeward bound at last in broad daylight. All of them began to laugh spontaneously because they knew it was still last night while the people in the streets had the delusion that it was a bright hot morning.

"At last I've been on a party," thought Rosemary, "but it's no fun when Dick isn't there."

She felt a little betrayed and sad, but presently a moving object came into sight. It was a horse-chestnut tree in full bloom bound for the Champs Elysées, strapped now into a long truck and simply shaking with laughter—like a lovely person in an undignified position yet confident none the less of being lovely. Looking at it with fascination Rosemary identified herself with it, and laughed cheerfully with it, and everything all at once seemed gorgeous.

The second large instalment of "Tender Is the Night" appears in the February SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

HALF-WISDOM

By Hugh Robert Orr

How swift our half-wise judgment to condemn
The deed that had been ours but for the chance
That deals unequal cards to equal men
Pitting clean wills against the circumstance.
Not theirs alone the glory who have kept
A straight and even road beneath bright stars,
But his as well whom utter darkness swept
Down in the dust to rise again with scars.
Who knows how well some staunch heart holds the walls
Against the siege of subtle powers until
At last, when the unguarded hour befalls,
They pierce the armor of a wearied will?
Or when some flagging nerve has failed his need,
What sharp goads press him to the unsought deed?

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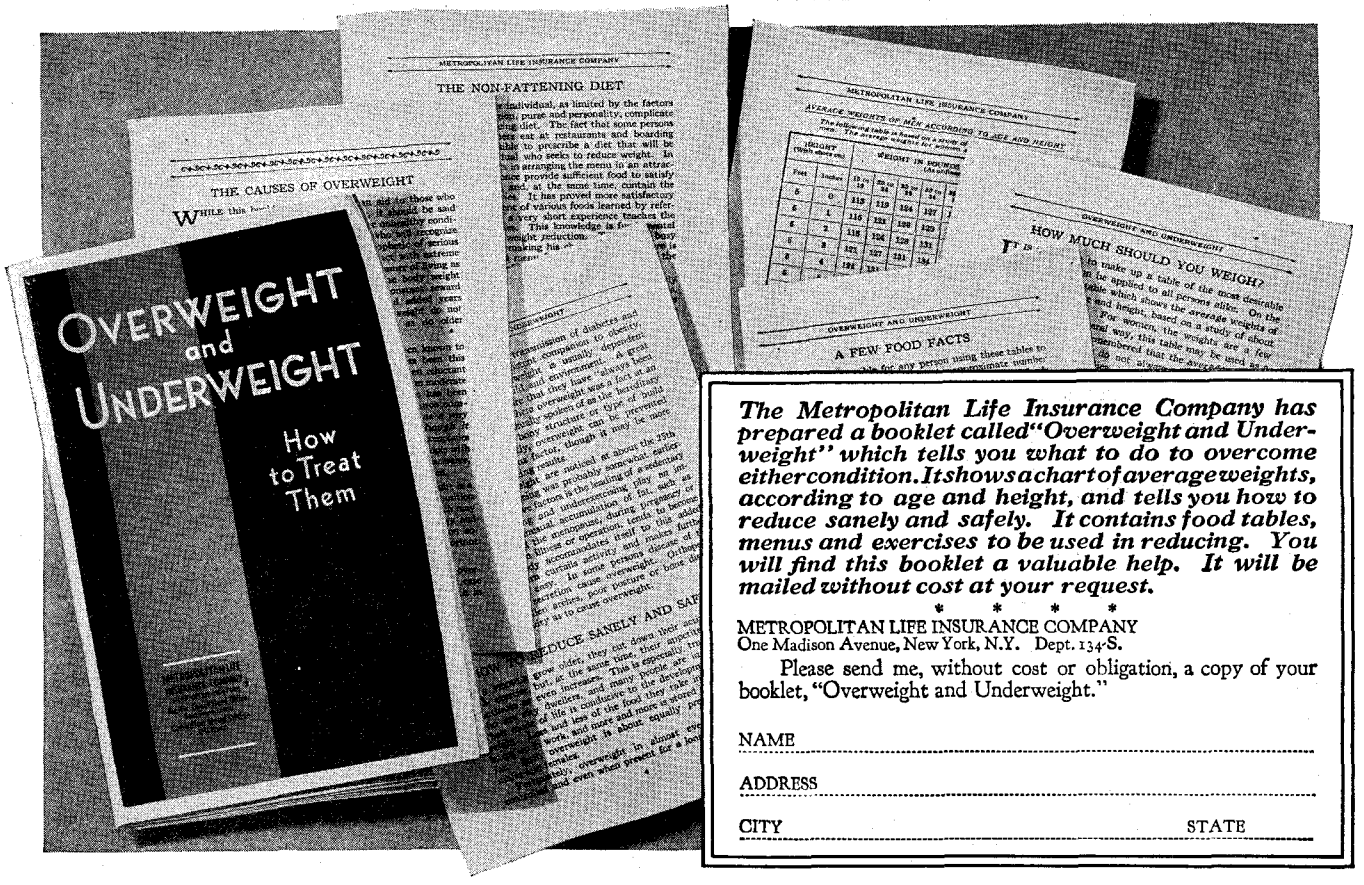
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Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

If you weigh too much you should treat your overweight as you would a menacing disease. Give it immediate attention. Fill out and mail above coupon.

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

The Railroads — Free Cuba?
The Author Doubts — New Personalities

Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald—his forefathers were of old Maryland stock, Lord Baltimore brand, and he was of course named after the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—is now back among his ancestors, having returned to live in Baltimore after many years abroad. He was born in Saint Paul, Minn., in 1896, and educated at the Newman School, Hackensack, N. J., and Princeton, where his undergraduate career was halted by the war. After his tenure as first lieutenant, he got a job as copywriter in an advertising agency but threw that up when his first stories were accepted by the old *Smart Set*. Then came *This Side of Paradise* and fame. Later came what many hold to be his masterpiece, *The Great Gatsby*, and now we have *Tender Is the Night*, which we feel is Fitzgerald at his best.

Edward Tuck was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1842. Educated at Dartmouth, he has since founded and endowed the Amos Tuck School of Administration and Finance at that college. He also endowed the New Hampshire Historical Society at Concord and founded and endowed the Hôpital Stell and School of Domestic Economy, Ruell-Malmaison, France. Mr. Tuck for many years was a foreign-exchange banker in New York, when he made a close study of money and currency questions. In 1890 he went to Paris, where he has since made his home. Becoming interested in the bimetallic campaign early in his career, Mr. Tuck has written extensively on the subject for such publications as *The London Economist*, before that periodical "joined in the conspiracy of silence on the silver question which prevails in the London newspapers."

André Maurois is perhaps the best-known of French writers in America. His latest book is *The Edwardians* and his fame was established here by *Ariel*, the life of Shelley. He has frequently visited this country for lectures, but his trip last summer was for purely informational reasons; he wanted to know what America thought of the NRA.

Mary Colum, upon the publication of her *Critic's Credo*, was hailed by the late Stuart P. Sherman as America's finest critic. She has returned to America after several years abroad and is actively engaged in writing. She is married to Padriac Colum, the poet.

Carleton Beals, author of *The Crime of Cuba*, began winning prizes for historical essays while he was still in college at the University of California. From there he started out punching an adding machine for the Standard Oil Company of California. Then, as a fugitive from the adding machine, he went prospecting in Mexico, went broke, and proceeded to travel two thousand miles without a cent in his pocket. He has been travelling ever since. In all, he has visited twenty-two countries, has lived in Latin countries many years, has covered Central America often, with especial emphasis on Cuba, which he has visited five times. He has been a teacher in Mexico, a lecturer at the Universities of Mexico and California, has witnessed first-hand four Mexican revolutions and in general has seen to it that he gathered no moss. His present plans are a trip to Peru and the publication of a book called *Black River*, a novel of struggle for power in the Tamaulipas oil region of Mexico.

Walter B. Everett, co-author with Samuel Lubell of "Around the Map with AAA" in this issue, lives in Summit, N. J. His early college training was at George Washington and he graduated from the Columbia School of Journalism as recently as last June. When he and Mr. Lubell were working on the yearbook there, it fell to their lot to write the customary "hello-to-the-world" editorial. In their own words their trip, the account of which appears in this issue, "was an attempt to put into practice the high-sounding platitudes to which we had subscribed in our editorial." The rest of their story is the account of the trip, undertaken

ZELDA AND SCOTT FITZGERALD

courageously in a second-hand Ford with a little more than one hundred dollars apiece, which, as they say, represented capital equipment and balance on hand.

Before going to the Columbia School of Journalism, where he graduated last June, **Samuel Lubell** spent four years at the College of the City of New York, going to school at night and working in the daytime. Three years ago he hitchhiked around the country touching Canada, Mexico, and Florida, on $10.38. Recently he was appointed Pulitzer Travelling Scholar for 1933, and during the recent New York City elections he was drafted as campaign and publicity manager for Irving Ben Cooper, Fusion candidate for city judge.

Mark Schorer was born twenty-five years ago in a little town called Sauk City, Wis., and the general background and fable of almost all his twelve or fifteen stories have been drawn from this town, and towns like it. He went to the Universities of Wisconsin and Harvard and then started his teaching career as English instructor in a military college, which he loathed. Now, teaching at Wisconsin seems to him so pleasant that he has come to the conclusion that it is potentially one of the few great professions. He is now working on a book about William Blake and on a novel, *Winding Sheet*, which, like his other stories, is written about a town like Sauk City.

Lincoln Steffens's autobiography makes anything we try to say about him seem superfluous. No one who has read Mr. Steffens's book could forget that he was born and brought up in California, where he spent the greater part of an

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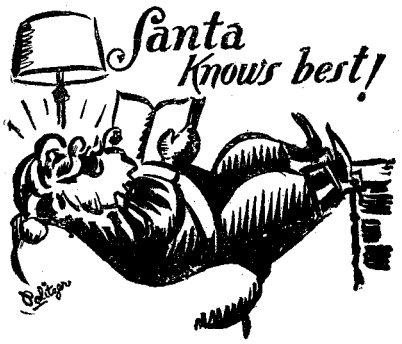

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BEHIND THE SCENES

WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS

imaginative, sensitive, and adventurous boyhood on the back of a remarkable and well-loved colt. It is an innocent enough start for a man who in the late '90's and early 1900's, after finishing college at Berkeley and studying at various German universities, was, as a newspaper and magazine reporter, to startle the country with his "muck-raking" investigations of city and State governments. Now he is back in California again, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, where he writes characteristically of himself:

"I will suggest that my distinction and my charm lie in this: That I have never been right in anything. All writers could, but few would, claim this. They don't think enough of their readers. I do. My readers, who will keep my singularity in mind, can sit down and read me with the comfortable assurance that I am probably all wrong even now. And they need not notice, if it is unpleasant to them, that the things that I am wrong on are the things that they, though, think or will think. In brief, my view of myself is that I am, par excellence, the reader's writer."

V. F. Calverton, whose *Bankruptcy of Marriage* has been translated into eight languages, including the Japanese, was educated at Johns Hopkins, where he founded Johns Hopkins's then literary magazine, *The Black and Blue-jay*. In his late teens he was a semi-professional baseball player and admits that he can still curve an outshoot without killing the batter. He has published one volume of fiction, *Three Strange Lovers,* which was so popular in Japan that he was invited to give a series of lectures there which later had to be called off when war broke out between Japan and China. He has, however, lectured in England, France, and Germany.

Doctor Eleanor Crosby Kemp is a clinical psychologist at present connected with the Fifth Avenue Hospital, New York, a position she has previously held with the Bellevue and Vanderbilt Hospitals. She took her Doctor's degree at New York University and has been a graduate student at Johns Hopkins, Columbia, and New York University. From 1916 to 1921 she taught clinical psychology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons and

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

in 1925 was sent as American delegate to the International Educational and Psychological Congress at Heidelberg. In 1927 she was sent to Locarno in the same capacity.

William T. Foster holds now, among his many other distinguished positions, that of Director of the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research at Newton, Mass. His degrees include an A.B. and A.M. from Harvard, a Ph.D. from Columbia, and LL.D.'s from Colorado and Western Reserve. He has written prolifically on many subjects and has addressed national and State teachers' conventions in twenty-two States.

THE RAILROADS

We are in receipt of several letters in answer to the anonymous article "The Railroads—Old Soldiers of Industry," which appeared in November. The author's reply to these protests is also included.

Sirs: In rebuttal to the statement made in the article entitled, "The Railroads—Old Soldiers of Industry," that "with the exception of air conditioning there have not really been any new styles in railroad equipment, since, as one observer remarked, the Pullman Company introduced slots for old razor blades," I enclose compilations published in the *Railway Age* of the changes and improvements made in Pullman cars from 1858 to 1931. [Unfortunately there is not space for the reproduction of this material.—ED.]

Parenthetically I might say that in the last two years The Pullman Company has developed and built an all-aluminum sleeping car of half the weight of a standard steel sleeper (descriptive pamphlet enclosed), which has been on exhibition at A Century of Progress side by side with an all-aluminum railroad coach designed and built by the Pullman Car & Manufacturing Corporation. Pullman engineers in conjunction with engineers for the Union Pacific System are building in the Pullman plant a light weight, high speed air-conditioned articulated train with an indicated speed of 90 miles an hour. This first train is for coach service. When a second train is added it is more than likely that it will provide sleeping accommodations of a novel and, we believe and hope, successful character.

After long months of research the Pullman Car & Manufacturing Corporation, in collaboration with the Stout Engineering Laboratories in Detroit, have built the "Railplane," a passenger coach the design of which is founded on aerodynamic principles and which, while it may not be the last word, is certainly the first word in something thoroughly new and provocative of thought and further experimentation in railroad equipment.

JAMES KEELEY, *Vice President.*
The Pullman Company, Chicago.

Sirs: It is very easy, as you know, to write flippant criticisms of anything or anybody. One could write a flippant article on the de-

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BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH SCRIBNER AUTHORS
Continued

cline of the modern magazine. The same type of critic, if he set himself to do so, could probably slaughter so great an industry as General Motors Corporation with epigrams. But in such instances the results would not be helpful, and the allegations would doubtless be filled with as many inaccuracies as is the article on the railroads in your November issue. If the author is an engineer, as he states, it is apparent from his writing that while he has an excellent command of English he has had poor contacts with the railroad departments of which he writes. His constructive suggestions are superficial. They could not bring the salvation which he promises. The Traffic Associations which he would abolish because they stand in the way of just rates for shippers devote most of their time, in fact, to reducing rates. The office which he would establish on the President's staff for development work would soon find itself subject to the same regulatory restrictions which today press upon all railroad activities. His suggestions amount to treating appendicitis by applying a postage stamp to the abdomen.

WALLACE T. HUGHES,
General Attorney.
Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway, Chicago.

BUT WHY COMPLAIN?

The author replies:

The author is in hearty accord with Mr. Keeley of the Pullman Company and agrees most enthusiastically that his company has been as forehanded as possible in the matter of design of railroad equipment. Unfortunately, the Pullman Company is not a railroad company and has to rely on railroad companies as its outlets for its products. Therefore, although the Pullman Company may design many improvements in the way of new equipment, it has so far, and most unfortunately, been unable to get these advanced designs in operation on any of the railroads. The Pullman Company is a manufacturer and not a railroad, and, like all good manufacturers, has proven energetic and capable in the administration of its affairs.

Mr. Hughes is a very able railroad attorney, highly respected by all who know him, including the author. Unfortunately, Mr. Hughes in his desire to rush into print in defense of the railroads is himself guilty of flippant and superficial criticism of the article. The clipping from *The Chicago Tribune* which he forwarded is wholly in concurrence with the views of the author. It says in effect that railroad transportation is backward because federal control has dulled, rather than sharpened, the wits of the railroad operators. The author agrees and desires to point out that this is another manifestation of the reactionary character of most railroad men in that, when subject to regulation, they lie down in harness rather than make an earnest effort to forge ahead in spite of their alleged handicaps. The telephone and telegraph companies and interstate pipe lines are under federal regulation, but certainly it cannot be said that there have been no improvements in telephone communication. In fact, there are few industries in which there have been more improvements in service during the last decade than in long-distance telephony—both transcontinental and transoceanic. The telephone companies' engineers and attorneys did not lie down and grumble because they were regulated, but reached forth with every ounce of initiative at their command to capture ever-widening markets and constantly have endeavored to improve the quality of their service.

And so the author could go at length, but he feels his article has served some constructive purpose if it has attracted the attention of railroad executives sufficiently to inspire them to write to the editor. The fact that the author has received no unfavorable comments from non-railroad men encourages him to hope that his views have found some favor among the magazine's readers and to hope further that they may provide some secret balm to the thousands of partially submerged railroad officials who he is confident share his views.

CUBA LIBRE!

Cienfuegos, Cuba, November 14, 1933.

Sirs: This is to refer to the article entitled "Young Cuba Rises," by Mr. Carleton Beals, published in your valuable magazine, which I have found very interesting and full of sympathy toward the Cuban people, who are still suffering the results of the most abject and terrible tyranny that a country ever had, but is now making a desperate struggle with new and sublime ideals.

Mr. Beals seems to have made a deep study of our present ideals and past sufferings, and is full of hopes. His words should be a hymn for the American as well as for Cubans. By means of his plans the United States could recover one of its most important markets and attract our most sincere gratitude and we could work and live and make just rules for our people, for mutual benefit for your country and ours.

As a Cuban, the most humble, I feel highly satisfied and full of gratitude for the article published by Mr. Beals, and I have even made a translation of it into Spanish for some friends of mine.

ARSENIO GARCIA, JR.
Cienfuegos (Cuba).

In the February issue or later: "The Rise and Decline of Al Smith," by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. An article on banking by A. A. Berle, Jr. A story by Thomas Wolfe, "Four Lost Men."

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live up to its title. *The* Man of the Renaissance was not a synthesis of preacher, statesman, courtier, and gossip. He was a fellow who had to earn a living, too; a phase glossed over by the writer. I'm interested in his four men, but they are isolated individuals, and I would know far more about the period they represent if I were told how a shopkeeper in Florence, let's say, was affected by the puritanical activities of Savonarola; or how the gondoliers in Venice reacted to Aretino's poetry. The whole age was one of energy and furious articulations, and this energy is not conveyed by the author, who concentrates on building giants, and not showing the play and interplay of man and age. Man, no matter how great, cannot be divorced from his contemporaries without seeming bleak and unreal.

RION BERCOVICI.

RUSSIAN STEPPES

The Great Offensive. By Maurice Hindus. Smith & Haas. $3.

Time, Forward! By Valentine Kataev. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Hindus is almost the ideal commentator on Soviet affairs from an American point of view. Not only does he intermingle the bad with the good but he so mixes it up that those who hate the Soviet Union are confirmed in their belief that it is hell on earth, and those who admire it find that the change in human nature, the creation of the new man, makes up for all the difficulties. His new book is a review of the Five-Year Plan in action and as such gives an interesting, if not particularly new, picture of the upheaval from the point of the human beings involved. Mr. Kataev's novel is an even finer rendering of the same thing. It is the Five-Year Plan realized through the experience of a brigade which breaks the world's record for the pouring of concrete. The human elements are all involved, the slackers, the jealous engineers, the opportunists, the publicity-seekers, the heroes and villains. The warts show on each individual portrait, but the Revolution marches on through it all. The final scenes are as exciting as a ninth-inning home run with the bases full. Those who feel that Soviet authors write only with a member of

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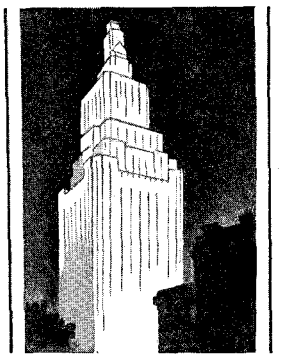

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KYLE CRICHTON.

THREE WRITERS

No More Trumpets. By George Milburn. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

We Are the Living. By Erskine Caldwell. Viking Press. $2.

Footnote to Youth. By José Garcia Villa. Scribners. $2.50.

In nearly all of Mr. Milburn's stories there is a rare degree of structural skill, of free movement and clarity; consequently when, as in several of the best, his material is well-found and meaningful and handled with that curious mixture of irony and pity which is his, the result is extremely telling. So telling as often to obscure the fact that he works usually with four or five roughly allied type situations, and also that he is much too given to seeing America through the eyes of a Mr. Lewis, who some years back created a Mr. Babbitt, who was very funny. Some years back. However, the characters which are really his are so near, somehow—their talk, the life of them—that I feel there is in much of his work something of the truest creation.

Erskine Caldwell's flair for neat prose is sometimes unfortunate, for it gets him by, even when he really has nothing to say. He may try to speak very solemnly and to walk very delicately, as in "The Picture," and in "Warm River," and in "The First Autumn" (see also the last third of *God's Little Acre*), but in the large intention and meager accomplishment of such pieces there is a lack of actual sincerity, of saying the thing because it is in him and yelling to get out, which somewhat vitiates whatever of beauty has been achieved. "Mama's Little Girl" is a finely emotioned fragment, and so are others in the same vein. On the whole, though, Erskine Caldwell is still his most genuine self and at his fullest stature in such ripe bits as "Meddlesome Jack" and "The Grass Fire," where he gives freest rein

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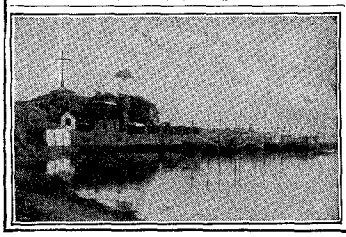

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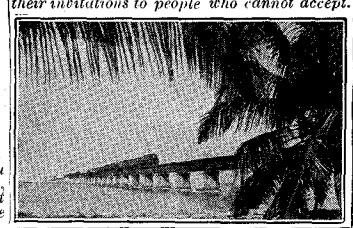

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to this gift of wry laughter and almost uncanny invention which is his own, and from which people ought no more to attempt to shoo him away than demand a class-conscious attitude on the part of Sir J. Falstaff, Knight.

Although Mr. Villa has the sensitivity and poetic grace—if not the mature strength—of an artist, he has been over-press-agented, and most of his stories do not, as they say, ring the bell. He is serious and of high intent, but he lacks restraint and proper selection, is a little in need of experience. His characters do not stand out from the paper, but seem flat, and pasted on to represent abstracts; Love, Pain, Jealousy, etc. All this makes his tales of simple folk thin and in the last analysis unreal. His subjective writing is another thing—a rather moving thing at times; though in common with all but a few of his stories it needs badly the hard framework of a form to give it power and impact.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

AFRIKANDER, BY DENEYS REITZ. *Putnam.* $3.—Boer soldier tells absorbing tale of adventures after South African War, in Madagascar and through the World War—as waged in Africa and in France, where, of all men, he commanded the Royal Scots Fusiliers. A grand yarn.

PAN IN THE PARLOR, BY NORMAN LINDSAY. *Farrar and Rinehart.* $2.—A bit more serious than *The Cautious Amorist* but quite as scandalously amusing. How a devastating and appallingly frank young man upsets and through his upsetting, sets to rights an emotionally cock-eyed Australian suburb.

THE JOURNEY, BY ROSE CAYLOR. *Covici Friede.* $2.50.—A super-clever tale, sophisticated as all get-out, of a girl who leaves home, marries, gets her fill of it, and goes back to the family. Troublesome reading at times but crackling with wit.

WITH MY OWN EYES, BY FREDERICK PALMER. *Bobbs Merrill.* $3.50.—Famous war correspondent and feature writer tells the story of his life and adventures without frills. Every bit of it interesting, if not especially inspired.

FAR EASTERN FRONT, BY EDGAR SNOW. *Smith and Haas.* $3.75.—A valuable book about Japan's march to power over prostrate China by a noted correspondent. The chapters on the Shanghai affair are worth the price of the book.

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THE BISHOP OF HAVANA, BY PENDLETON HOGAN. *Washburn.* $2.—A lot of good writing on a theme somewhat reminiscent of the dear departed *Bridge of San Luis Rey,* but with much more stuff to it.

HEAVENS ABOVE, BY OLIVER CLAXTON. *John Day.* $2.—Adventures of two "Shades" who want to get into Heaven but can't. One is a composer: The other a taxi-driver. Their adventures in space and back on earth make up about as clever a book as you'll read this year.

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